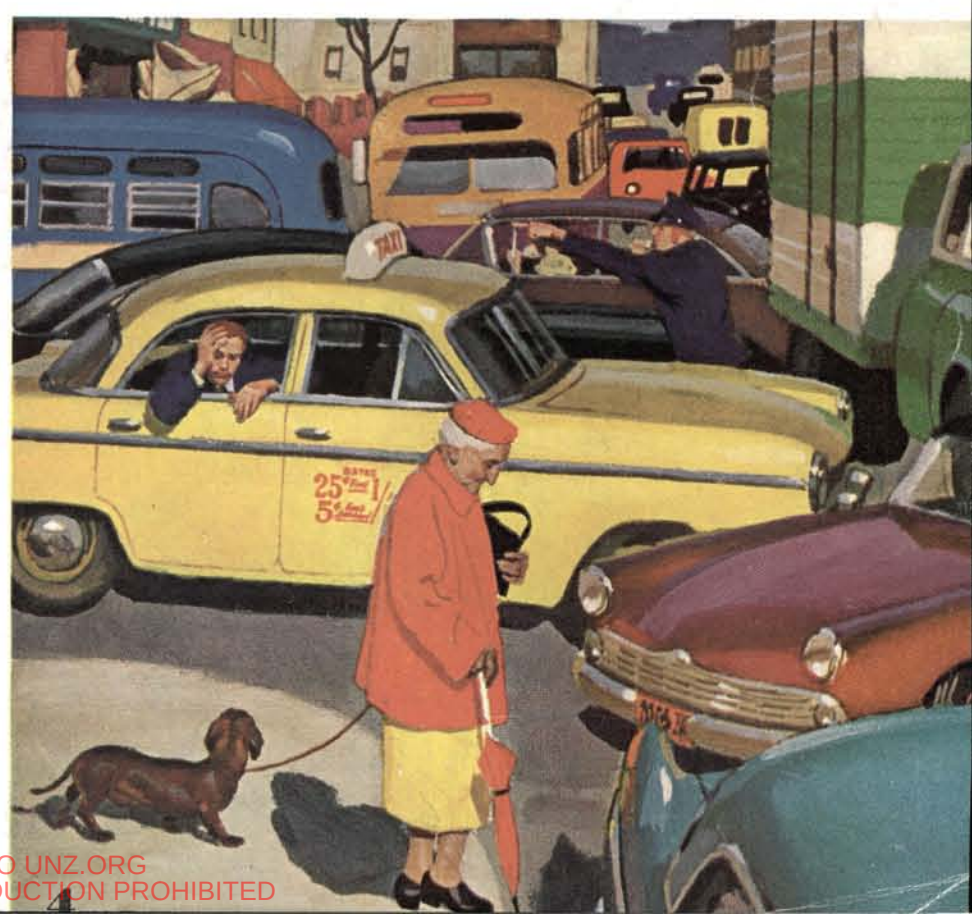
A Special Report by John Bartlow Martin:
Television USA: Wasteland or Wonderland?
Physician to the President: Janet Travell, M.D.

The Saturday Evening POST

Oct. 21, 1961 — 20¢



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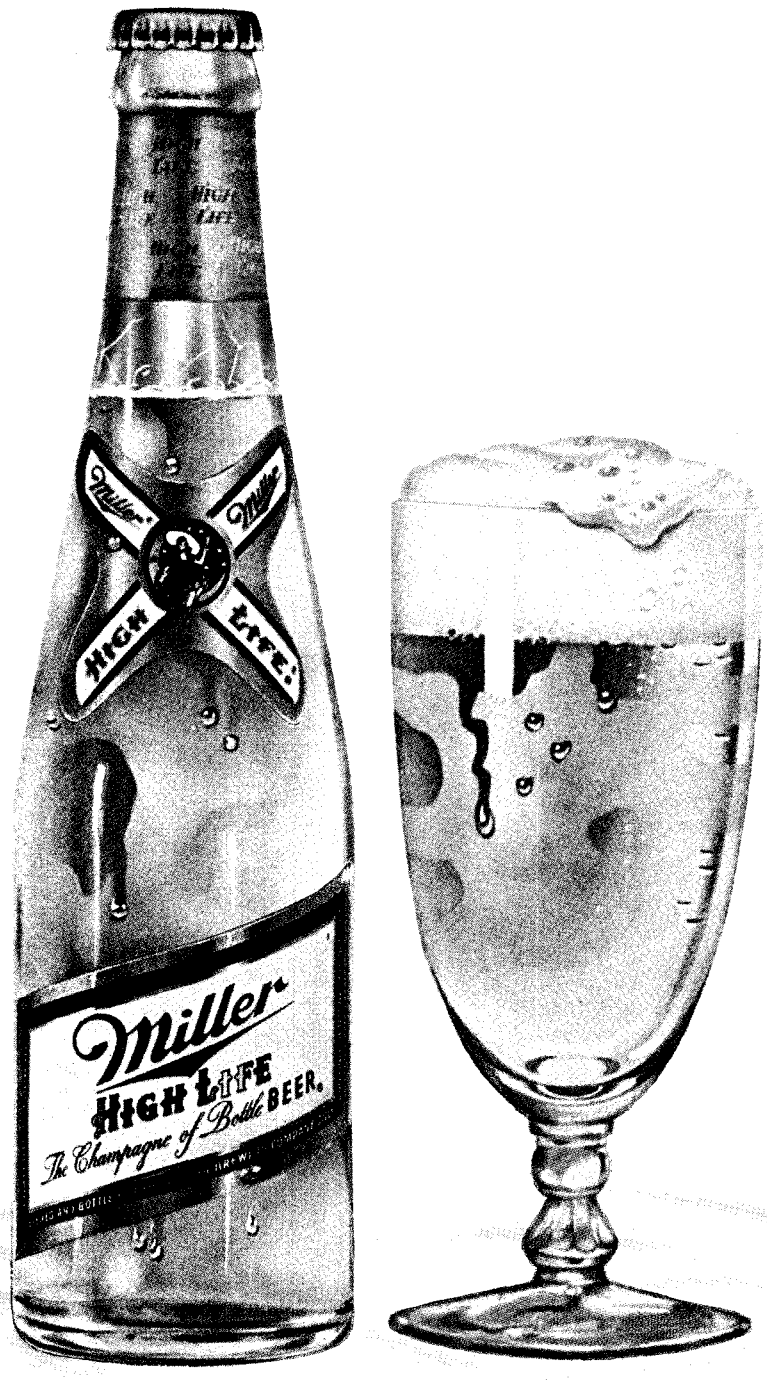

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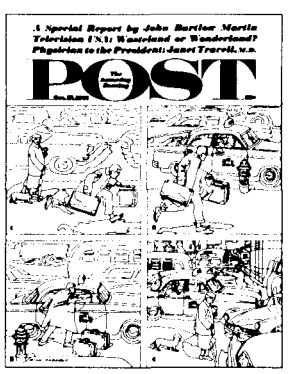
in this issue

TELEVISION: How good—or bad—is it? What is its future? What forces control it? Prize-winning author John Bartlow Martin asked searching questions—and got some startlingly frank replies from people involved in every angle of the business: network executives, local broadcasters, advertisers, TV-film directors, Government officials. The result? TELEVISION USA: WASTELAND OR WONDERLAND?—seven imaginatively illustrated pages beginning on page 19. First of 4 parts.

WASHINGTON VIEWS BERLIN, page 98. What does Khrushchev really want? Will he risk a nuclear war? As the crisis gets hotter, Post editor Stewart Alsop reports in depth on Washington's interpretations of these pressing questions.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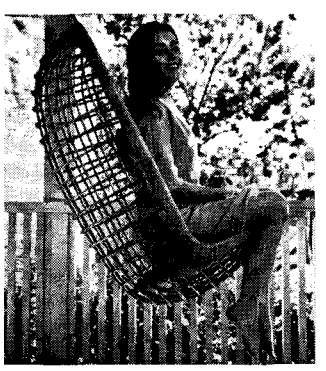
Television USA: Wasteland or Wonderland?
Plagiarism in the Presidency: Janet Travell, M.D.
POST

THE COVER When Aesop told the fable of the hare and the tortoise, did he foresee the twentieth-century traffic jam? Not likely. The ill-mannered hare, having taunted the tortoise, deserved to come in last, but the harried, hurried sprinter whom artist Dick Sargent so poignantly portrays did no bragging to the gentle lady and her dog. Still, the point of Aesop's story is just as true as ever: "Slow but sure is the quickest way in the long run." Or, as our trapped traveler might put it: "The long run on foot beats the non-run on wheels."

IN COLOR: THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF THE VASA by Don Schanche (page 58). In one of history's most perilous salvage operations, the treasure-laden hulk of a proud warship is raised from its somber grave after 300 years. SKY SHEPHERD (page 36): A weird look at a radarscope in Idlewild's control tower.

FICTION: The Peacemakers draw up their battle lines as "peace" seems about to explode into total war (Part 2 of 8, page 78). Also N.J. Crisp's *Stepfather* (page 32), the moving story of a boy who learns an important lesson in human relationships, and other stories by Arthur Gordon (page 26) and Louis Paul (page 46).



Swinging high or swinging low, Brigid Bazlen is ON THE WAY UP (page 28).

JANET TRAVELL: Former New York cop (as a young ambulance intern), wife and mother, vigorous athlete at 59 — and physician to the President. (DOCTOR IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by Beverly Smith Jr., page 66). Adventures of the Mind: A marine geologist explains the deep-sea "Project Mohole," and how a mountain can slide beneath a continent. (THE SPREADING OCEAN FLOOR, by Robert S. Dietz, page 34.)

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LETTERS

SUN-TAN TROUBLES

Dear Sirs:

As a recent graduate of the University of Miami (now attending the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York, for graduate study), I felt very pleased that through your article TROUBLES OF SUN-TAN U. [by Jerome Ellison, September 16] the public is being enlightened as to just what the University of Miami is doing to bring itself up among the academically respected halls of learning throughout the United States.

I am, however, sorry to see those "posed" pictures, which . . . hand one, not reading the article, a great misconception of both the article and the life at the University of Miami. I believe that some pictures of the REAL studying and scholastic work which *does* go on at that institution would have done a much better job.

RICHARD V. MUCCI
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I feel that congratulations are in order. Your mastery of the techniques of "Yellow Journalism" is well illustrated by the two entirely different stories told by the text and the illustrations.

I looked for pictures of the new Engineering Building, Library, Ring Theater or perhaps the Marine Laboratory. But no! Instead you print a wrestling match on a blanket, the mural on the sewage disposal plant and a trash container.

RICHARD H. HASKIN
Class of 1950, U. of Miami
Egg Harbor, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading your article about the University of Miami. This was my son's choice of college for his B.S. degree, but he was rejected with the explanation that he didn't meet their qualifications. . . . Since reading your article, I thank heaven he wasn't accepted by them. It was really a blessing in disguise.

MRS. M. A. BUCKLEY
Canton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I consider your article derogatory, sensationally slanted and unworthy of print in a high-categoried American publication. . . . Having graduated from the University of Miami and having attended four other schools, I can assure you that some northern institutions make Miami look like kid stuff.

A. BARRY KON
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

As an alumna of the University of Miami I resent the photographs you used, for they show all that is juvenile in college life.

Many readers of your magazine may never know any more about the University of Miami than what they read in Jerome Ellison's article or what they saw in those pictures. Thus you have done a real disservice to them and the university. For the University of Miami, although young and poorly endowed, contributes much of value to the Miami area. With its music, art and drama activities and its Evening Division it truly is the "cultural beacon" Doctor Ashe intended it to be.

I know that it isn't comparable to Oxford or Harvard—yet—but it aspires to the academic heights where these great universities rest, just as it denies any label which might interfere with its progress.

MRS. CAROL NELSON RACKMALES
Class of 1957, U. of Miami
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

In the article on the University of Miami, the picture of the young lady seated at the artist's bench [below] is

not Joan Lipson, but Lorelei Cecchini. I was a student with Miss Cecchini last year and also knew Miss Lipson, and believe that you erroneously captioned the picture.

I am now a student at U.C.L.A., but I should, at this point, like to mention that Dr. Robert Johns has done a commendable job in bringing up the standard of the University of Miami in the short time he has had.

PARKER SCOTT WEST
Santa Monica, Calif.

● *Reader West is right. The photo was incorrectly captioned, and showed Miss Cecchini, not Miss Lipson.—ED.*

NEW LINE OF ATTACK

Dear Sirs:

By noting PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP whose lives will be dedicated to the public welfare, as young James Symington [Sept. 16], we may focus the attack on our country's problems—instead of on self-seeking, as is our outmoded tradition in the U.S.A.

GILBERT E. DOAN
Nazareth, Pa.

GUIDE FOR WIDOWS

Dear Sirs:

I want to thank you for your article NOW I WALK ALONE [by Mary Coit as told to Don Murray, Sept. 16]. I am sure it will help many women who are widows and give guidance to the ones who may become widows.

DOROTHY E. BUTSCH
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

What Mary Coit wrote in the article NOW I WALK ALONE was so real and vivid to me, for I too am a widow, having lost my dear husband four months ago. So many people have that "snap out of it" attitude. It is not that easy. Everyone knows how to deal with grief except those who have it. I'm sure after reading this article, they will realize there is more to grief than

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When you consider investing

Questions to ask before you buy stocks or bonds

When you consider buying anything important, you probably ask yourself several basic questions. If you feel investing might be one way to make your money grow, the following questions may be going through your mind.

Should you invest at all? That depends on many things, mainly whether you can afford it and what you want your investment to do for you in the long run.

Can you afford it? There's no pat answer, but you should have income to spare after you've met living expenses and set something aside for emergencies.

If so, why consider stocks and bonds? Some people invest in stock with the goal of receiving dividends to supplement their income during the year. Others are less interested in dividends now than in growth of stock value and dividends over the years. Many consider bonds because they normally offer greater stability of income and safety of principal.

Just what risk is involved? As in buying a home or making any other kind of investment, there is risk of course. Stock and bond prices go down as well as up. Some companies grow and prosper, others don't. A company may have to omit the payment of dividends on its stock or interest on its bonds.

Then how should you go about investing? First, steer clear of tips and rumors from high-pressure salesmen urging you to invest in companies you know nothing about. Keep in mind your long-term goals. Then look in the Stock Broker section of the Yellow Pages under "New York Stock Exchange" and select a Member Firm.

Don't hesitate because you have never invested before. A Registered Representative there, who has met the Exchange's requirements for knowledge of investing, is always glad to help first-time investors.

Tell him how much you can afford to invest and discuss your goals. Talk over all the facts you can get about securities that would appear to fit your situation. And ask about the Monthly Investment Plan which allows you to invest with as little as $40 every three months.

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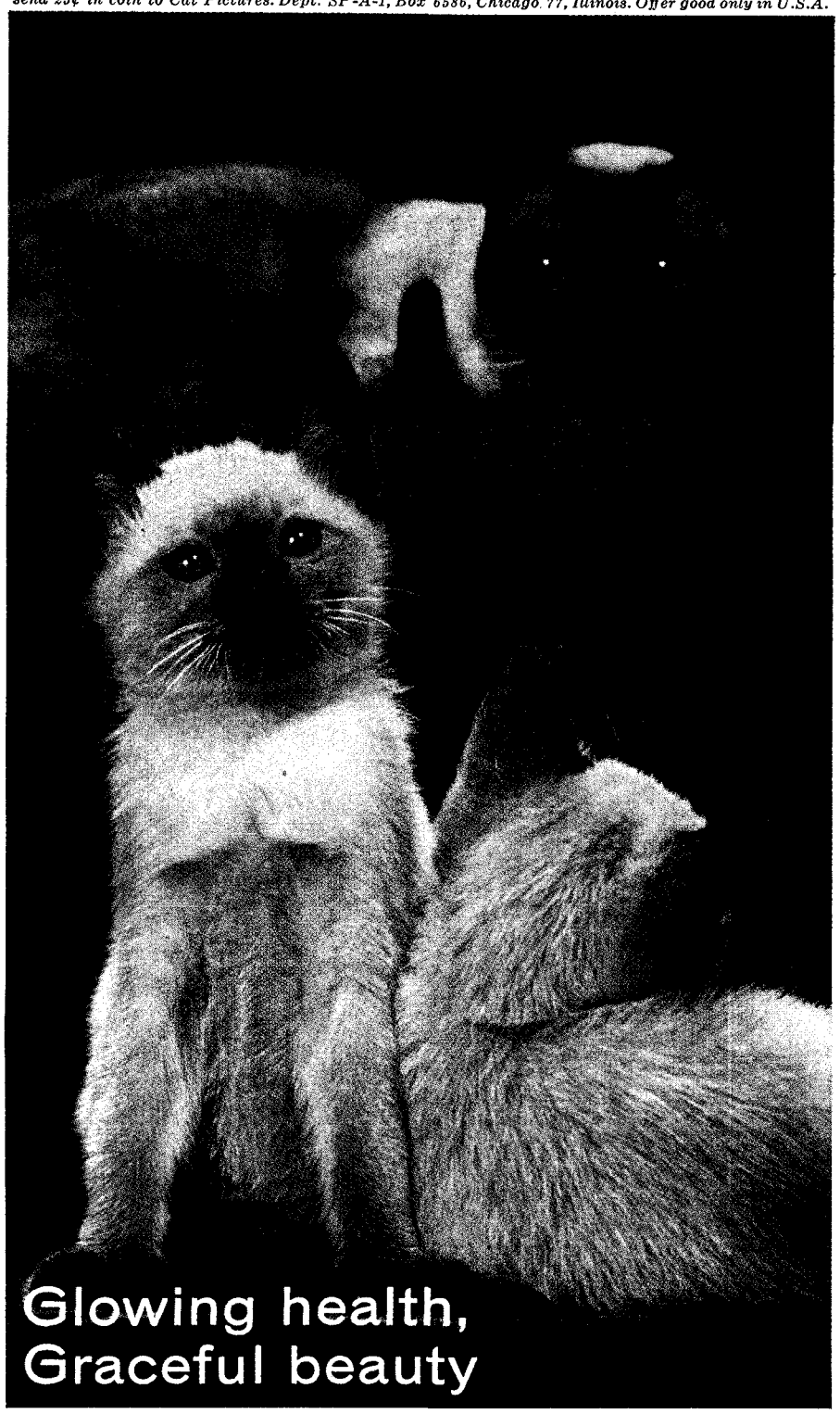

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LETTERS

appears on the surface, especially when it is the loss of husband and father.

Having five children ranging in ages from three to nineteen, my greatest worry is, "Will I be able to raise these children so they will grow up morally good and well-adjusted?" . . . An older widow with grown children can afford the luxury of living with her happy memories. The younger widow can't sit back and live with memories, for there is so much one has got to live for. What is the solution? Mary Coit doesn't know, nor do I. One can only continue to pray for courage to face each day.

MRS. WILLIAM RIECKEN
Closter, N.J.

NEW POST PROTEST

Dear Sirs:

The new *Post* has come to our attention, and we were amazed to note that you have omitted the picture of Benjamin Franklin. We demand an apology and the decision to restore Benjamin Franklin's picture in your fine magazine.

Throughout the years, ever since he founded *The Saturday Evening Post*, Benjamin Franklin's picture has served as a trade mark not only for the publication but also for everything that is American.

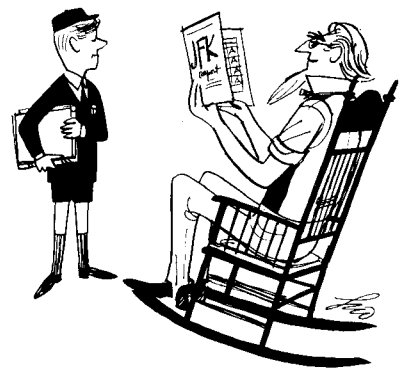
MILT FORREST, *President*
Pennsylvania State Society
of Southern California
Hollywood, Calif.

● *The* Post *is still proud of its ancestry. While Franklin's picture is gone, his signature remains—see page 19—ED.*

PRESIDENT'S TEACHER

Dear Sirs:

Just who does Stewart Alsop think he is? It seems to me that his article on Kennedy's report card [How's Kennedy Doing?, September 16] is unbecoming to the dignity of the office of President of the United States, as well as to the President himself. In casting Mr. Kennedy in the role of a school boy, Mr. Alsop is certainly helping to



create an image of President Kennedy that these times could well do without.

Since Mr. Kennedy is pupil, and Mr. Alsop is "grader," one gathers by inference that Alsop is also teacher. . . . I wonder how many economists would agree with "teacher" Alsop's grade of A-minus to Mr. Kennedy in economics or the economy. Is it good economy to spend billions more than one's income? Is it good economy to go further in debt with no hope of ever paying such debt?

CHARLES J. GRANADE
Columbus, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

How's Kennedy Doing? Not so hot. You can certainly get some articles much more worth while instead of forcing all these articles about J.F.K., Jacqueline and Caroline on us.

I. C. REGAR
West Lawn, Pa.

MODERN MADONNA

Dear Sirs:

My sincere thanks for the wonderfully inspiring article Doctors Vs. Witchcraft [by Joe Alex Morris, September 16]. . . . The photograph of Gwen Mellon [below] shows a modern

Madonna that could help to change the whole pattern of thinking about color. I believe that Mrs. Mellon is following in the footsteps of Christ.

PAUL R. BROWN, *Pastor*
The Methodist Church
Lake Park, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

I think there are many like myself who are sick of articles about political, theatrical and social bigwigs whose selfish interests are either power, clothes or their materialistic possessions. The world needs more Larry and Gwen Mellons!

MRS. JAMES P. MARTIN
Jackson, Mich.

CALLS FOR HELP

Dear Sirs:

Help! Help! Help! I have just finished reading Frances Rummell's article on These Children Love To Read [Sept. 9]. Where can I obtain some of Miss Mae Carden's material so I too can teach my children reading at home? Our seven-year-old has just completed one year of guessing what the picture says.

MRS. E. E. BRUCE
Estherville, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

I am a teacher, and for years I have tried to believe in progressive education—since, as you know, it is unprofessional and unethical to do otherwise. Yet I am "fed up" with the "progressive" way to teach reading.

Will you please tell me where I can get instruction and materials and advice and other assistance in becoming a Carden teacher?

A. RONALD WILSON
Albert, Kansas

● *Information about the Carden method and materials available for purchase can be secured by writing to Mae Carden Inc., 619 South Maple Avenue, Glen Rock, N.J.—ED.*

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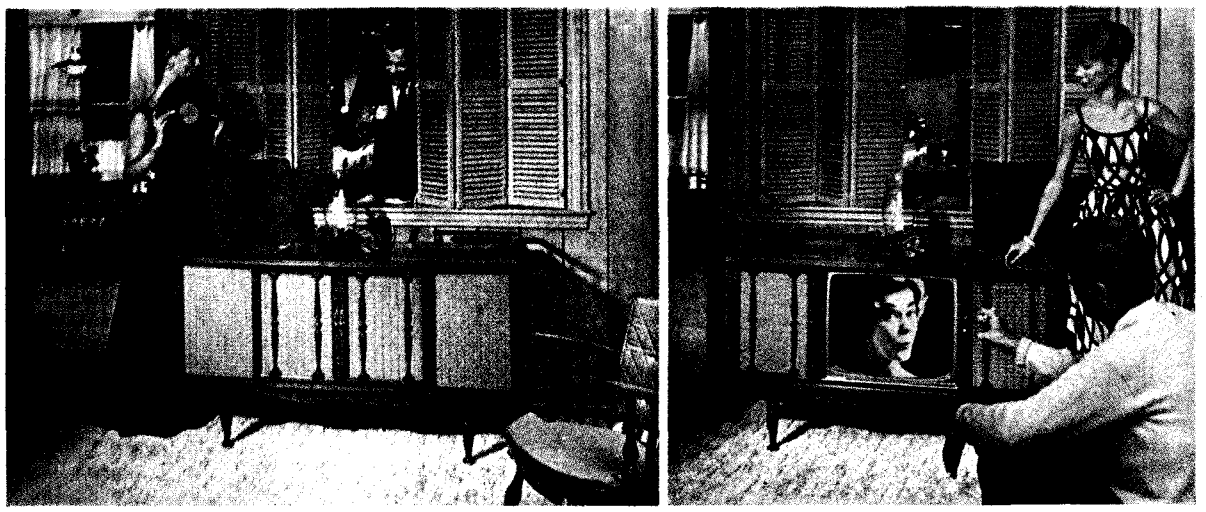

New Motorola Stereo-TV in Early American styling. Sliding doors cover TV screen, giving cabinet the simplicity and elegance of fine-furniture design. TV features 23-inch overall diagonal measure screen (283 sq. in. viewing area). *Model 23SF7*

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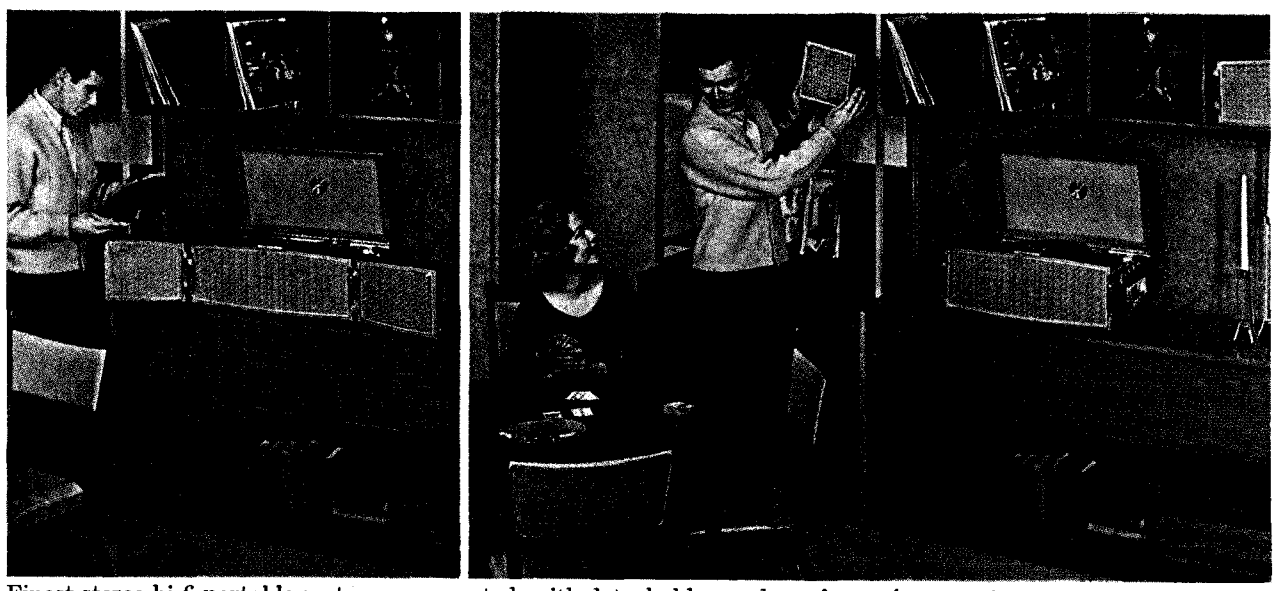

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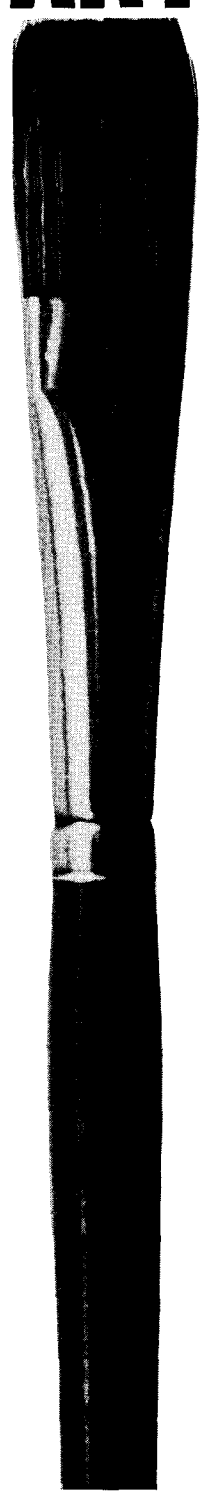
SPEAK!NG OUT

THE VOICE OF DISSENT

IS ABSTRACT ART A PRIVATE JOKE?



Art puzzles me: Whom is it for? I used to think it was for me—the man in the street. As a schoolboy I learned that life without art would be unbearable. Now, in the mood of one pursuing something he may never catch, I am painfully aware that some art is for the artist alone.

Surely it was not always so. The populations of entire cities rejoiced in the art of the Middle Ages. That art was, it is true, tied in with religion, and the two together served—or were intended—to lift men out of the ugliness of material life. But later, secular art—the painting of Botticelli, El Greco, Hals, Rembrandt, Goya and the like—drew common men to admire it. It aroused emotions that were neither of the gutter nor of the sky; spiritual perhaps without being religious, but still, emotions.

But never in recorded history has art drawn so far from plain, workaday folk as it has today. It is not that abstract painting and sculpture, or "modern" architecture, are beyond understanding of laymen. Rather, lay people are forbidden to understand such things. Only the abstract painter or sculptor or the modern architect is permitted to appreciate them. I don't mean that you would be arrested if a work of Jackson Pollock's, for example, should awake in you an emotion other than pure rage. I simply mean that Mr. Pollock was not painting for you or for anyone like you. If you express pleasure at his painting, you have crashed a party to which you were not invited. If I tell a painter that I like his friend's canvas, he says, in effect, "But you are not supposed to like it. He didn't paint it for you. He painted it for me."

This prohibition has put the dealer in an interesting position. The ordinary buyer of paintings may not want Mr. Pollock in his living room, especially if Mr. Pollock is constantly saying through his paintings, *You must not like or try to understand this work. You may think you own it, just because you bought and paid for it, but it doesn't really belong to you. It belongs to me and to my fellow artists.* But the dealer who supplies bread and butter for the abstract creator has been accustomed in the past to sell paintings to wealthy people who do like and understand—or at least admire—them. Surely the dealer cannot find a lucrative market exclusively among other abstract artists. He must then look for it among the status seekers.

What he actually does is create a synthetic demand. This is easy among so large a status-seeking public. Nothing is simpler for an adroit salesman or public-relations expert than to invent a status symbol. Car dealers have done it, with an assist from Madison Avenue. Why not art dealers? For a start, all they need is one or two wealthy and newsworthy clients who can be persuaded to buy an abstract painting. The customers need not like the canvas, the dealer says; all they need do is hang it and invite their friends—along with one or two reporters whom the dealer can supply—to come and see what a discovery they have made. In a status-seeking world, one sucker can make a market.

Having concluded that abstract art is for the abstract artist and for him alone, I decided to see what these creators said about themselves and their work. In a magazine called *Art News* I found a piece by E. C. Goosens called *Rothko: The Omnibus Image*, illustrated by photographs of Mr. Rothko's works along with a portrait of Rothko himself, looking not unlike a professor in a business school. Mr. Goosens quoted that profundity uttered by Jackson Pollock, "All art comes from the Unconscious." Inasmuch as no one *ever* thought it came from anywhere else, it seemed to me a little superfluous for Mr. Pollock to say it. But Mr. Goosens elaborated on the theme. "The will alone," he wrote, "can produce only aesthetic results. And if art is only aesthetic we may as well turn it over to the I.B.M. machine and stop all this human waste, all this pain and desperation." Far be it from Rothko, however, to have any intercourse with aesthetics, as his creations plainly demonstrate.

"One thing is certain . . ." the writer went on, "Rothko was unconsciously or otherwise seeking an image of his own, dependent on nothing already clotted with associations; an image which would remain sufficiently ambiguous to allow all manner of things to be expressed on the level of the emotions."

It occurred to me that Mr. Goosens might have something there. But as bits of his statement jumped out of the text like electric lamps suddenly turned on in a dark building, they seemed in conflict. If the Unconscious is actually the storehouse of all experience, how can any image emerging therefrom be unclotted by associations? Are experiences in the storehouse of the Unconscious kept aseptically in separate rooms? And how can anyone, unless he is plugged into a direct line to God, create anything except out of his own experience?

Leaving these questions unresolved, I turned to another piece in the same issue of *Art News:* author, Martin Craig; title, *Notes on Sculpture in a Mad Society*. Mr. Craig writes: "Today's artist relates primarily to art. He may relate to artists and a few peripheral friends. He may also read the newspapers, but with relative indifference; his basic commitment lies elsewhere. His work derives far more from art than from life (this may not be different from artists in other ages). What he takes from the life around him is chosen more because of its adaptability to, or similarity to, an art form he admires, than out of an emphatic response to that form of life."

In other words, the means determine the ends. It had been my impression that artists of the past insisted on portraying the aspects of life which most stirred them, and if these were adapted to no existing art form, then a new art form evolved from their frenzied insistence. Impressionism had, I thought, come about in this way. But in abstract art the form apparently comes first; if nothing in life adapts itself to that form, then to hell with life.

These disclosures so fascinated me that I pursued Mr. Craig's remarks, not in the hope of further clarification of my obfuscated views but rather in a mood of hypnosis. It now appeared that the modern artist could not be inspired by life because modern life is so awful. "The forces that motivate today's world are repugnant, if not an outrage, to that moral core which is central to the artist's being throughout his life. Except for cardboard types, there are no gods, nor heroes, nor common aspirations to form a solid link between him and the community. Links with tradition or the past are impossible—the dead cannot be brought to life, and one can't live with a corpse."

Yet was not that a function of the artist of other times—to bring the dead alive? Did not artists, living in times almost as awful as these, seek links with the past or with tradition, with myths or with Scripture: Jesus or Odysseus, Peter or Hercules, Mary or Venus, other gods, other heroes?

In bewilderment I stopped reading and turned to a friend who sincerely admires the best of abstract art and has shown a singular willingness to let me in on the secret. I confess that, in spite of his efforts, the secret is for me still a secret;

BY ROGER BURLINGAME, *historian, biographer, novelist, teacher, war correspondent—and onetime machine gunner—is no stranger to controversy. His latest book is* Don't Let Them Scare You: The Life and Times of Elmer Davis (*Lippincott*).

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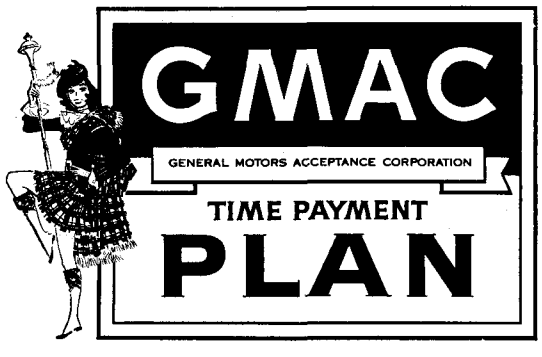

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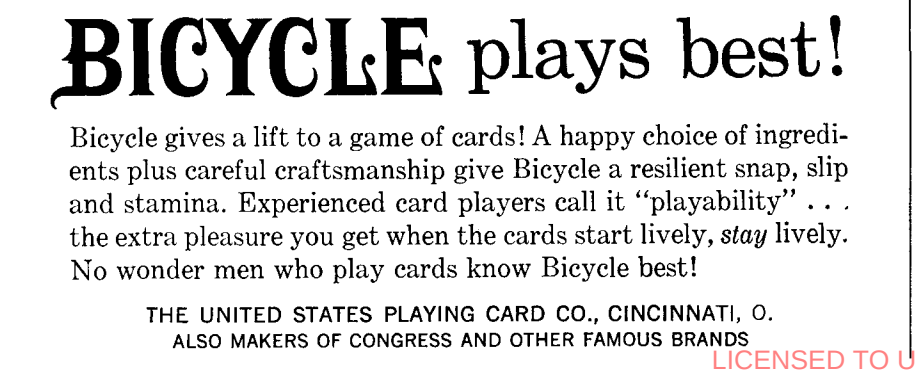

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SPEAK!NG OUT

yet I appreciate his kindness as well as his courage. He is a museum curator, and it takes courage for a museum curator to open the doors of an abstract gallery to a nonpainter. This generous man not only let me look at his treasures but lent me his beautiful assistant to guide me through the gallery and explain anything I could not understand. I loved her at once; she was anything but abstract herself, and I had some difficulty in concentrating on the paintings. My friend told me later that she found me very difficult; meaning, of course, that she had sensed at once that I was not a "creative" artist. For instance, I asked questions. No abstract painter would ever have asked questions. The paintings would simply have struck a chord, or if they hadn't he wouldn't have admitted it, or he would have just written the thing off as bad. But I asked questions.

"The trouble is," my dream girl said, "you're looking for a story."

I later found that she was echoing the plaint of all modern creators. I said to a composer one day that I was having trouble grasping certain movements of one of his symphonies. "Because," he said, "you are looking for a story." And when I told a magazine editor that I was unmoved by a piece of short fiction in his magazine, he replied, "I think the trouble is that you were looking for a story in that story."

"This," said my guide stopping before a rather sensationally colored exhibit, "is a landscape."

"How," I asked, "do you know?"

"Of course," she not quite cogently replied, "it is not what *you* mean by a landscape. To you," she added, doing my thinking for me, "a landscape is a representation of something in nature. Now this landscape merely exists in the artist's mind."

"Nonsense," I said. "All landscapes merely exist in someone's mind. Haven't you ever read Bishop Berkeley? There isn't any landscape out there. Just trees and rocks, maybe a brook where they accidentally got left when the cosmic dust jelled. The artist composes them into his concept."

"Oh-oh," she said, "you're so old-fashioned! What can I do with you?"

"All I'm saying," I said, "is that the trees and rocks give the artist a nudge. You say he doesn't need a nudge or maybe only one that comes from inside. From the duodenum, say?"

This wasn't fair, so I shut up and we moved on. Suddenly I stopped.

"Look," I said, "this one has a label. *Autumn*, it says. Now that, in my opinion, is outrageous."

"Why?"

"Because he's telling you. The picture should do that. He shouldn't explain to you what was in his mind. He should call it *Opus No. 61* and let the viewer feel what the artist feels."

"But viewers, as you call them, do."

"Who?"

She mentioned a name.

"But he's a painter himself."

"Of course!"

"So he didn't need the label."

I was sorry as soon as I had said this, for she spoke no more. She just took me to the door and turned me over to my friend.

"Well, do you see?" he asked.

"I think so. The more artists who feel the same emotion the painter felt when he painted—when they look at the thing, I mean—the better artist he is, right?"

"You're learning, but you have far to go. Did you have a good time?"

"Very. And I was sorry to have to say good-by to the greatest abstraction of all," I said as I watched the girl disappear down a corridor.

"And what was that, then?"

"Beauty," I answered. THE END

Jackson Pollock's *The Blue Unconscious*. Creators of such

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OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS

General Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox", shares his frugal rations with a British negotiator for prisoner exchange, Georgetown, S.C., 1780. Painting by F. C. Yohn.

"A man in earnest finds means . . . or if he cannot find, creates them."

W. E. Channing

When the hearts and minds of men burned with a love of freedom, each man gave the best he had—and then gave a little more. Deep within himself he discovered the resourcefulness to help in attaining that cherished goal. Thus it was with the famed "Swamp Fox" and his men. In hostile territory each found or created the means to survive—and so breathe life into an infant nation.

Today it is the same. If we are truly in earnest in our determination to wipe out poverty, ignorance, indolence—the misuse of power and mediocrity in our standards—each of us will unfailingly find deep within himself a way to help in eradicating these evils besetting our way of life.

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NEW FORWARD FLAIR DESIGN

This new design concept gives Plymouth wagons their poised look of power and performance. Slender new dimensions all around. Gleaming new grille. Tailored, tapered hood. And wait 'til you see the glamorous new interiors! Rich-looking and luxurious—from the plush, comfortable seats to the quality interior appointments. All designed for *lasting* beauty. But Forward Flair beauty is only the most obvious part of the '62 Plymouth wagon story. Underneath, there's . . .

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Plymouth station wagons are built for years of heavy hauling. Big, brawny, dependable, they're designed to carry a carload of kids and cargo without a complaint. Improved Torsion-Aire suspension takes curves and rough roads with hardly a sway or bump. New full-unit construction is tight, strong and quiet from end to end. Annoying body squeaks are almost as extinct as the dodo. Next, you'll discover . . .

NEW ECONOMY FEATURES

For all its full-size beauty and quick performance, Plymouth is more economical to own and operate this year. Up to 8% more gas mileage than the '61 Plymouth (and don't forget a Plymouth "6" scored higher than any other full-size car in the 1961 Mobilgas Economy Run). You now go twice as far between oil changes, 32,000 miles between lubes on major chassis points. You also go a long time between batteries, thanks to the improved battery-saving alternator. And the brakes adjust themselves!

So, before you hitch your heart to any '62 wagon, you obviously owe it to yourself to see and drive Plymouth with its exciting new Forward Flair Design. You won't find another low-price wagon like it anywhere. Now's the time to see your Plymouth dealer!

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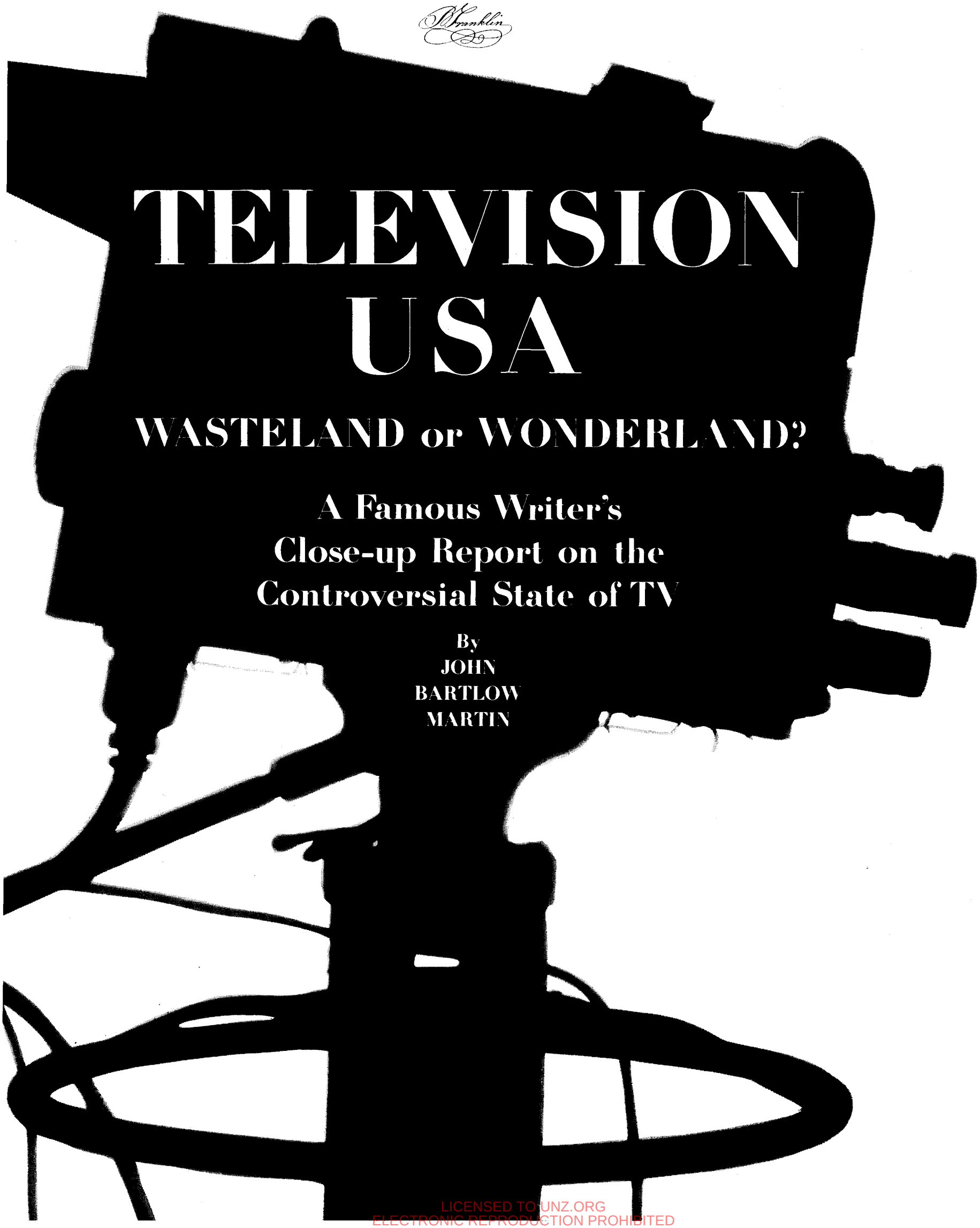
TELEVISION USA

WASTELAND or WONDERLAND?

A Famous Writer's Close-up Report on the Controversial State of TV

By
JOHN
BARTLOW
MARTIN



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First of Four Parts

TELEVISION USA

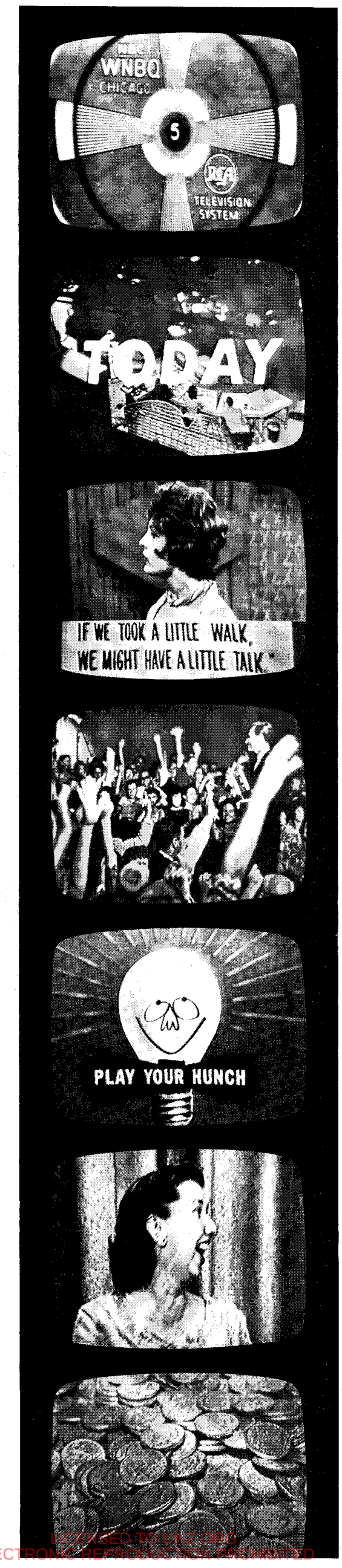
One day several months ago the author, commencing an exploration of the world of television, arose at 5:30 A.M., breakfasted hastily, tuned the family television set to Channel 5, sat down in front of it and stayed there until Channel 5 went off the air twenty hours later. The channel and the day were chosen at random. It was barely light outdoors. On the television screen was an ellipse containing a figure 5 and the words "NBC WNBQ Chicago." In a moment the screen blinked and a voice said, "Good morning, we welcome you to another day of outstanding television programs."

A picture of a church came on the screen and "today's meditation" began, a religious program of "inspiration and guidance that may help you to make your day brighter." Then a voice announced *Town and Farm* with Everett Mitchell. Mitchell said it was "a little chilly at the farm today," then, after a weather forecast, reported on the number of animals expected at the Chicago stockyards. He was followed by *Continental Classroom*, then at seven o'clock, by the Dave Garroway *Today* show. By now, according to a subsequent Nielsen rating report, people in approximately 2,500,000 other American homes had joined the author to watch. (Actually, Nielsen reports only the number of TV sets turned on, which may be quite different from the number of sets being watched.)

We did not get to see Garroway himself—Hugh Downs substituted. With him were a woman and fifteen or twenty children, one of whom put her hand up and asked whether a college education was essential. Downs thought it desirable. Another child asked what influence television ratings have. The woman said, "They are still very powerful," and the program cut to a news broadcaster. Commercials for light bulbs and bread followed, then Downs and a news broadcaster discussed a book, though Downs hadn't read it. The woman chatted with the children, news broadcasters repeated each other, commercials constantly interrupted, and NBC's United Nations reporter, Pauline Frederick, discoursed intelligently on world affairs. At 7:58 Downs said, "Well, that's kind of it for today." But it wasn't—at eight o'clock the whole *Today* show began anew.

At nine A.M. the set announced, "It's Time to *Say When!*" and after a commercial, the first of the day's "game shows" began. They used to be called "quiz shows," but after the notorious quiz scandals of 1959 they virtually disappeared. Now they are back. Indeed, the rest of the morning we witnessed nothing else. We also witnessed some seventy commercials advertising, among other things, soap, detergents, lipstick, orange juice, salad dressing, baby food, hair cream, hair spray, hair coloring, vitamins, soup, headache remedies, bleach, frozen food, refrigerators, patent medicine. One commercial asked, "Would you prefer this kind of whiteness?" *Truth or Consequences* showed the studio audience howling and squealing, and the star induced a lady to sever her husband's necktie with a pair of scissors. The long morning ended at 11:55 with the news, weather and commercials.

The afternoon began with *Midday Theatre*, which presented *Rain in the Morning*, a drama about a housewife who was held captive in her home by an escaped mental patient. After a station break surrounded by soap and dog-food commercials, *The Jan Murray Show* came on, "playing a fascinating new game" called "Charge Account." A commercial quickly inquired, "Is your bathroom guestroom-fresh? Just one light whizzer whoosh in your bathroom. . . ." Nearly 3,000,000 of us watched. After the *Loretta Young Theater* we were entertained by *Young Dr. Malone*, a somewhat mystifying program to a one-time watcher, because so much seemed to have gone before, and *From These Roots*, which presented the same difficulty, though it did contain one memorable line that seemed to be, "Why, I'm in better shape now than I was before my brain operation." The commercials offered to stop diaper rash and to provide soup, baby powder, an encyclopedia, a shampoo, and a laxative.



It was then three P.M. In the preceding nine hours, except for the news broadcasts and two brief interviews on *Today*, nobody on Channel 5 had discussed a single idea. This continued—we saw a rerun of an old Danny Thomas show, *Here's Hollywood*, a travelogue and *The Gold of Naples*, an excellent Italian movie ruined by severe cutting and sixteen commercial interruptions. At 6:15, after local news and weather, NBC's star news broadcasters came on, Chet Huntley and David Brinkley; and then suddenly 8,500,000 American homes were watching, for prime evening time had begun. Though the reporters' superficial coverage tended to leave anyone seriously interested in the news unsatisfied, they seemed felicitous indeed after the preceding twelve hours.

At 6:30 *Happy* began and was witnessed in over 5,000,000 homes. *Happy* was followed by *One Happy Family*. After more commercials, the *Westinghouse Playhouse* presented the Nanette Fabray show, an arch story about Miss Fabray's attempts to interest her teen-age son in a girl.

At eight P.M., after more commercials, came *Sing Along With Mitch*, considered "the hottest show in television." Mitch, a bearded man, said, "Hi. Here we are again—to stir up the fires of memory," and invited us in 11,700,000 homes to join him in singing *By the Light of the Silvery Moon*. The author did not join him and has no way of knowing how many of his fellow watchers joined him. Mitch introduced elaborate production numbers, with costumed dancers and singers and what looked to be a live horse. He was sponsored by cereal, eye make-up, wine and soft drink. Near the end he said, "At this point anyone out there who's not clutching the hand of someone he loves has a cold, cold heart."

Michael Shayne followed and presented, except for one scuffle in the afternoon, the first violence of the day—a fist fight, a shooting, a stabbing and two killings. At ten P.M. announcers repeated most of the news and weather we had already been given several times, and some of the commercials, and at 10:15 *The Jack Paar Show* began. Paar seemed to be quarreling with Ed Sullivan. Earnestly he challenged Sullivan to a debate but did not make it clear what their differences were. The newspapers later reported that they concerned how little Paar paid talent. After seven minutes of this, *The Best of Paar* began. *The Best* included Paar's roaming through the audience asking inaudible questions and declaring, "I'm on the American side," Paar's telling a guest, "Why don't you shut up?" Paar's interrupting a guest in the middle of a funny story to accommodate Paar's engaging in this colloquy:

Guest: Then we got married.
Paar: How nice.
Guest: Isn't that nice?
Paar: How nice.
Guest: Somebody say something.

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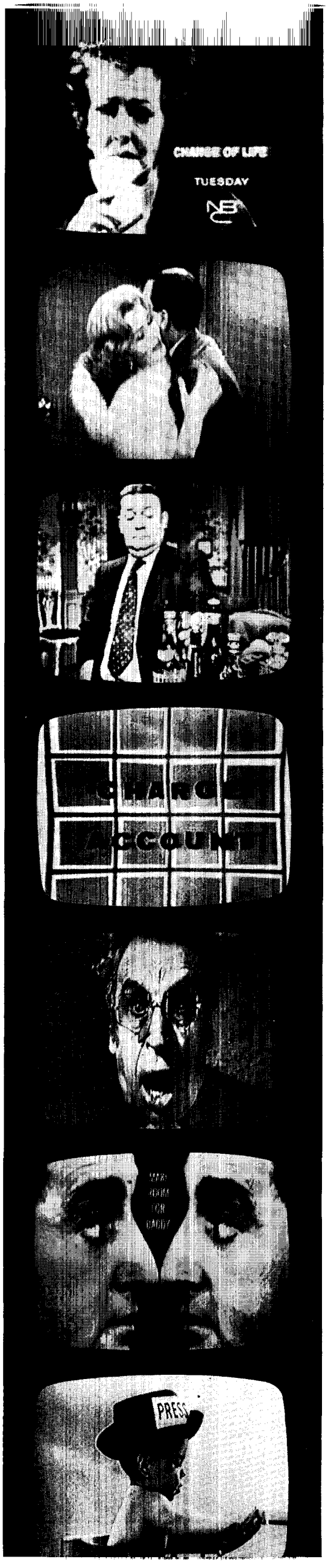

The commercials, loud and frequent and long, seemed stupefying. The show lasted nearly two hours. Then we witnessed the same news again and the same commercials. At 12:15 A.M. we saw *Official Detective*. It contained several fist fights, three shootings, four killings and a suicide. After Paar it was a pleasure. At 12:45 we saw a rerun of an old-fashioned drama, *Casey Jones*, then *Night Court*, a rather interesting show depicting assorted miscreants. At 1:45 this television day's second meditation began, a minister saying, "Lord, we ain't what we ought to be." Channel 5 displayed the National Association of Broadcasters' seal of approval, and an announcer said, "WNBQ now leaves the air until 6:55 A.M.," then, "Ladies and gentlemen, our national anthem. At last, at 1:52 A.M., all became darkness.

Now, obviously, no one normally watches television this way, any more than anyone sits down and in one day reads an entire issue of, say, *The Saturday Evening Post*, cover to cover. Nonetheless, this is what was sent out over the airwaves by one television station, owned by a leading network in a big city. The station is licensed by the Government to use the people's air; this is how it used it that day. This is what Newton N. Minow, the beleaguered new chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, has called "a vast wasteland."

Why is so much of television so bad? Why is some so good? How do programs get on the air? Why do they go off? Who is responsible—who decides what comes into your living room? What is the role of the network? Of the local broadcaster? Of the sponsor and his advertising agency? Of the talent agencies? Of the film makers? Of the Government? Can television be improved? How? What are its economics? How important, and how accurate, are the ratings? In this series of articles we shall omit consideration of educational, foreign, and pay television. Our subject is American commercial television.

A television set has been called "the talking furniture" and "the idiot lantern." Red Skelton calls it "the glass furnace," because it is constantly burning up material. People care about television. They have invested some $25,000,000,000 in television sets and service. Everybody is an expert on television. Few businesses are conducted so publicly. Special interests dog television's footsteps. Florists object if a bereaved widow in a drama asks friends to "please omit flowers." Prohibitionists object to saloons in Westerns. A House Committee has called television "a profound social force." Chairman Minow of FCC says that to the traditional influences on children—home, church and school—has been added television. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy considers the first Kennedy-Nixon debate "the single most important factor in the entire 1961 campaign." Television is proud it has made Americans eyewitnesses to history. Many intellectuals think it may be making idiots of us and destroying American culture. Parents and educators deplore its effect on children. Denouncing television is a national pastime. "We are bloody," says a television executive.

In 1946, 8000 homes had television sets. Today 47,000,000 homes have them. In addition 5,500,000 homes have second sets, and public places have 1,500,000. Television is virtually inescapable. In one month this year the average American home television set was turned on for six hours a day. Maybe some of that time nobody is watching. Advertisers doubt it; they spent more than $1,500,000,000 on television in 1959.

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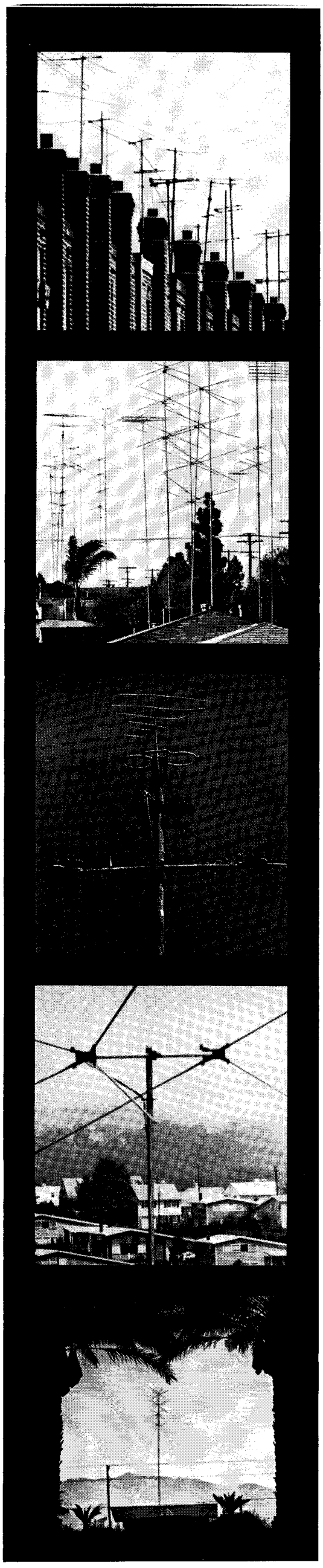


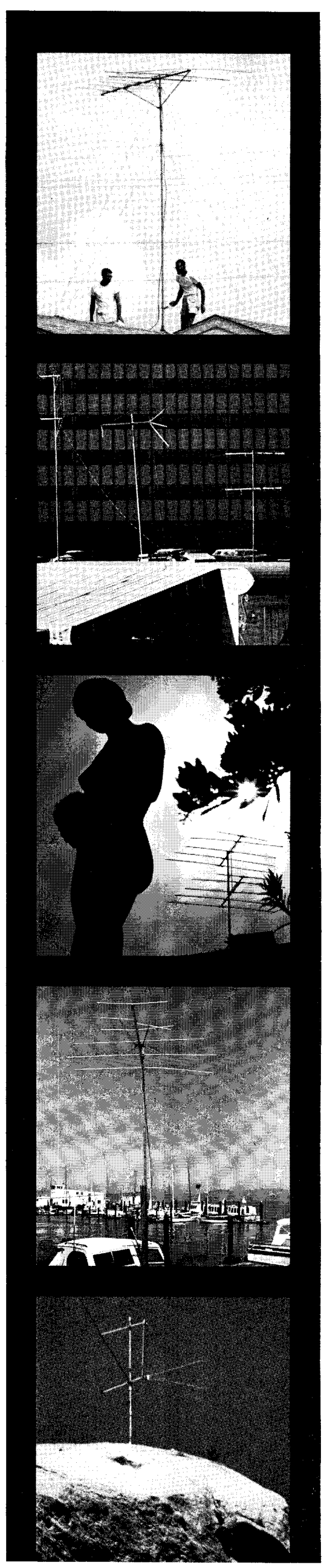
Television is enormously profitable. The three networks in 1960 earned a total profit before taxes of $95,200,000. Each of thirteen television stations earned a profit of more than $3,000,000 in 1960, and fifty-six more earned more than $1,000,000. All seven New York newspapers put together probably earn less than $2,000,000. In 1955 CBS-owned stations earned 238 per cent of their investment in tangible property. (This does not take into account CBS's heavy prior investments.) Somebody said, "A broadcasting license is a license to print money." The money comes from one place—advertising. No wonder programs are broken up by so many commercials.

The first two stations, owned in New York by CBS and NBC, began operating July 1, 1941. Today there are 532 commercial stations, spaced so as not to interfere with one another. Given present economic and technical limitations, there is probably room for no more.

In licensing stations, FCC has sought to select those with a grass-roots interest in their communities. Economics, however, has eroded this "local institution" concept. Multiple-station ownership is increasing; so is network programing. Any local station faces an enormous task—filling over 100 hours a week with programs. Local live programs are expensive and hard to develop. Buying film is expensive. So the local station affiliates with a network. It pays nothing for the network's programs, which cost $100,000 or more an hour to produce. The network already has sold the time to national advertisers, and each local station gets about half the net revenue from the sale of its time. And it can easily sell spot announcements adjacent to them. Its temptation is simply to plug in the network and relax.

When an advertiser has bought an hour of network time and ordered the stations he wants, the network clears the time with the stations. On rare occasions it cannot. Sometimes a local broadcaster has sold the time to a local advertiser. Sometimes he has a special reason—three Southern stations last year refused to carry an *American Heritage* broadcast dealing with Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*. The network has a contractual weapon to enforce clearance: option time, under which the station must accept network programs for two and one half hours each morning, afternoon and evening—seven and one half hours a day. FCC probably will abolish option time as monopolistic. Stations, however, are usually glad to clear for sponsored network programs; it means cash in the till. When *Gunsmoke* goes on the air, 190 CBS stations clear for it gladly. But when CBS puts on *CBS Reports*, unsponsored, only about 100 stations clear for the nonprofit time; many would rather show an old movie and sell it to the local bank. Such economic facts have far-reaching effects. Everyone assumes that more people will always watch *Gunsmoke* than will watch *CBS Reports*, but nobody can be sure how many more, for many people get no chance to watch *CBS Reports*.

One network executive has said, "If you left programing to the local stations, it'd be dreadful. They're interested only in cash." Some local broadcasters, however, display a lively sense of public responsibility. WHAS-TV in Louisville has raised over $1,000,000 with an annual Crusade for Children. It spends $1000 to broadcast a Christmas service from a local church. Even so, it fills about 53 per cent of its schedule with network programs. Vic Sholis, its manager, says, "The fields you can do local shows in and that stand up against network competition are



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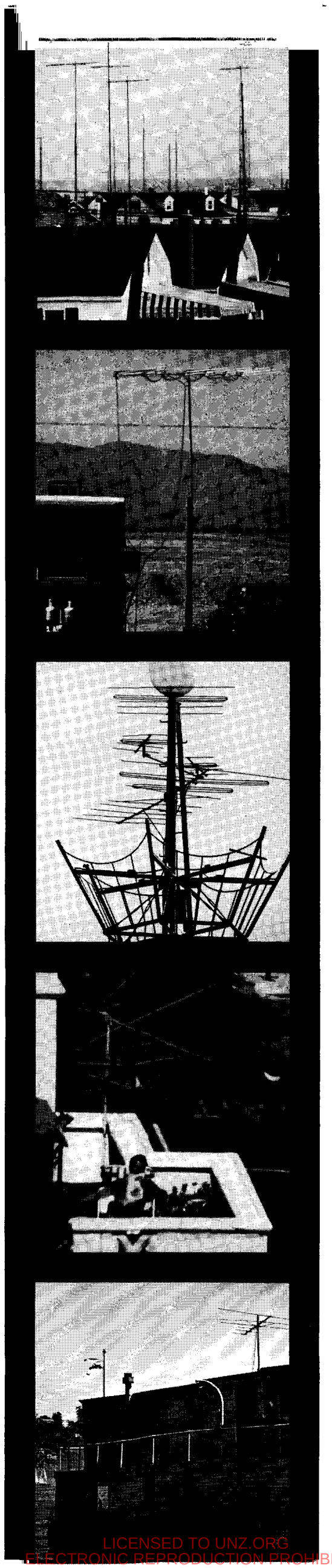
limited—local news and weather, symphony, book reviews, sports, local issues. The mess of day-in, day-out programing—I can't do it. Sure I could bring in the little-theater group; they'd love it, but it wouldn't be *Playhouse 90*, and the viewers would turn away. Columbia's programing—I wouldn't want to try to live without it. They were at Cape Canaveral when we shot a man into space. They were in the U.N. when the riot started. Most of our money comes from our national spot sales. But I won't make those spot sales—my competitor will—if I don't have network programing to put them next to."

At television's beginning, comedians and variety shows dominated. Then came the period of serious live drama, then the quiz shows, when 51,000,000 people watched *The $64,000 Question*. The Westerns arose—*Maverick*, *Gunsmoke*, the rest. *Peter Gunn* started a cycle of private-eye shows, and ABC moved in with its "action adventure" shows, *77 Sunset Strip* and *The Untouchables*. Finally came the cartoon show. Situation comedies and soap operas have remained popular. Over the years television has achieved its greatest triumphs in the field of serious live public affairs and suffered its greatest disaster—the quiz scandals—in the field of foolish escapist entertainment. One of its greatest hours came when, during the Kefauver crime hearings, it televised Frank Costello's hands. "You felt an excitement about it in those days," Jack Gould, *New York Times* critic, said a while back. "The best TV is actuality. The time they showed Toscanini's face while he was conducting—television alone could do that. The Army-McCarthy hearings, the 1952 political convention, the U.N. debate over Suez. And live network drama—*Playhouse 90*, *Studio 1*, *Kraft Theater*, *Philco Theater*." Today live television is virtually dead, killed by tape and film. Film can be resold and rerun, as a live show cannot, thereby enormously increasing profits. Film programs are cheaper than live. Such programs as *77 Sunset Strip* can be best produced on film.

John Frankenheimer, a talented, temperamental young director who fled to the movies when *Playhouse 90* died, said a while back, "I started directing live television when I was twenty-four. I loved it. It was not a conscious decision to leave. There was just absolutely nothing to do there. Television today is not an art form. It's a supermarket. It exists to sell cigarettes, gas, lipstick. In the early days an art form was developing. But then the advertiser realized, 'I could sell more lipsticks if I could appeal to *everybody* instead of just a few.' I don't think any of us left television for financial reasons. What we all wanted to do was good things. They wouldn't let us. They told us, 'We don't want you guys. We want film situation comedies.' So everybody left, everybody that's any good—directors, producers, writers. It was fun while it lasted. But it's over."

A well-known television producer says, "I have utter contempt for the network people. When they put on a public-affairs program, it's not because they like to see what they can do for the country; it's because they want to placate Washington." Then, with a strained intensity, "Look. I believe television could save the world. That's how important I think it is. It can reach the world more than newspapers, movies, anything. The network people would say they agree with me, but under the present competitive system they have to give the public what it wants. This is defeatist nonsense. After the quiz scandals,



Frank Stanton (president of CBS) made speeches that filled me with enthusiasm. I'm still waiting for the results."

Following the quiz scandals, Stanton, one of the most articulate and respected industry spokesmen, told FCC, "American television is (1) a mass medium of communication, (2) operating as but one part of the whole of society of this nation, (3) under a system of free competitive enterprise, and (4) supported exclusively by advertising revenues."

Elaborating, he emphasized, "Television is a mass medium. It is not an elite medium." Moreover, "We cannot force people to like what they don't like." And, "We must face the fact that it is a major part of our function to try to appeal to *most* of the people *most* of the time." Broadcasters are required by law to serve the public interest. "I suggest that a program in which a large part of the audience is interested is by that very fact a program in the public interest. On the other hand, this is not the whole definition of the 'public interest.' Not for a moment do I suggest that a program in which only a minority is interested is by that fact contrary to the public interest." The broadcaster should decide what programs to broadcast.

Who *does* decide? Who is responsible for what comes into your living room?

In the early years, when an advertiser told his advertising agency that he wanted to advertise on television, the agency itself would produce a program or employ an independent producer or buy an existing program. Then it would take the program to the network, buy network time and put the program on the air. Critics, however, complained of "advertiser control," and when the quiz scandals occurred, some involving advertiser-controlled shows, networks resolved to recapture control.

Today the idea for a new show may originate with a television-film maker in Hollywood. He gets a script written, films a pilot (sample) episode, then tries to sell it to a network or an advertiser. The idea may originate with a network, which either produces a pilot itself or gets a film maker to produce one, then tries to sell it to advertisers. What goes on the air is the result of a tremendous pulling and hauling among networks, advertisers, their agencies, film makers, local stations and talent agents. The balance of power shifts. At present the networks dominate.

In the final analysis, however, it makes little difference, for so long as television remains a commercial medium, everyone involved is interested primarily in one thing: capturing the mass audience. Important exceptions exist. Some broadcasters prefer prestige shows to mass-audience shows. Some are wary of allowing their product to become too closely identified with sex and sadism. But most programs are intended, as Stanton said, "to appeal to *most* of the people *most* of the time." Networks must—they are in fierce competition with one another for the advertiser's network dollar. Local stations must—they are in fierce competition with one another for the consumer's dollar. What all are interested in is "cost per 1000"—how many dollars it costs an advertiser to reach 1000 viewers. The larger the audience, the cheaper the cost. This is the basic fact of life of commercial television.

From this arises the "tyranny of ratings." The A. C. Nielsen Company, a huge market-research organization, attached an Audimeter, an inconspicuous electronic device, to television sets in each of 1200 homes across the nation. The 1200

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homes were intended to represent a true sampling of American families. They remain constant. Every so often the statisticians modify them to take account of population shifts or to replace the 180-odd families who drop out every year. The Audimeter records automatically on film the hours that the set is on and, minute by minute, what channel is tuned in. The family mails the film to Nielsen's headquarters in Chicago, where elaborate electronic equipment processes it into ratings. A rating of 41, which *Gunsmoke* attained one night last winter, means that 19,182,000 American home television sets, 41 per cent of all American home television sets, were tuned to *Gunsmoke* that night.

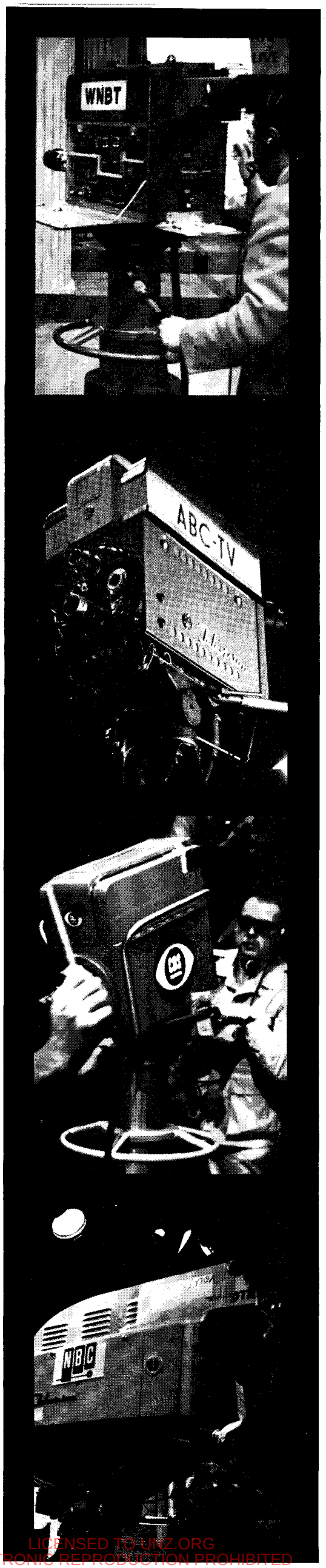
Ratings have been hotly attacked. Some critics think they are invented out of thin air. This is not so. Some say the sample is so small it is meaningless. Nielsen disagrees—and is supported by the experience of the Census Bureau and the Gallup poll. Some suspect the ratings may be fixed. This would be extremely difficult. Most television men accept ratings as reasonably accurate.

Reliability aside, critics complain bitterly that ratings are abused. Ratings determine which programs stay on the air and which go off. An evening show whose rating falls below 17 is likely to be dropped—it simply is not reaching enough people. Yet critics point out that such a program reaches more than 8,000,000 homes—can such a program be called a failure? And many things affect a program's rating—how many local stations carried it, what programs it competed with, what program preceded it, even the weather. LeRoy Collins, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, has said, "Ratings are a maze of statistics built from scanty facts. And they are like dope addiction in this industry. There is too much equating with the public interest what interests the public."

One day last spring executives of the Foote, Cone & Belding advertising agency in Chicago met with Armour & Company, the meat-packing firm, and decided to spend $8,000,000 on ABC television shows this fall—*Adventures in Paradise*, *Surfside Six*, *The Untouchables*, *Roaring '20's*, *Bachelor Father* and such daytime shows as *Queen for a Day* and *Who Do You Trust?* The agency men had been planning "the Armour buy" for months; they viewed pilots, put "holds" on several shows and invited all three networks to submit plans. Now one of the agency men, Bill Hyer, telephoned Oliver Treyz, president of the ABC television network. Treyz was in his station wagon in New York, en route home from Idlewild, but he said over his car telephone, "I'd go anywhere for eight million dollars."

"Ollie is fantastic," Hyer said, waiting for him next day. "In three years he's taken his network from a poor third to the top. He made his network the leader from the circulation standpoint; he programed *77 Sunset Strip* and *Maverick* and *The Untouchables*. He has a chart about three feet wide marked off with time slots. He takes little cardboard blocks representing programs and moves them around on the chart. It takes the intelligence of a chess master to do it. Hundreds of millions of dollars are riding on those blocks."

Treyz, a stocky crew-cut man of forty-three, rode from the airport to the agency's Chicago office in a chauffeur-driven limousine, made his $8,000,000 deal with the agency men, then went to dinner at the Pump Room, a showy restaurant where turbaned waiters carry food aflame on swords. Treyz ordered a drink and a steak and began talking in a staccato style about television.



"Television is watched more than ever before. But I'm disturbed. There are adverse trends at work. Some homes are watching television less. Older people. Smaller families. Educated people. Selective viewers. *Variety* had a story saying television has lost the elite—the opinion makers. ABC is a new face in the medium. We're now Number One." (NBC and CBS would dispute this, and with some justice.) "Television was launched in the postwar baby era; ABC gained by programing to the postwar families. More teeth to brush and more bodies to bathe."

NBC and CBS, he said, were holdovers from radio. They had offered few choices—for example, viewers could choose between Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen. ABC invented the hour-long Western and "action adventure with glamour"—*77 Sunset Strip*. NBC and CBS have imitated ABC's success, he said, so once more viewers had little choice. (A few days later Treyz made a speech on this subject, and Gould of *The New York Times* accused him of suggesting that CBS should provide Shakespeare and NBC, opera while ABC blithely captures the audience with *The Untouchables*. Gould asserted ABC's pursuit of ratings was dragging down all three networks.)

Eating his steak with gusto, Treyz said, "Minow says he's going to make television diversify. We at ABC met with him this week. We were tremendously impressed. He says the children of America spend more time in front of the television set than in classrooms. His observation led us to think of a news program for teen-agers. We're doing it each afternoon this fall. We have a tremendous responsibility. Television has a great future. ABC is out in front on the international front. We have acquired a minority interest in twenty-two stations abroad. *The Untouchables*, *77 Sunset Strip* and *Maverick* are the most popular programs in Australia. In Bangkok they watch *Wyatt Earp*. Half the people in the world are illiterate. Television can penetrate that barrier. In five years we're going to broadcast live from New York overseas, using a satellite. Television is a world-wide medium. You have to think globally. If you own a show, you own it world-wide. ABC put $1,750,000 into Churchill. We got $1,300,000 from the sponsor, Mead Johnson. So we lost $450,000. But we've provided a valuable public service and we may make money on world-wide reruns."

Treyz goes to the West Coast frequently to consult film makers. "Our network programs itself, not the advertisers. But we have to deliver. Advertisers want to buy homes at the rate of three dollars a thousand. If your program can't deliver, they'll cancel. Many top advertisers this year will put the bulk of their funds into network television. But television won't accept whisky advertising." Why not? "Television is a guest in the home," he said indignantly. "I would not be a party to urging families and children to buy whisky." What about teaching them violence? "Violence is a fact of life. We live in a violent world. If you can, lift 'em outa the dreariness of life into a world of glamour and escape—*77 Sunset Strip*, *Surfside 6*, *Adventures in Paradise* did that. You never know the answer. That public will shift on you like that," he said, snapping his fingers and suggesting a real terror of the unseen public that is widespread in the industry. "Turning that knob is the easiest thing in the world."

Next week the author describes the effects of the decline of live television and the fierce competition among the "Big Three" networks.—The Editors.

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THE GIRL ON THE BEACH

All through that endless winter I wasn't much good to anyone. I just kept working day and night. And the work I did was competent enough. But when summer came, I went back to the beach.

There were friends who tried to tell me that this was a mistake. Too many memories, they said, too many associations. Too lonely, too this, too that. But I didn't listen to them. Truth was, something kept telling me that I might feel closer to Laura at the cottage than anywhere else. That was all I wanted, really—to be close to her again. This didn't seem unreasonable to me, or morbid. When you've been married to a beautiful girl for five years and death takes her suddenly, like a candle flame blown out by the wind, what are you supposed to do—try to forget her?

So I went back. I told Jim Neville, my law partner, that I would be taking some time off. I would fish, I said, and swim and lie in the sun. Jim didn't try to dissuade me. "Ask me down," he said, "if the channel bass start running. Or even if they don't."

"The first guest," I promised him, "will be you."

He looked at me thoughtfully. He knew an evasion when he heard one. "What about my going with you to open up the place?"

I shook my head. "Thanks, Jim. It'll be all right."

The beach was twenty miles away, across a network of marshes and rivers. I had been at the cottage, alone, when the thing happened. Laura had decided to fly up to see her mother over Labor Day. I didn't go, because I was finishing an important brief. The plane lost a wing in a thunderstorm near Baltimore. The plane lost a wing, and I lost everything. I lost Laura.

That September night, when the call came through, I shut the door of the cottage and locked it and went back to the city. Now, ten months later when I unlocked it again, everything was the same. The book I had been reading was face down near the phone. The cast net I had intended to mend was hanging from a hook. Laura's sunglasses with one earpiece missing still were on the bookcase. Her straw hat with the scarf threaded through it perched on top of a lamp. Some of her face powder still dusted the glass top of her dressing table.

I was prepared for this, braced for it. I had a whole list of things to do. Sweep out the film of sand that had filtered under the doors during the winter storms. Wash the salt off the windows. Clean out the icebox. Check the surf-casting gear, change the lines, oil the reels. Keep busy. Keep occupied. Don't think.

It was late afternoon when I arrived; I knew without looking that the tide was going out. It's strange, but something in me seems to follow the tides, some dim, uncanny instinct. There must be some explanation. All life came out of the sea, didn't it? The cells of our bodies still are bathed in saline solution; perhaps they can feel the slow, insistent tug of the moon. Or perhaps, more simply, if you love the sea enough, your ear can tell the difference in the sound of the surf. Anyway I knew.

The cottage crouched there in the dunes, not fifty feet above high-water mark. We had built it too close to the sea for safety; even a near miss from a hurricane would be the end of it. But Laura had liked it that way. "Let's have a little danger," she said, "even if we have to arrange it." She liked flying too.

By the time I finished sweeping out the sand, the sun was almost down. I went out on the balcony and stood there with the broom in my hand. I felt overcontrolled, overcalm, as if I were standing before a locked door that I did not intend to open. And yet I had a feeling that somewhere there was a key.

From left to right, now, the pelicans were slanting across the burnished water. Night after night Laura and I had sat and watched that twilight parade, saying nothing or very little, the southeast wind coming to us gently, spiced with the faint sweet scent of oleander. Sometimes we'd sit until the moon came up, orange and enormous at first, half hidden by cloud rack, then a silver coin spinning across the dark floor of heaven, drawing a trail of splintered diamonds across the restless sea.

Nothing had changed. The same wind still blew. Off to the south, across the little river, the islands lay deserted, mile after mile of tangled jungle and empty beaches. A hundred yards to the north, lights were beginning to glow in the Blanchards' cottage. They were a pleasant young couple with two or three small children. Molly Blanchard was a pretty redhead; she and Laura had been good friends. Ted Blanchard, an architect, commuted every day to the city. I liked them both, but somehow I found myself hoping that they would not notice that I had come back.

I stood there while the daylight faded. Finally I brought a folding chair and put it on the balcony. And then I did what I suppose was a foolish thing. I brought another one and put it beside the first. I sat down, and after a while I made a discovery. It was that if I closed my eyes and kept them closed, I no longer felt alone.

It was not simply that I could imagine Laura in the other chair. It was stronger than that. It was as if I somehow could *recall* her—not in the ordinary sense of remembering, but in the sense of summoning her back, back from some blank and misty nowhere into

WAS SHE REAL? OR JUST A GHOST?

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BY ARTHUR GORDON

a kind of half reality that was strange and inexplicable and a little terrifying, but also unbearably sweet. As long as I kept my eyes shut, I could see her—I could *see* her sitting there in the other chair, leaning forward, sun-browned shoulders hunched a little, profile clear and calm against the darkening sky. And while there was no sound except the whisper of the wind and the murmur of the sea, I had the feeling that if I could just listen more intently I would hear her voice, or the creak of the chair as she leaned back in it, or the faint, far-off echo of her laugh.

Suddenly the telephone rang in the cottage, and instantly I was alone again on a shadowy balcony with an empty chair beside me, facing the empty sea. I stood up, feeling a spark of anger lance through me at this interruption. I went inside and picked up the shrilling instrument. "Yes?"

"Mark?" It was Molly Blanchard's voice, a little uncertain, embarrassed. "Just thought I'd call up to—to say hello and that we're glad you're back."

"Thanks, Molly," I said. "How'd you know?"

"Ted saw Jim Neville in town today. He said you were coming. Look, Mark, why don't you walk over and have supper with us? My sister's down for her vacation. Maybe we could play some bridge, or just sit around and ——"

"Thanks, Molly," I said again, "but I have a million things to do. Give me a rain check, will you?"

"Tomorrow night, maybe?"

"Maybe." I knew she was just trying to be kind. "I'll call you, Molly. Say hello to Ted for me."

I slipped the phone back into its cradle. Outside, now, it was almost dark. Through the window I could see the lights of the Blanchard house, but felt no impulse to leave the cottage—none at all. I told myself that it was because I didn't want to have to make small talk with a stranger. All I knew about Molly's sister was that she was a schoolteacher in another part of the state. But that was not the real reason. The real reason was that I wanted that queer feeling of almost contact with Laura to come back.

It did not come again that night. I turned on the lights, fixed myself some supper and did some of the things I had planned to do. The loneliness was there, the dull, aching sense of loss, but I was used to that. Ten months is a long time. To combat it, I had devised little stratagems. If I was in one room, I would pretend that Laura was in another, not far away, out of sight, but within call if I should need her. Foolish, of course, but there was comfort in it. Most of the time, if you stop to think about it, what we believe is that which we want to believe.

About midnight I took a sleeping pill and went to bed and went to sleep. But I woke suddenly at dawn. All around me was the hush that comes just at the turn of the tide. I must have been dreaming, because I had the distinct impression that someone had been calling me. I got up and went out on the balcony. The air was soft and misty and silver; the planking and the railing were wet with dew. In the East was the first faint smear of crimson. The beach lay vast and empty, the damp sand broken by a series of lagoons left by the receding tide. In one of them I saw a splash as a mullet jumped. Nothing else moved; it was too early even for the pelicans.

I went back into the cottage, put on some swimming trunks, took the cast net from the hook where it was hanging. In past summers Laura and I had often gone casting for mullet in the tidal lagoons. Sometimes she would bring her own net; sometimes she would act as spotter for me. "There's one!" she'd say, pointing at the faint swirl in the water. And the big net would shoot forward and flare into a circle and fall with a crash, blanketing a segment of the teeming sea. You had to be quick and graceful with a cast net—and sharp-eyed. Laura was all three.

Now, with the warm water swirling around my knees, it was easy to imagine that she was behind me, her voice quick with excitement ("Mark! Over there!"), her squeak of mock terror and dismay when she stepped—or thought she stepped—on a crab. As the light grew stronger, so did this impression, until something in me was half convinced that she *was* there . . . so close, so very close.

But when finally I went back to the cottage with the dripping net, only one set of foot-prints marked the tawny sand—my own.

It was later that morning that I found the diary. I was clearing out the bureau, putting Laura's things in a box, to be sorted out later or given away. Very steady, very calm. I was braced for this too. And among them was a little pocket diary, an appointment book, really, with four or five lines for each day and notations in Laura's quick, impatient hand. Nothing very significant—usually one-line entries, or sometimes none at all. I leafed through it until I came to the date exactly a year ago, and my hands grew very still.

July 9: Went casting for mullet at sunrise with my own true love. Surf-fishing in afternoon.

One year ago to the day. Coincidence? Of course. What else? And yet, why had I wakened so early? What had impelled me to take the net, walk out into the pearly light exactly as we had done a year ago? No wonder I had felt close to Laura. I had been duplicating every move.

I remembered the surf-fishing that day, too, on one of the lonely beaches to the south. I had taken three weeks off in July. We had fished almost every day, trying one place after another, taking lunch sometimes and eating it in the shade of scrub oak or palmetto. Or perched on top of a dune, watching the great rollers come creaming in, stately and slow. Swimming when we felt like it, letting the sun dry the brine on our bodies until they were salty to taste or dusty to touch. No one there but ourselves. No other life but the birds and now and then the gleaming black back of a porpoise or sometimes the scuff marks of a great sea turtle's crawl along the sand.

Now this is not going *(continued on page 93)*

PAINTING BY CONSTANTIN ALAJÁLOV

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People on the way Up

Brigid Bazlen:
Actress at Work

A swinging thing is Brigid Bazlen, a star at seventeen. One of her first roles, in fact, as "the Blue Fairy" in a TV series, had her swinging by wires from the studio ceiling. "I flew around and had a wonderful time," she says. Her performance brought her a Peabody Award, at the age of fourteen. At fifteen she won her first movie role, Salome in *King of Kings*. Her second movie (the first released) is *The Honeymoon Machine;* Brigid got the sort of mixed reviews—ranging from "good" to "incapable of anything but looking pretty"—which a very young actress can take in stride, knowing her own will to improve. "I am a hard worker," she says. Brigid, whose mother is Chicago columnist Maggie Daly, grew up in an apartment on Chicago's Gold Coast. She likes to dance—but "for my own amusement, alone in front of a huge mirror." She wears expensive clothes and reads "everything I can get my hands on—one book per evening." She is passionate for knowledge. The man she will marry will be "someone I can learn from." The man hasn't come along yet, but the date is set—"when I am twenty-eight," says Brigid. Photograph by Don Ornitz

Thomas Eagleton,
Missouri Vote-Getter

Into the capitol at Jefferson City strides scholarly Thomas Eagleton, 32, the hurry-up man of Missouri politics. The youngest attorney general ever elected in his state, Eagleton won office last November by a record-smashing plurality. Victory came only four years after his first sally into politics: In 1956, three years out of Harvard Law School, barely 27, he won election as circuit attorney of St. Louis, promptly jolted his elders with attacks on wire tapping and demands for prison reform, calling the state penitentiaries "colleges of crime." Son of a lawyer politician, Eagleton decided early to follow in dad's footsteps. "When I was seven," he says, "listening to Landon and Roosevelt campaigning in 1936, I knew I wanted to be in politics." Although he's been attorney general only since January, Eagleton already is favored by many Democratic kingmakers for next state governor, or U. S. Senator. Eagleton reacts cautiously to such talk. "Right now," he says, "there's a belief in young men. But if there is a war or recession, the people may decide they want age, and a young man may not be able to get elected street cleaner." Photograph by George Burns

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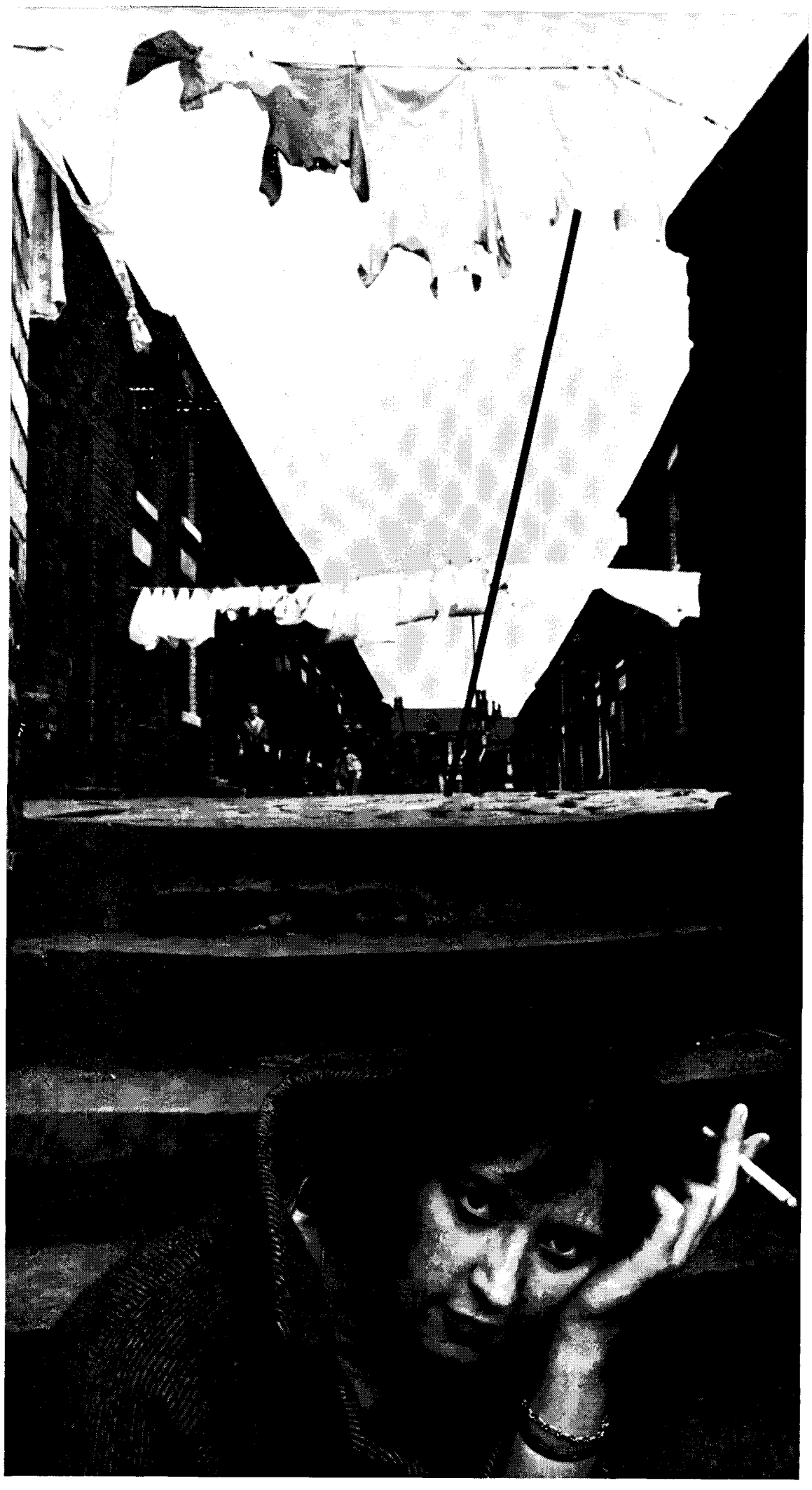

People on the way Up

Shelagh Delaney, Angry Playwright

In the dismal back yards of her native Salford, England's working-class dramatist Shelagh Delaney, 22, finds rich material for plays like the one that made her famous at 19: *A Taste of Honey*, winner last spring of a New York Drama Critics' Award. Tall (six feet), low-voiced Shelagh quit school at 16, took a job as an opera-house usher, later became a photographer's assistant while writing her first drama.

Her new, play-born wealth has changed her very little; she still lives with her widowed mother and young brother in a small, government-subsidized house. But she does admit delight in being able to afford taxis. "Now that I have money," she says, "why should I travel on buses?" Shelagh believes plays should be for and about the ordinary man. They need not crusade. "Crusading is condescend-

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ing," she says. Her characters are people she has seen around her; her theme—the need for human dignity. Contemptuous of complaints that she writes as an "angry young woman," Shelagh believes "anger is the sinew of the soul; without it, a man would be lame." Now on her third drama, Shelagh can't say what it's about. "I just start with people and see what comes out of them," she says. Photograph by Arnold Newman

Jack Heberlig,
Space Engineer

Somberly facing a challenge that curves toward infinity, budding inventor Jack Heberlig, 26, ranks as ace trouble shooter for the major U.S. man-in-space effort—Project Mercury. Behind him, Astronaut Virgil Grissom rests in a mockup capsule, safely cradled in a contour couch designed by Heberlig and two co-workers. As an aerospace technologist and assistant to the project director, Heberlig oversees 400 specialists at the Langley, Va., Research Center, takes pride in his contributions to Mercury. "When an astronaut goes up," he says, "I feel I've helped put him there." Born in Pennsylvania, Heberlig graduated from Shippensburg State College, surveyed career possibilities, plumped for a Government job in rocketry. "I feared ending up in the corner of some corporation." In his first job, he helped test small rockets on a small budget for the so-called Pilotless Aircraft Research Division. In 1958 he graduated to the Mercury project. Married and the father of a two-year-old daughter and a two-month-old son, Heberlig lacks time for hobbies or socializing. "Manned space flight is my life's work." His next project: the three-man Apollo moonship—with three contour couches. Photograph by Carroll Seghers

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By N. J. Crisp

We didn't like him. Joan had her reasons. I had mine. The only one who liked him was our mother, and that made us dislike him all the more. He came for the first time one evening, knocked on the front door of the cramped house in the grimy street where we lived and stood waiting for someone to answer. At the time I didn't know that the street was dirty, the bricks blackened with industrial smoke and the huddled terrace houses near fit to be condemned. It was where we lived. That was all.

I was playing in the street with a crowd of kids. I stopped yelling for a minute and looked at him. He was a small man, no more than five feet six, and slenderly built. He was wearing a dark-blue suit that didn't fit around the cuffs, and he was carrying a black grip.

There was something about him then that made me wish he'd go away. He had an air of aloneness that was foreign in a district where children and adults tended to run in packs. He stood, waiting patiently.

My mother answered the door. A look of surprise—almost shock—settled on her face. She said, "Mr. Cox!" Her hands brushed abstractedly along the apron she was wearing.

His head inclined in a grave, slight greeting. "Hullo, Mrs. Stewart." He didn't smile. I found out later that he rarely did. But the hard lines of his face altered almost imperceptibly, and it was obvious that he was glad to see her, and perhaps something more as well.

And, once her shock had worn off a little, there was a warmth in my mother's eyes that I resented for some reason. She said, "This is a surprise."

My mother's voice was soft and clear, and her speech was quite different from that of the people in the twisting tangle of narrow streets where we lived. They liked her—there were few people who could dislike my mother—but that didn't stop the women, standing talking and holding their shopping bags, from telling each other that she was "la-di-da" and "gave herself airs." It didn't do to be different.

I liked to hear my mother talk. Her voice rose and fell in gentle music, in melodious contrast to the harsh, diphthong-loaded speech of the streets. Just the same, I took care to yell in the same accents as the other kids. At eleven years of age, only the exceptional child cares to stand apart from the crowd. I wasn't exceptional.

The man said, "I had some trouble finding you."

Her lips moved in a smile that had irony in it, but no self-pity. "It's different, isn't it?"

"I wanted to see how you were. That you were all right."

"We've managed well," my mother said.

He shifted his grip to the other hand. "I don't want to intrude."

"You're not," my mother said warmly. "It's good to see you. Do come in. There's so much to talk about."

The door closed behind them. Someone tripped me up and, in the melee, I forgot about him until he came out again on the front doorstep. He stood again in that self-contained, aloof manner, entirely self-sufficient, the only warmth in him directed toward my mother. He said, "I hope you didn't mind ——"

"It's been good to see you. You will come again?"

"If I may."

They looked at each other, and he turned and started to walk along the street. I began to edge away. I knew what was coming now. Sure enough, my mother's head swiveled, her eyes searching in the crowd of children. "John," she called. "John." My back to her, I chased after a bouncing ball. "It's time to come in," she called.

I pursued the ball, my ears closed, ignoring her. As I went past him I caught his eyes fixed on me. They were cold, hard, disapproving. I stared at him with childish defiance and rounded the corner to safety. None of the other kids ever went to bed early. My mother was always going on about it, but I usually got away from her and only went home when the street lights had long been on.

(Continued on Page 72)

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

Robert S. Dietz, Ph.D., an oceanographer at the Navy Electronics Laboratory, San Diego, California, participated in the U. S. development of the Piccard bathyscaph. With Jacques Piccard, he wrote Seven Miles Down, *a description of the 1960 bathyscaph descent into the Marianas Trench of the Pacific.*

THE SPREADING OCEAN FLOOR

ACCORDING TO DOCTOR DIETZ

"The ocean basins seem like gaping wounds in the earth's skin, exposing the raw, moving flesh of the earth."

"The sea floor is continuously spreading slowly outward from central rifts, constantly adding strips of new sea floor—growing a new epidermis so to speak."

"What will be the prime result of drilling through the earth's crust? Paradoxically, I believe, we shall discover that the ocean floor, unlike continental regions, really has no crust."

By ROBERT S. DIETZ

Standing on the deck of the drilling barge, *Cuss I*, off San Diego last March, I watched the beginning trials of the National Science Foundations' Project Mohole, one of the most imaginative scientific efforts of our time. Hanging from the *Cuss*'s derrick, the spinning drill pipe descended through the ship's central well and into the blue water, reaching for the cold mud of San Diego Trough several thousand feet below. This was the first step toward drilling a six-mile hole through the earth's crust and into the mysterious substance underlying it.

Geophysicists call this substance the mantle. Some 1800 miles thick, the mantle comprises the vast bulk of the earth. We do not know its composition, because it has never been directly sampled. But we know it exists because of the excessively high speed of the earthquake and explosion vibrations passing through it, since the denser the material the faster it transmits vibrational waves. The boundary between the crust and the mantle is called the Mohorovicic Discontinuity, or "Moho," after the Yugoslav seismologist who discovered it in 1909 by studying the vibrations of distant earthquakes. A hole to the Moho is a Mohole.

Project Mohole will do this ultradeep drilling in the world's most difficult environment—the deep sea. There is no choice, since the mantle lies twenty miles or more beneath the continents, but only a few miles under the deep-sea floor. What will be the prime result of drilling

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through the earth's crust? Paradoxically, I believe, we shall discover that the ocean floor, unlike continental regions, really has no crust.

During the last decade marine geologists have collected facts which have provided a new insight into the basic nature of our planet. With core barrels, temperature probes and sound waves they penetrated the sea and found that the earth beneath is, geologically speaking, a new world. It has been assumed that the ocean basins were much like the continents. We now know this is not true. Not only does the mantle lie close beneath the sea bed, but it has no covering layer of sial, the general name given to the granitic family of rocks which make up the continental blocks. Instead there is only sima, a group of dark, heavy rocks such as basalt and gabbro.

The rocks which comprise the oceanic floor above the mantle can be divided into three layers. Uppermost lies Layer 1, composed of about a thousand feet of soft sediment—debris shed from the continents—and the sea-floor rocks, plus the endless fall of the skeletons of sea life. The muds, red clays and biologic oozes of Layer 1 can be easily sampled. Layer 2, about two miles thick, is assumed to be a solidified, rock-like form of Layer 1 plus lava flows.

Layer 3 is about four miles thick and caps the mantle. As with the mantle, we know its nature only by the speed of vibrational waves passing through it. Generally referred to as the oceanic crust, this layer has also been called the Basalt Layer in the belief that it is composed of basaltic lava poured out from the earth's interior. Obviously much basalt has been deposited on the ocean floor, but to ascribe the immense, thick Layer 3 to basalt alone stretches credulity. We can leave the composition open by referring to it as the Oceanic Layer.

A new opinion, which I share, ascribes the Oceanic Layer to a so-called phase change of the primary mantle rock. By this we mean that the Oceanic Layer is composed of rock which is chemically identical to mantle rock but contains an entirely different grouping of minerals. To illustrate, graphite and diamond are simply different forms of the same element, carbon; graphite is the low-pressure phase and diamond the high-pressure phase. The mantle is probably composed of a high-pressure rock called eclogite, while the Oceanic Layer is a low-pressure rock called gabbro. Both of these sima rocks contain essentially the same chemical mix. According to this concept, the Moho is simply the depth at which temperature and pressure conditions are appropriate to cause this transformation of rock types. Rather than a separate entity capping the mantle, the Oceanic Layer is really a part of the mantle itself, a sort of exomantle.

How did the ocean basins originate? To find out, we must account for their layered structure. Where can we look for a clue? To our nearest celestial neighbor, the moon, to see if *it* has ocean basins. When Galileo made the first telescopic study of the moon in 1609, he called the dark regions *maria*, or seas, in the mistaken belief that they were true oceans. We now know them to be dry, although they resemble our ocean basins somewhat in that they are depressed basins of dark rock. The *maria* have been shown to be simply giant lunar craters produced by crust-piercing asteroids. Such an origin in no way fits our understanding of the earth's ocean basins. Perhaps the contrast between the other surface features of the two celestial bodies will provide a clue.

The moon, of course, has no atmosphere. Having been spared the erosion of wind, water and ice, the moonscape retains its pristine crispness. But there are more fundamental differences in the forces which have shaped the surface features of moon and earth. The moon's face shows the explosion craters of thousands of cosmic cannon balls. In contrast the earth's terrain consists of folded mountains, volcanoes, fault blocks and so on. Why this difference? The moon's face is a tough rind, sculptured only by external forces, whereas the earth has been shaped by internal forces generated deep beneath its surface.

This mobility of the earth is due principally to its size. Its mass, about eighty times that of the moon, creates enormous pressures and temperatures. A core of nickel-iron has resulted, surrounded by a quasi-plastic mantle. Fueled by the heat of decaying radioactive minerals, the mantle apparently turns over slowly but inexorably like a vat of asphalt over a low fire. This internal convection gives the earth's surface its mobility and provides the fundamental molding force. Eons ago the earth, like the moon, must also have suffered cosmic bombardment, but the mobility of the crust has effaced virtually all traces of the impacts.

It has generally been supposed that the earth's convection currents act far beneath the surface. This is certainly true so far as the continental blocks are concerned, since the geologic features on land seem to be but an indirect expression of this deep *continued on page 94*

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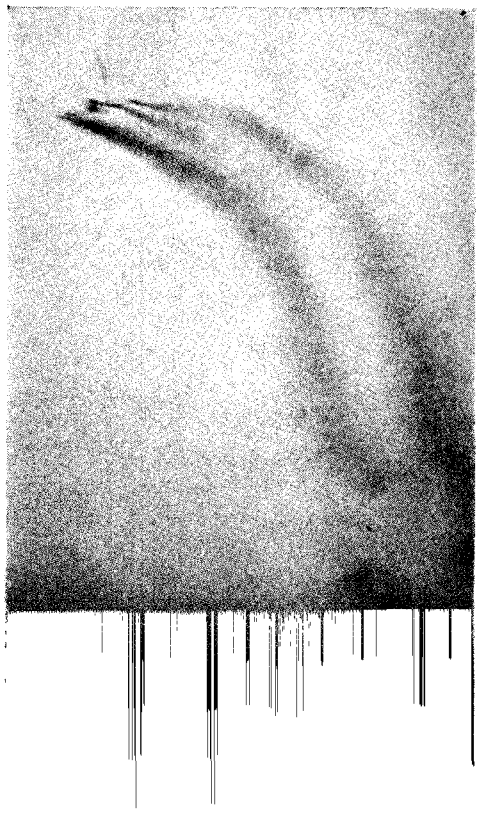
THE Face OF AMERICA

SKY SHEPHERD

In the eerie light of the control tower air-traffic specialist John Tobin (left) talks a jetliner into New York International Airport. The field is socked in: rain and low clouds have cut visibility to less than a mile. The flight—140 persons strapped inside an aluminum shell—is approaching at 175 miles an hour. On Tobin's radarscope the huge jet is a trace of light moving down dark bands which mark the path to Runway Four-Right. To the pilot, Tobin's radioed instructions are the voice of Providence. "You are 100 feet above glide path," he hears Tobin say calmly, "fifty feet left of course, six and a half miles from touch down." Down shrieks the giant airship. "You are on glide path, three miles from touch down," Tobin says. "Adjust your rate of descent." Suddenly through the overcast the field appears. "I have runway in sight," the pilot radios. His worries are nearly over but, stacked up over points in nearby New Jersey and Long Island, two dozen other planes are waiting to slant down through the murk. The towermen take them first come, first served at the rate of one every three minutes. Most of the 900 flights which arrive and depart each day get guidance from the tower. Even the big jet in the photo below, rising into a clear evening, depends on the tower for a safe path through New York's aircraft-glutted skies. *Photographs by Erich Hartmann.*



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STARS WHO FOOLED THE COACHES

Many of today's top-rated football pros were once casual rejects. Does their success prove that a coach is no better prophet than anyone else?

By MYRON COPE Over the years there has developed an idealized image of the pro-football coach as a man who is at once hardened but perceptive, leathery of face but keen of eye—so shrewd a judge of talent that he can pluck a rookie from Garterband Normal and correctly predict stardom for him, while at the same time sagaciously discounting an All-American. More recently, this image has been reinforced by talk of ubiquitous professional scouting staffs which comb the nation, compiling a detailed "book" on almost every college player who appears to be in reasonably good health.

Place such a dossier in the hands of the leathery-faced coach, and indeed he appears all-knowing. But is he? The fact is that last season no less than twenty-six superior players in the National Football League were discards—men who in the infancy of their pro careers were either fired or sold dirt-cheap or traded as third-rate merchandise by other clubs.

The Philadelphia Eagles, who won the Eastern Conference title and the league championship, had six such players. The Green Bay Packers, who won the Western Conference title, had five. No other teams had so many outstanding castoffs as the Eagles and Packers, which would seem to indicate that last year's title races were decided as much as anything by the faulty judgment of coaches in evaluating talent.

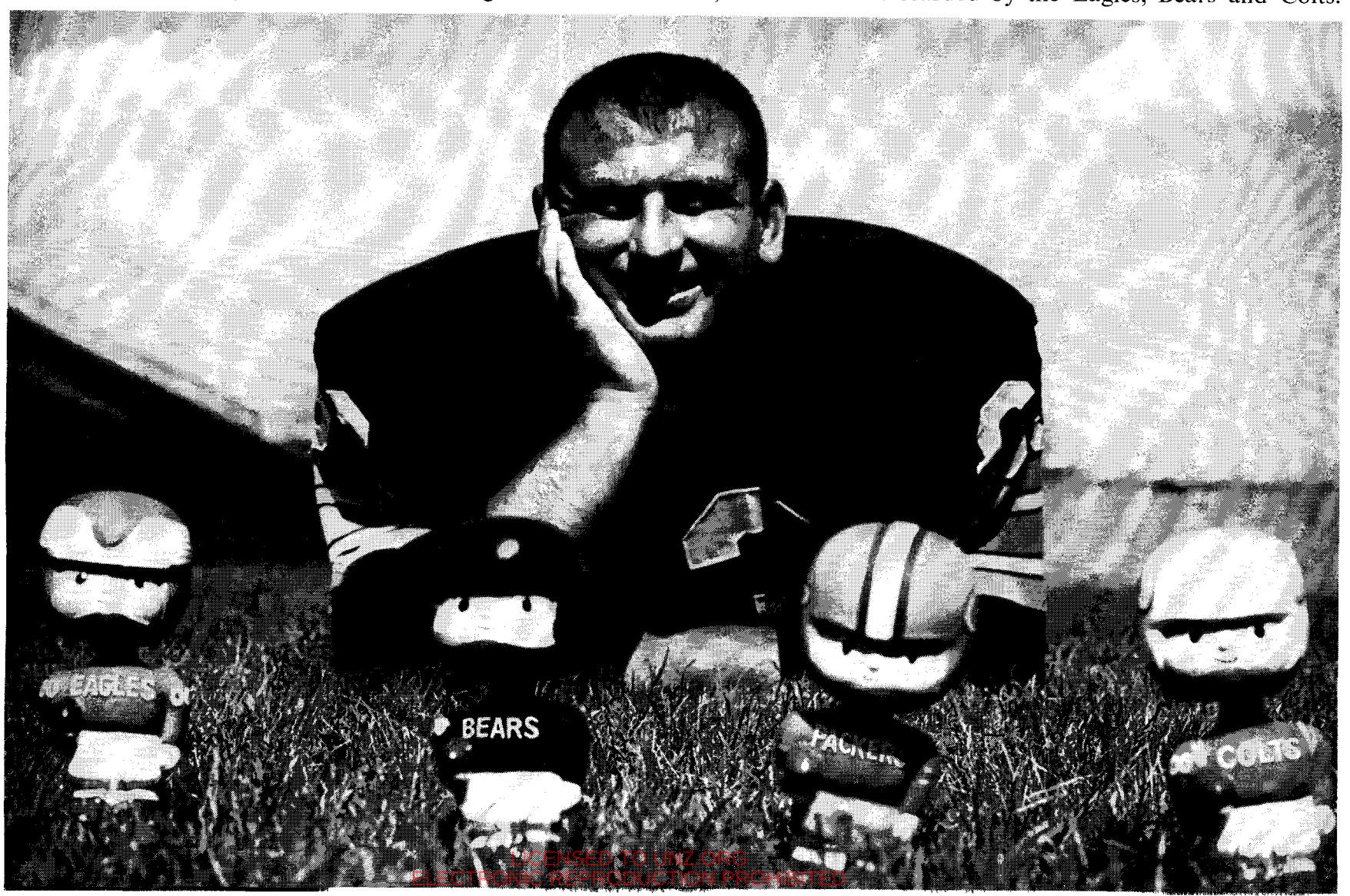
The most notorious dismissal on record, of course, was that of quarterback Johnny Unitas, a Pittsburgh Steeler reject who has led Baltimore to two league championships and won such honors as the Jim Thorpe Trophy (1957), United Press Pro Player of the Year (1958 and 1959) and Most Valuable Player in the Pro Bowl Game (1960 and 1961). To go on and cite the league passing records that Unitas has smashed would amount to inhumane treatment of Art Rooney, the cigar-chewing owner of the Steelers, who has suffered enough from the memory.

Says Rooney, recalling Unitas's 1955 Pittsburgh tryout, "My sixteen-year-old twin boys used to come home from practice and say, 'The best passer on the team is Johnny Unitas, but the only guys they let him throw to are us. He plays catch with us on the side lines.'"

Pittsburgh's head coach at the time was Walter Kiesling, a burly, inscrutable man who, with arms folded, resembles a giant Buddha. Kiesling retained Unitas through five exhibition games but did not once call him off the bench. Art Rooney explains, "Kies said Unitas was too dumb. That's what all coaches say—whenever they cut somebody, they say, 'He's too dumb.'"

Rooney adds that Kiesling, who two years after having fired Johnny Unitas stepped down to the role of assistant coach on the Pittsburgh Steelers' staff, still isn't sold on Unitas. "We played the Colts an exhibition game in 1956," says Rooney, "and Unitas had a bad night. So Kies said, 'I told you he's no good.'"

Before the Packers grabbed their brilliant guard Fred Thurston, he had been discarded by the Eagles, Bears and Colts.



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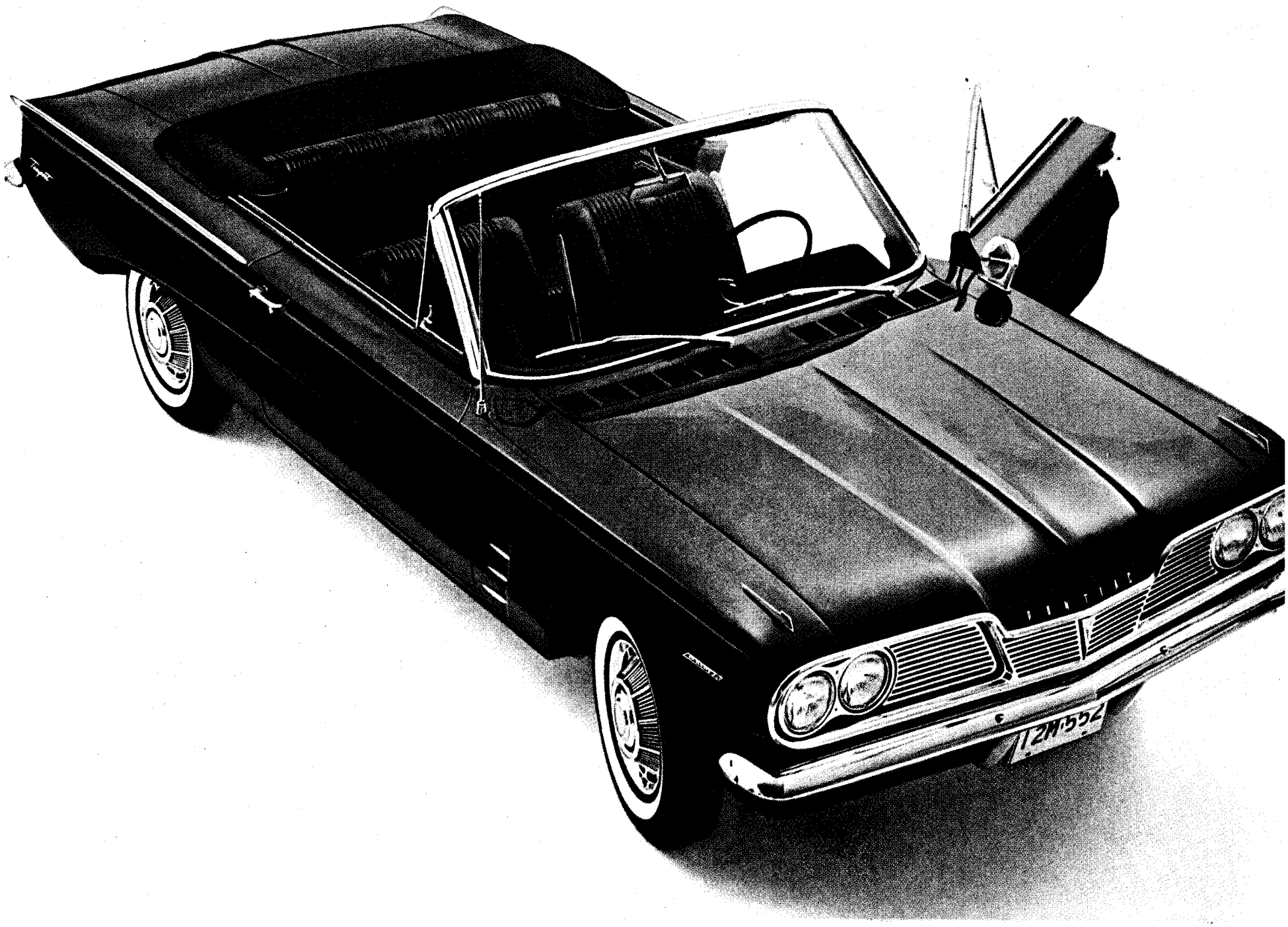
LE MANS



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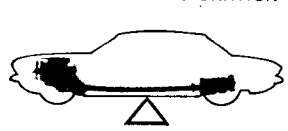

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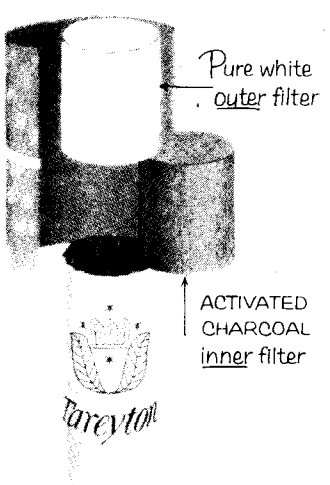

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The coach is on the spot too. He has to pick talent out of the scrimmage, learn not to judge a rookie by one bad day.

STARS Buddy Parker, Kiesling's successor as head coach, is widely celebrated as one of the most perspicacious judges of football flesh in the business. Before going to Pittsburgh in 1957, he had fashioned a clutch of castoffs into a championship team at Detroit, and at Pittsburgh he has made the once-pathetic Steelers a dangerous force by trading players at a breathless pace.

Yet when Parker coached at Detroit he turned thumbs down on Palmer (Pete) Retzlaff—today one of the game's top stars—not just once but twice. Retzlaff had made Little All-American as a fullback at South Dakota State, but when he tried out for the Lions in 1953, he failed to last beyond the exhibition games. After serving a hitch in the Army, he tried out again, and once more Parker cut him shortly before the opening league game. The Philadelphia Eagles, spotting Retzlaff's name on the league waiver list, grabbed him for the standard waiver price of $100. As an Eagle end, Retzlaff caught forty-six passes last year to lead all Philadelphia receivers, and for the second time in three years was chosen to appear in the Pro Bowl.

Buddy Parker readily agrees that Retzlaff is a tremendous pass receiver for the Eagles, but he goes on to explain, "I didn't see Retzlaff as a flanker. He was a running back with us, and of all the players I ever coached, I thought he was the least likely. We didn't need more receivers, so it never occurred to me to try him there."

That sounds reasonable. But hold on—here's Charley Gauer, an assistant coach of the Eagles, talking: "I saw Retzlaff play flanker for the Lions in an exhibition game at, I think, Mobile, Alabama. And he was a *helluva* flanker." Retzlaff himself says that as a matter of fact he played six exhibition games for Parker at offensive end.

There exists, of course, a variety of reasons—quite aside from the possibility of coaching stupidity—why potentially brilliant players often get away. N.F.L. teams may carry only thirty-six players, and sifting out the best is a difficult task, considering the dense population of a pro-football camp. League rules specify that a club may have as many as sixty players in camp at one time, and as speedily as candidates are sent packing, new ones may be brought in to replace them. One player insists that as many as 300 candidates sometimes pass through a training camp in one season.

Not only is the competition for jobs fierce but other forces are at work against rookies. The coaches themselves hasten to point out that frequently they must drop a man they know to be promising, simply because the team already is well fortified at that man's position. Then too, in many camps a bond exists among the veteran players, who assist in any way possible to protect a colleague whose job appears to be threatened by a newcomer.

Another factor is the craving some coaches have to make a great discovery—to unearth, say, another Bulldog Turner from the unknowns. In 1959 the New York Giants picked Buddy Dial of Rice Institute in the second round of the draft; they also picked one Joe Biscaha of Richmond University in the twenty-seventh round. Dial and Biscaha became rivals for an opening at offensive end. Soon end coach Ken Kavanaugh declared, "Biscaha is one of the finest first-year receivers I've ever seen," and on that note head coach Jim Lee Howell released Dial.

Biscaha caught one pass all season, for a grand total of five yards. Dial, who was picked up by Pittsburgh, caught sixteen passes for 428 yards and six touchdowns.

George Halas, the long-time coach and owner of the Chicago Bears, admits having some skeletons in his closet too. Asked why he dropped J. D. Smith, the brilliant San Francisco running halfback, from the Bears' roster after only six league games in 1956, Halas earnestly replies, "J. D. Smith? We always did like him, but we had him on defense and the Forty-Niners were smart enough to put him on offense. We're just sorry we weren't that smart."

As cozy as such intramural flattery is among coaches, it should be added that it took Forty-Niner coach Red Hickey quite a while to get that smart. He played J. D. Smith on defense through two more seasons before finally converting him to offensive halfback in 1959.

Anyhow, George Halas need not apologize for having placed one Joe Robb at the wrong

Photographs by Arthur Rickerby

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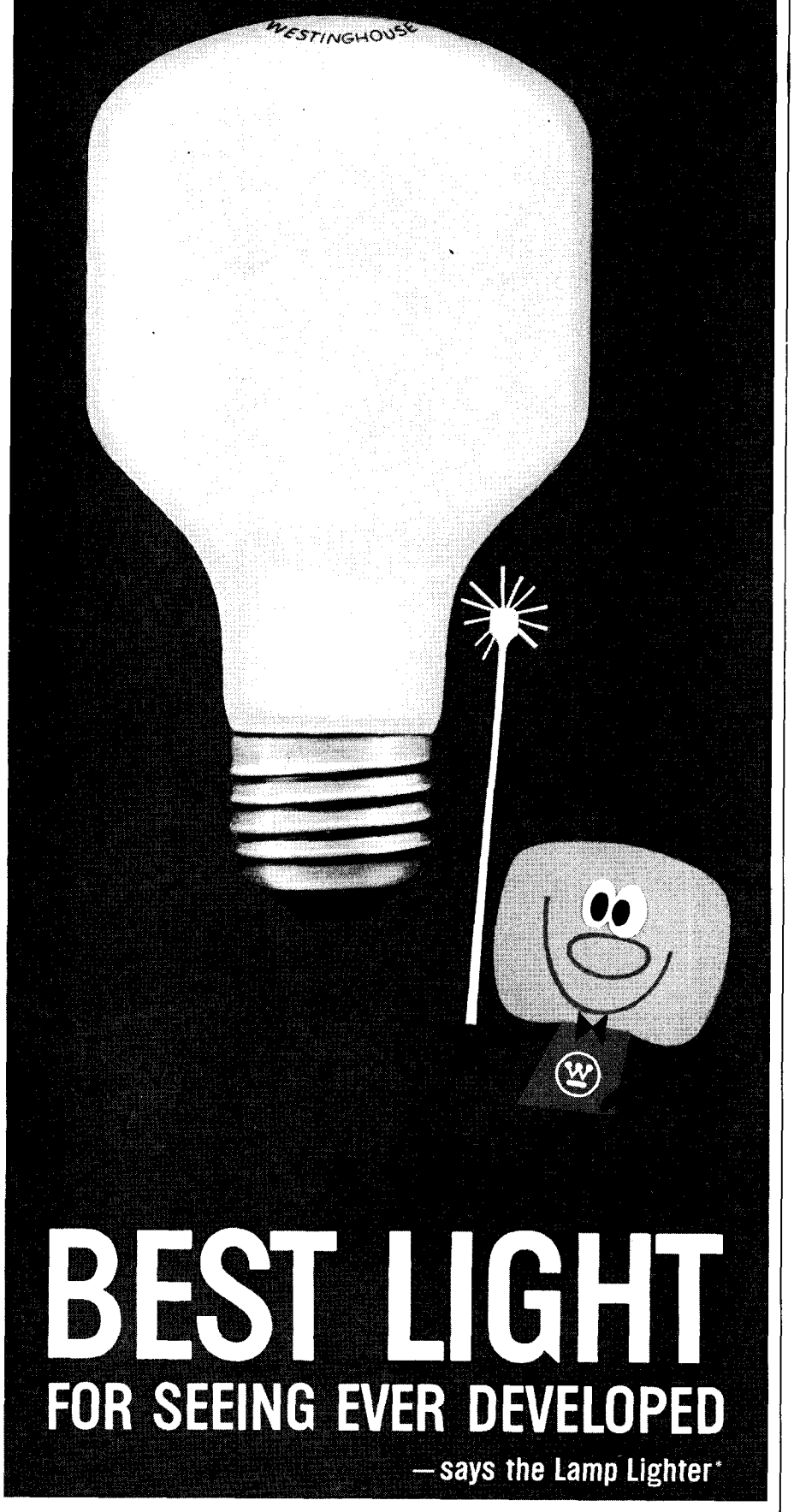

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STARS position, because in point of fact, George didn't. He played Robb at defensive end, where Joe burgeoned into a terror last year for the Philadelphia Eagles, who had claimed him when the Bears put him on the waiver list as a rookie in 1959. This year, unable to come to an agreement with Robb on salary, the Eagles traded him to the St. Louis Cardinals for veteran defensive men Leo Sugar and John Tracey.

In addition to Joe Robb and Pete Retzlaff, such castaways as Jimmy Carr, Don Burroughs, Marion Campbell and Ed Khayat all performed with excellence for Philadelphia in 1960. The Eagles picked up defensive backs Carr and Burroughs for a pittance. Carr was obtained from Baltimore for a ninth-draft choice, Burroughs from Los Angeles for a fifth-draft choice. By pro-football barter standards, a seasoned player traded for less than a third-draft choice has reason to feel either insulted or hopeless, and neither Carr nor Burroughs was a rookie.

Similarly, defensive tackle Marion Campbell, who has appeared in the Pro Bowl the past two years, went to the Eagles from the Forty-Niners in exchange for a sixth-draft choice. And Ed Khayat, Campbell's fellow tackle, cost the Eagles no more than the price of transportation from his home in Moss Point, Mississippi.

Khayat, who has a whimsical southern manner like that of baseball pitcher Vinegar Bend Mizell of the Pirates, is a lumbering, good-humored 250-pounder. After having played end for Tulane University, he served with the Washington Redskins in 1957 as a 220-pound tackle, but in 1958 was released by coach Joe Kuharich at the cut-down deadline. "I was heartbroken," he says. "I just came on home and worked in my flowers."

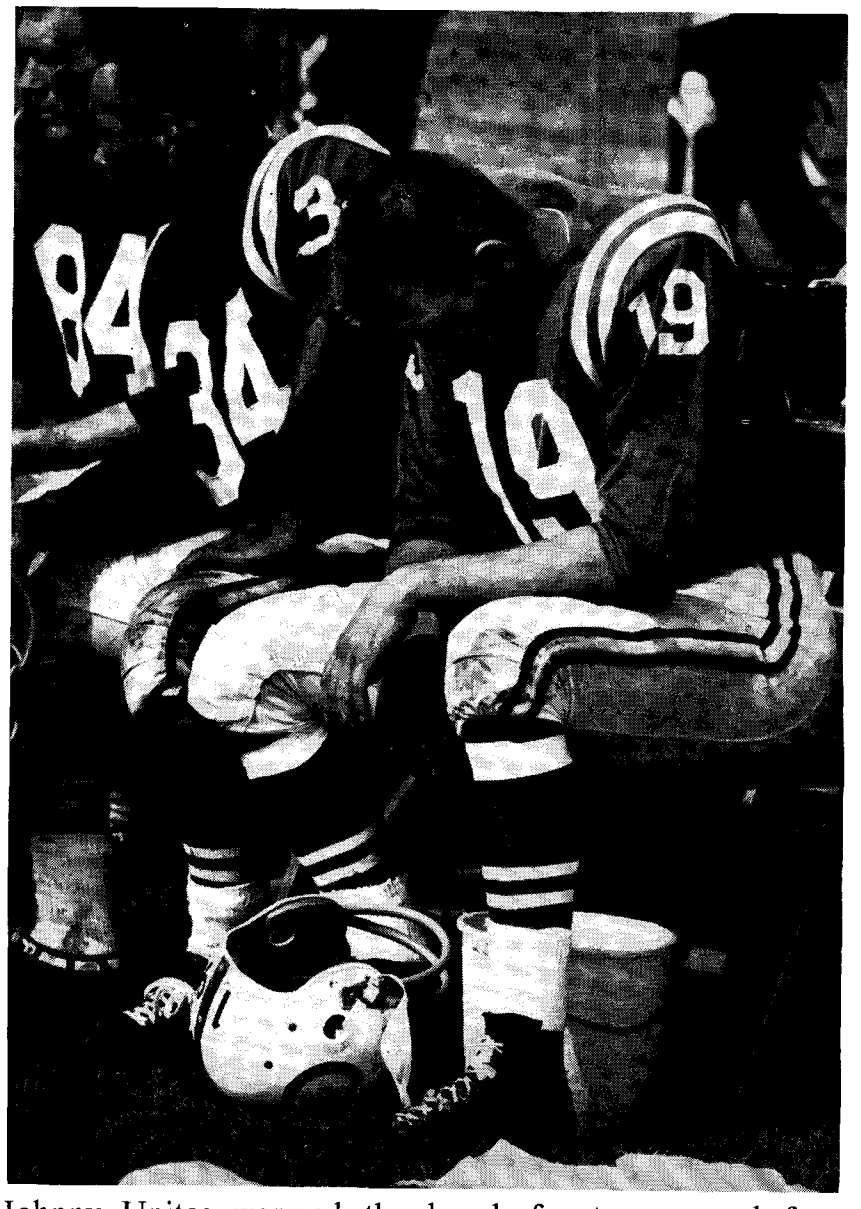
Three weeks later, however, the Eagles phoned Khayat. Their center, Chuck Bednarik, was hurting, and they needed someone to back him up. Could Khayat play center? "Well, shore," he told them. "At any rate, I'm willin' to try real hard."

As matters turned out, Khayat played mostly at offensive guard and defensive end until 1960, when he was switched to defensive tackle. "I expected they might move me to tackle 'cause I was a trifle slow," he says. "So durin' the off-season I ate everthin' on the kitchen table. I mean, I stuffed myself till I was sick. At one point I built myself clear up to 259. Nick Skorich, the line coach"—now head coach—"took one look at me in camp and said, 'Boy, you're a tackle.'"

While the Eagles were advancing toward the Eastern Conference title last year with the aid of discards from a variety of sources, the Green Bay Packers were moving toward the Western Conference title, thanks in considerable part to Cleveland coach Paul Brown. In Green Bay's tough four-man front defensive line were three men, ends Bill Quinlan and Willie Davis and tackle Henry Jordan, whom Brown had traded to the Packers cheaply. All three had ridden the bench at Cleveland.

When asked why he had allowed such men to escape, Paul Brown fixes his interrogator with a benign expression, lays a fatherly hand on his shoulder and says emphatically, "Some players, young man, just don't fit into your system."

In Brown's system, which has paid off with a number of conference and league



Johnny Unitas warmed the bench for two years before the Baltimore Colts recognized his talent and signed him up.

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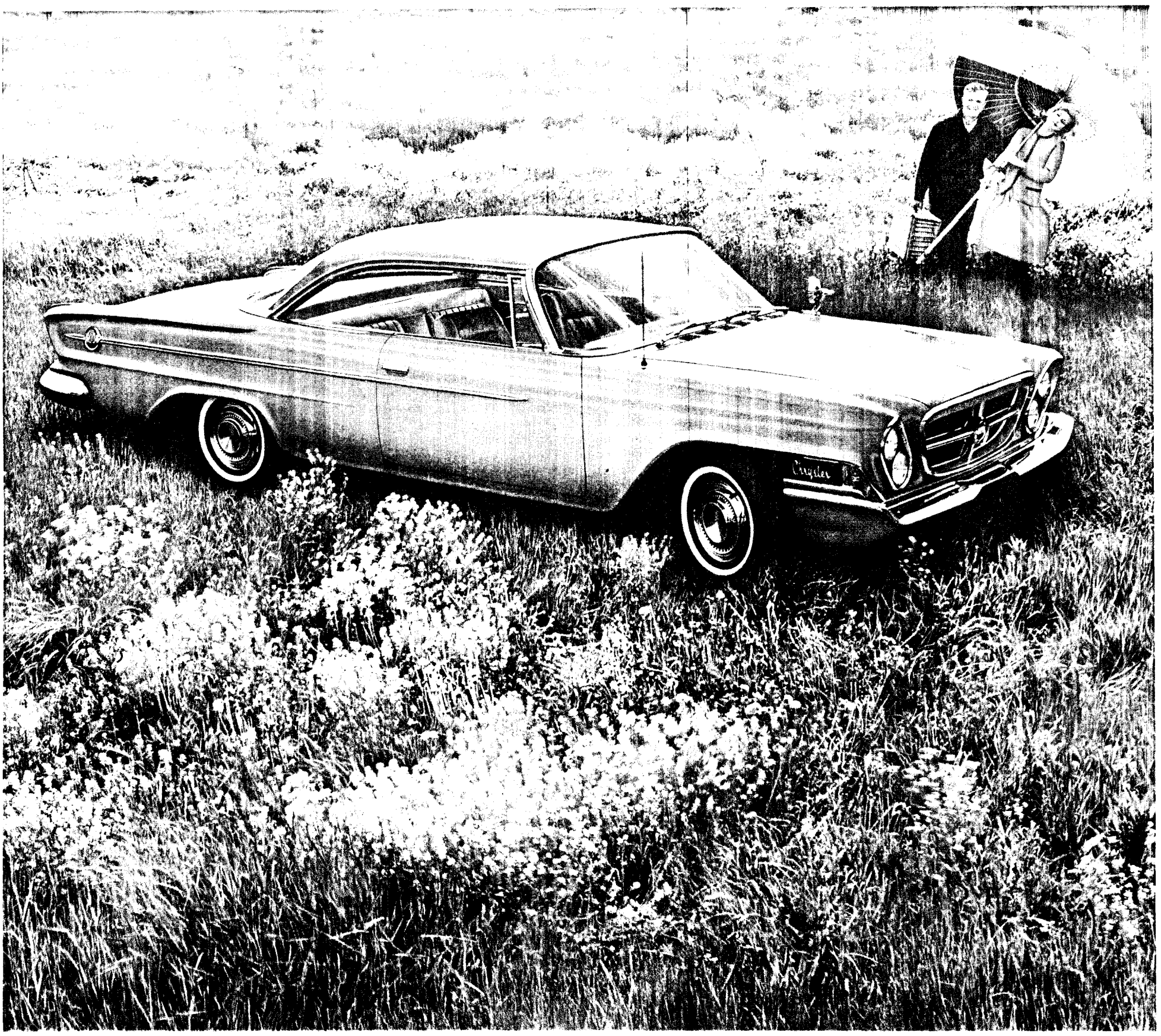

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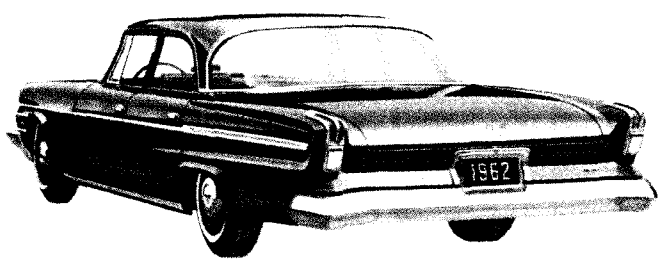

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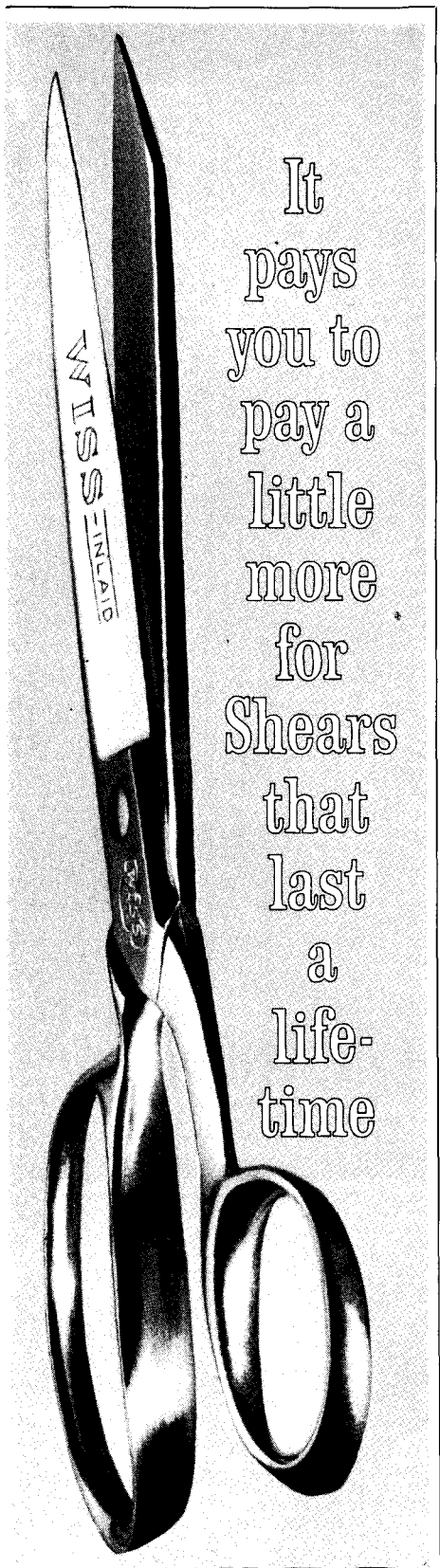
STARS titles over the years, the larger a lineman is, the better chance he has of making the club. Bill McPeak, the new head coach of the Washington Redskins, was let go by Brown in 1949, when he weighed 195 pounds; he filled out to 220 and made all-pro as a defensive end with Pittsburgh. Similarly, Brown in 1952 cut Bill Pellington, then a 212-pounder. Now 235 pounds, Pellington for years has been considered one of the league's better linebackers at Baltimore.



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Brown's passion for size probably explains why he traded Henry Jordan to the Green Bay Packers. Last year's *National Football League Manual* listed Jordan's weight as 250 pounds, but the truth is, Jordan played no heavier than 235 as a defensive tackle.

"We gotta keep it 250 in the book to fool the enemy," laughs Jordan, an amiable Virginian. "I'm pretty small. I don't shave for two or three days before a game, and I growl a lot. You gotta scare 'em." Jordan adds, "I thought I could have played for Brown, but who am I to say? He's a genius."

In any event, Brown has plenty of company as a benefactor of the Packers. Joe Stydahar, for example, was responsible for the Packers' acquiring Gary Knafelc, a six-foot-four, 220-pound offensive end. Knafelc is a rare commodity. Not only does he catch passes well but he also blocks effectively and therefore can play as a "tight" end—as distinguished from a split end. He was the No. 2 draft choice of the Cardinals in 1954. But after he pulled a hamstring muscle, handicapping him in the first two league games, Stydahar fired him. Two days later the Packers snapped him up.

Of all the cases in the annals of modern castoffs, however, perhaps the most stupefying is that of Fred Thurston, another Green Bay lineman. Teammate Bill Quinlan calls him the best offensive guard in the league. Yet Thurston was cut by three head coaches and traded by a fourth before settling at Green Bay.

Fred Thurston never played high-school football. He attended Valparaiso University on a basketball scholarship, but the college line coach, Walt Reiner, got him to take up football in his third year of college. Thurston went on to make Little All-American. In 1956 the Eagles chose him on the fourth draft.

In an exhibition game that year against Pittsburgh, Ernie Stautner, one of the league's finest tackles, slipped by Thurston on a draw play. Later, when the Eagles were reviewing films of the game, Hugh Devore, then Philadelphia's head coach, gave Thurston a stinging dressing down. "I couldn't understand that," says Thurston. "I mean, Stautner's a good-enough tackle to get by you once in a while. Other than that play, I'd played a fine game against him." Regardless of how well Thurston played, Devore got rid of him soon afterward.

Thurston entered the Army and while in service met Harlon Hill, the brilliant end of the Chicago Bears. Hill recommended him to George Halas, who in 1958 gave him a tryout at defensive end. But Halas cut him from the squad the first week of September, suggesting that he make another attempt to earn a guard job with the Eagles.

By now Hugh Devore was gone and Buck Shaw was coaching the Eagles. "I played the last two exhibition games for the Eagles at offensive guard," says Thurston, "and I played real well. Then on Friday before the opening game, out of a clear blue sky they cut me." The Eagles then brought in a rookie from San Jose State College named Tom Louderback, who was to last no more than two seasons in the league.

Dispirited, Thurston traveled to Winnipeg to play Canadian football. But no sooner had he arrived there than the Baltimore Colts phoned him. They offered him $1500 less than Winnipeg was offering, yet Thurston accepted because he desperately wanted to prove he could play N.F.L. football.

At Baltimore, Coach Weeb Ewbank began to use him midway in the 1958 season. Apparently Thurston showed promise, for during the training period in 1959 the Packers traded all-pro linebacker Marv Matuszak to get him. At Green Bay he has been a standout.

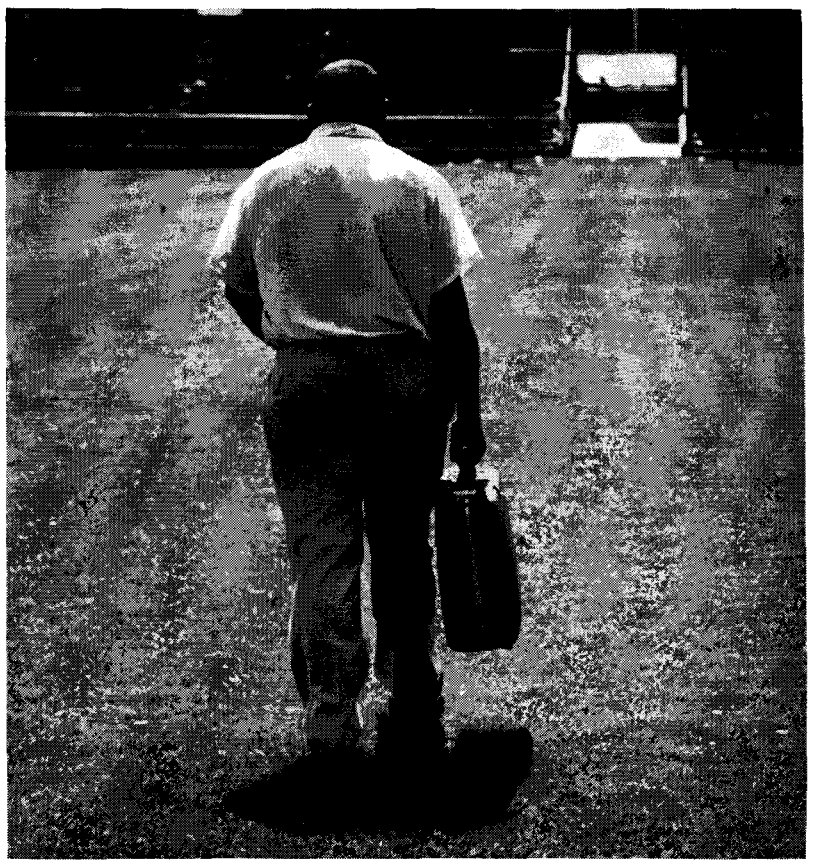
The natural inclination is to sympathize with such castoffs as Fred Thurston and question the competence of the teams that failed to capitalize on their talents. But in the case of the Los Angeles Rams, at least, one must also commiserate with management. Shortly after World War II the Rams became the first club to establish an extensive and methodical scouting system and as a result acquired an overabundance of outstanding personnel. In time they were forced to trade stars for high draft choices and sell borderline players and rookies for the $100 waiver price, simply to conform to the player limit.

The Rams have parted cheaply with such players as Gene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb, a 280-pound "bad actor" who later became an all-pro defensive tackle at Baltimore and is now at Pittsburgh; Harland Svare, who this year has cut short a brilliant linebacking career with the Giants in order to coach their defensive units; Dick (Night Train) Lane, a defensive back who, in his subsequent career with the Cardinals and Lions, twice led the league in interceptions, and Jimmy Orr, now with the Baltimore Colts, a slippery end who, when he was a Pittsburgh Steeler, was named N.F.L. Rookie of the Year in 1958.

Few clubs can offer the Rams' excuse that they have had an embarrassment of riches. The Washington Redskins have suffered from no plethora of talent, as evidenced by the fact that they have failed to win a division title since 1945; yet the Redskins have cut loose players of championship caliber. In a single day in 1953 they summarily dropped Alex Webster, who later became an extraordinary halfback with the New York Giants, and Madison (Buz) Nutter, an efficient center with the Baltimore Colts, who was traded this year to Pittsburgh.

The dismissal of Alex Webster rankles Redskin owner George Preston Marshall far more deeply than that of Nutter. Curly Lambeau, then the Redskin coach, played Webster as a defensive back during the brief weeks he spent with the club. "Our coaches never used him on offense," snorts Marshall. "They fired him for blowing a play in an exhibition game. Webster was a draft pick of mine, not of the coaches. I think that hurt him."

Marshall's helplessness in the face of his coaches' resolve doubtless will come as confusing news to Gary Lowe, a defensive back who performed skillfully for Detroit last year. Lowe lasted one league game with the Redskins in 1957. "Joe Kuharich was the coach then," says Lowe. "He told me Marshall was releasing me; he had no knowledge I was going to be cut until he was told to cut me."



The unlucky castoff, bounced from team to team, may someday become a star, pitted against the team that dropped him.

Even today, when the young American Football League and the Canadian teams are skimming off some reasonably competent talent, National Football League training camps remain so crowded that the myth of the all-knowing pro coach is unlikely ever to become a reality. The list of blunders will mount, and discarded players will keep popping up to take revenge on the men who fired them.

If it is any consolation to the coaches, they have at least one defender among the castoffs in Ed Khayat, the Redskin reject who won a regular berth with the champion Eagles. The huge Mississippian took time out from tending his flowers to discuss the matter shortly before reporting to training camp last July.

"Shucks," he said, "I never held anythin' against the Redskins. You hear a lot of excuses from boys who've been cut, but when you're released from a ball club, why, it's because you're not doin' the job. Regardless!" THE END

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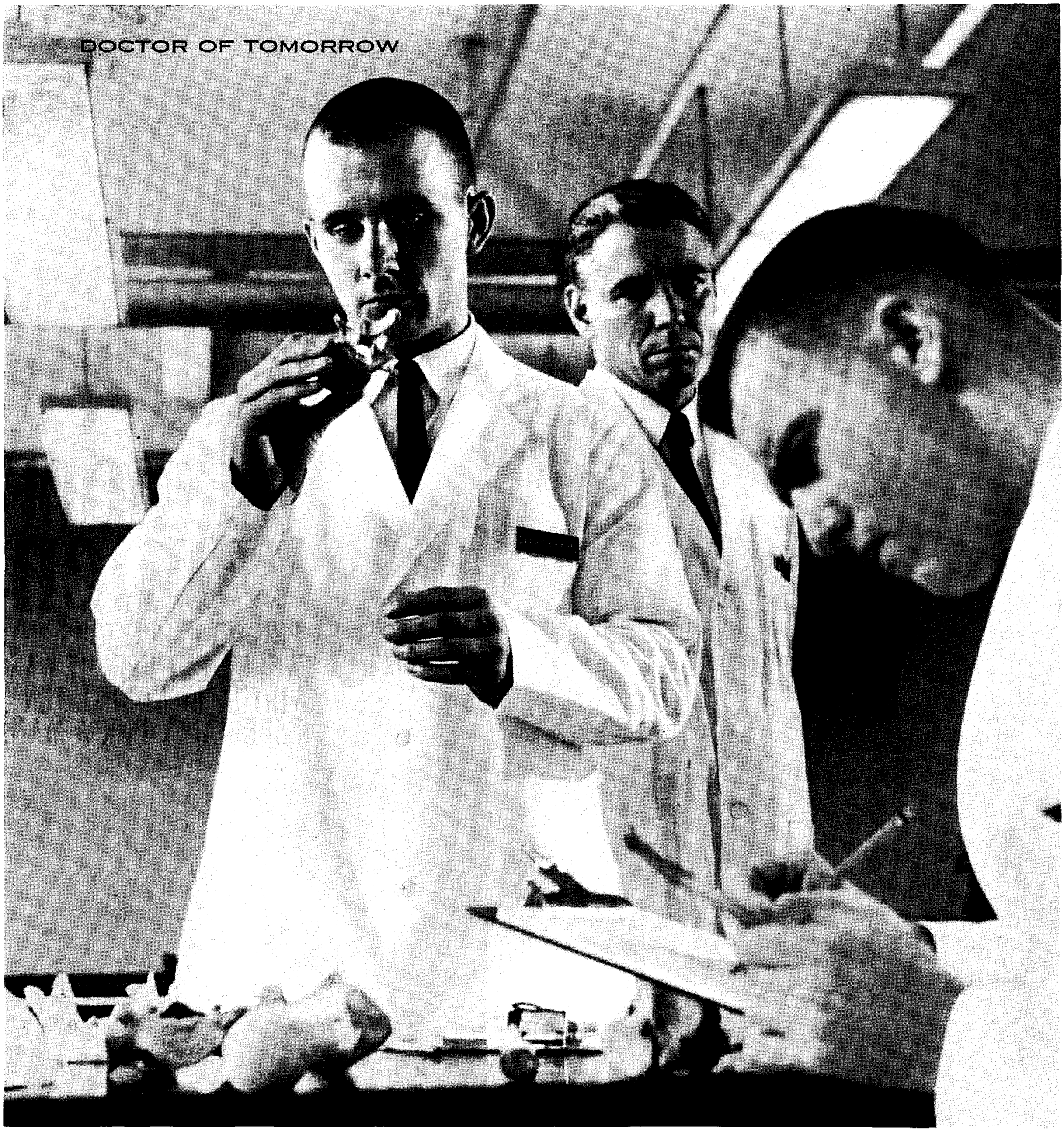

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Island OF women

PRIVACY IS PRECIOUS ANYWHERE, BUT HERE IT WAS VIRTUALLY NONEXISTENT—ESPECIALLY FOR A MAN.

BY LOUIS PAUL

The judge stood patiently while Mrs. MacGruder straightened his necktie. "It's a very warm day, John. Do take it easy, won't you?"

"I will. At least, beginning next Monday when my vacation rolls around."

"Have you thought of where we'll go?"

"No. But some place where we can read and fish and laze on the beach for a month or so. Now I've got to leave. I'm holding a hearing on a trespass case. I'll give the lawn a good soaking later on."

Crossing Courthouse Square, he was accosted by a young man who asked him very politely, "Judge MacGruder. May I have a moment of your time?"

The judge tipped back the broad brim of his hat. In his wrinkled linen suit he reminded one a little of Mark Twain.

"Yes, son?"

"I'm from the Boston Star, your honor. This is my first important assignment. My editor said there may be some sensational revelations at a hearing down here, and I wanted to ask you ——"

"Now, boy, you ought to know a judge isn't allowed to discuss his cases out of court."

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT JONES

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"But I'm supposed to bring back a story ——"

The old judge nodded toward the modest colonial courthouse. "Depends on what you're after. The law's kind of personal with us. Sort of like taking the knots out of a ball of twine. But go in and listen. In the end maybe you'll get your story." In the hallway of the court building Judge MacGruder nodded to a burly man in uniform. "This newspaper lad is from Boston, Henry. Take good care of him."

Henry, who was the sergeant at arms, showed the reporter to a seat. Already the courtroom had begun to fill. "Picturesque old gentleman, the judge," commented the reporter. "Like something out of the past."

"He is," said Henry.

"What's the case about?"

"Trespass. Somebody doing what somebody else says they hadn't ought to."

The reporter looked puzzled.

"Thing is," said Henry, "most people think only murder cases are interesting. Sometimes they're the dullest. But you get a feller reachin' in and pickin' off his neighbor's peaches, and you're liable to learn something."

"Is that what this hearing is about?"

"Nope. Some lad accused of trespassing the waters of a girls' camp and kidnaping one of their lady counselors."

In the courtroom Judge MacGruder finally seated himself. A large-bladed fan moved around in lazy circles as though trying not to disturb the air. "Who represents the complainant in this action?"

"I do, your honor." The speaker was a tall young man with nice wavy black hair. "James G. Trowbridge, Jr."

"Is the defendant represented?"

A very bronzed, athletic fellow rose. "I don't need a lawyer, Judge MacGruder, because I didn't do anything. The only reason I'm here is because some guy in a canoe handed me a summons."

The judge mopped his brow. "Mr. Bentley, there have been serious charges lodged against you. I see a cease-and-desist application, two injunctions and a brief for a show-cause order. Do you understand the nature of these allegations?"

"Of course I don't understand them," said Bentley. "They've all been trumped up by this sorehead, Jim Trowbridge, because——"

"Mr. Bentley, it's the court's business to inquire into the nature of the charges, to sift the fact from the fiction, and decide whether they have been trumped up. Let us proceed."

"It's an outrage, that's what it is!" This from an elderly lady in a pale green dress.

"Are you addressing the court, madam?"

"I'm addressing the world in general. Imagine having to come here on such a day because of a troublemaker like Bill Bentley. You," she said, waving a finger at the defendant. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I don't know who you are, madam," said the judge. "But ——"

"Your honor, this is Miss Lydia Barker, my client," the dark-haired attorney informed him.

"Well, it's very hot," said Judge MacGruder. "State briefly the substance of her complaint. I understand it revolves around the question of trespass."

"Trespass! That's putting it mildly." Trowbridge glanced about the courtroom, then said in a low, confidential voice, "Maybe we ought to hear this case in chambers, Judge MacGruder. There are certain spicy details ——"

The old judge looked over his glasses. "Like what?"

"Nudity, your honor. Also this business of Miss Cartwright, a camp counselor, being kidnaped, and held captive on Little Island overnight."

"He's off his rocker, judge," declared the bronzed Bentley. "She was caught by the tide. She came over of her own accord."

"Meanwhile a bunch of Miss Barker's girls are here in the courtroom as witnesses to Paragraph Three of the complaint," said Trowbridge. "I doubt if the evidence contained in Paragraph Two would be a fit subject for their innocent ears."

"Frankly, I don't know what anyone's talking about." The old judge dabbed at his forehead. "But if I hear testimony that strikes me as improper for public consumption, you can be sure I'll take appropriate action. Now, suppose we get to the heart of the matter. Just what are the charges in your presentment, Mr. Trowbridge?"

"Since I don't have a lawyer," said the sun-tanned defendant, "I'd like to squeeze in a word here. This character," he observed, referring to Trowbridge, "is trying to build up a case by implying that some kind of dirty work has been going on at Little Island. It's all bunk, your honor. The trouble is that the guy's a sorehead. He's out to get me because I beat him last year in the Class C yawl races at Brampton Harbor."

"That's a lie!" said the wavy-haired attorney.

"Counselor, may I remind you that we're conducting a legal proceeding here? I asked for a clear statement of your contentions. Make them brief and to the point, so I can begin sifting the facts."

"Very well, your honor. First, on complaint of Miss Lydia Barker, directress of Barker's Retreat, a summer camp for young girls: She charges illegal entry and occupation of the property known as Little Island."

"How could it be illegal, your honor?" asked Bill Bentley. "My dad owns the place."

"If you don't stop interrupting," said MacGruder, "I'll cite you for contempt. . . . Go on, counselor."

"Second, on complaint of Mrs. Elinor Cartwright, mother of Susan Cartwright: Abducting, intimidating and frightening the aforesaid Susan Cartwright."

"Oh, boy," mumbled Bill Bentley. "If you believe that, you'll believe anything."

"Third, persistent trespass. Fourth, actions calculated to arouse talk and gossip, and thereby ruin complainant's business. Fifth, disturbing the peace. Sixth—well, Paragraph Six has no exact legal definition, your honor. It consists of keeping seventy-eight impressionable girls in an uproar, destroying the discipline of an exclusive summer camp, giving Miss Barker nervous prostration, and deliberately violating the canons of decency and good taste." Trowbridge paused for breath.

"He always was a windbag," murmured Bill, "even when we went to school together."

"What was that, young man?"

"I merely said that he's making a mountain out of a molehill. All I've been doing is living on Little Island. When I decided to spend the summer there, I thought I was getting away from it all. Instead ——"

Lydia Barker leaped to her feet. "Your honor, he has no right to be on Little Island. Little Island belongs to Barker's Retreat.

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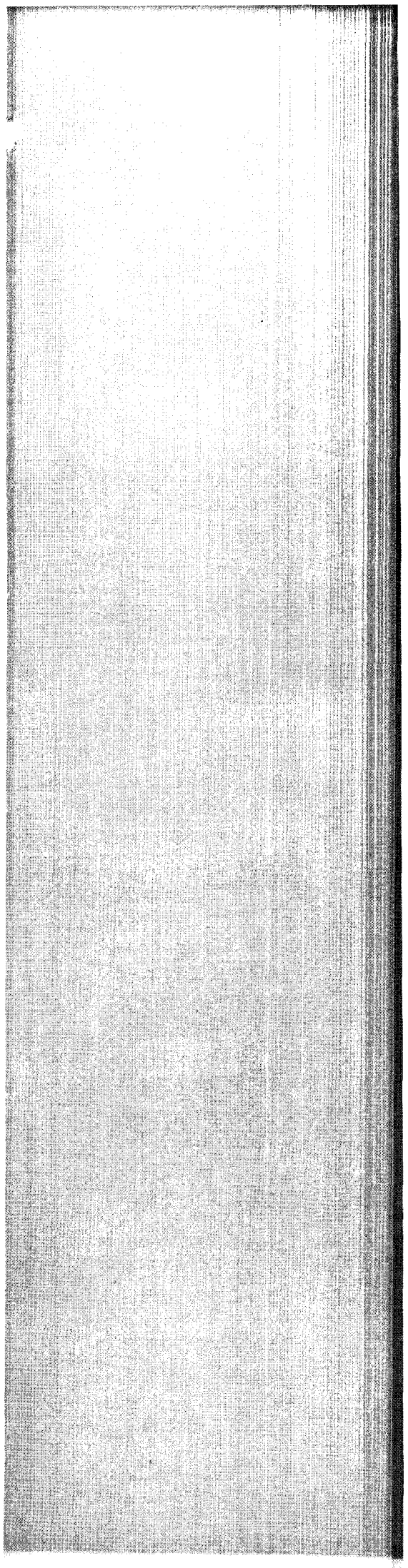

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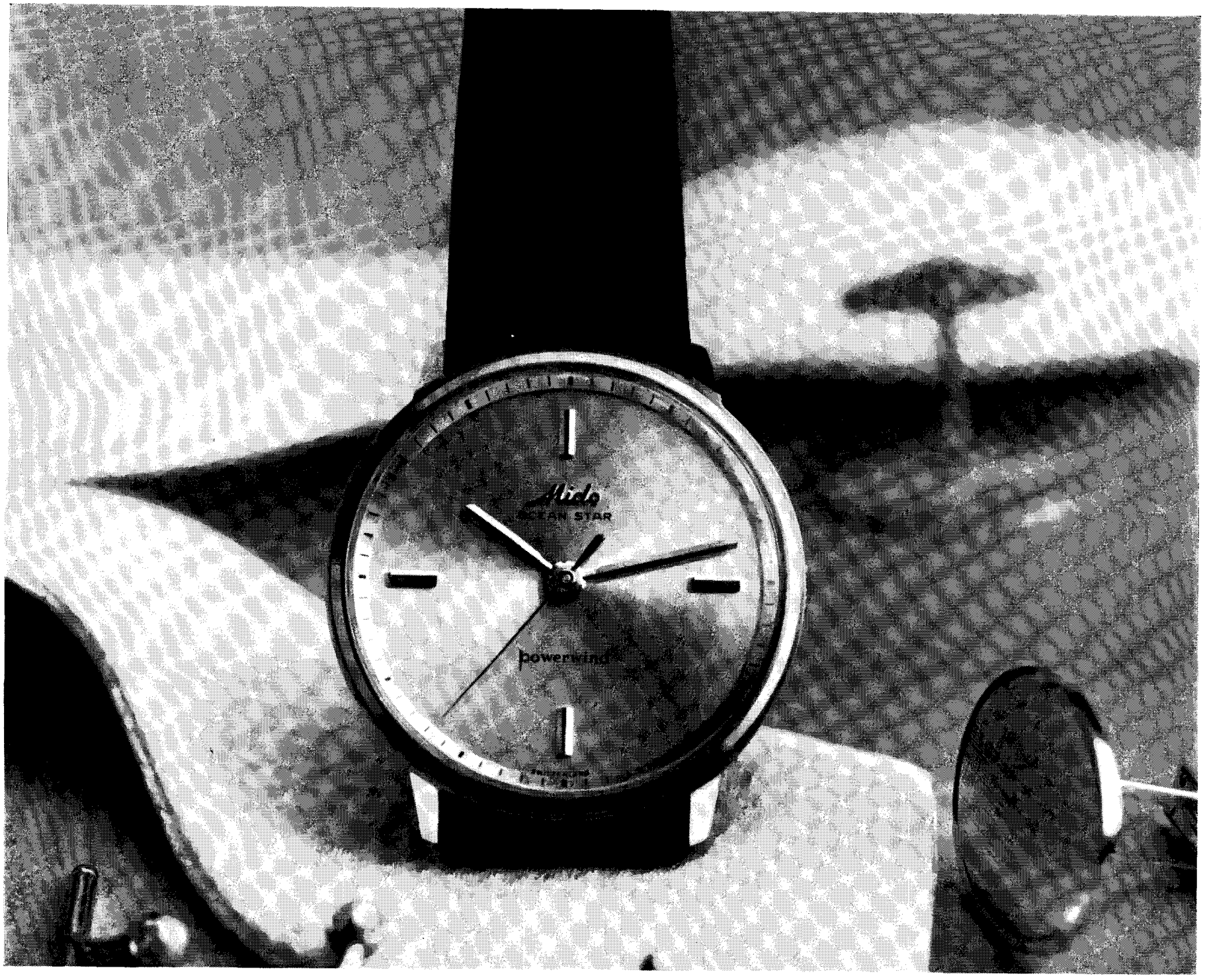

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ISLAND On top of that he's a scoundrel and a troublemaker. I warn you, if I can't get satisfaction here, I'll take this to a higher court."

The old white-haired judge pounded his gavel. "Madam—" he said with a certain mock sweetness in his voice "—madam, it is an extremely warm day. If you keep popping up and down you'll blow a gasket. It's my business to determine whether or not the defendant is a scoundrel. Since I've been unable to make head or tail of anything that's been said so far, I think I'll let the defendant tell his side of the story."

"Your honor, I object!" objected Jimmy Trowbridge. "He'll tell you anything."

"Anything is better than nothing. Objection overruled."

"Exception."

"Exception noted for the record. . . . Go on, Mr. Bentley."

"It's as simple as A, B, C, Judge MacGruder. Three or four years ago the old gal took a lease on Bentley Manor. Dad decided to rent it to her because he'd been appointed to a position abroad with the State Department. I've been attending some refresher courses in Boston, and in the fall I expect to take a job with an engineering firm. I thought I'd spend the summer getting in top physical condition, so I moved over to Little Island."

"Your honor," said Trowbridge, "he has no business on Little Island. Little Island is part of Barker's Retreat."

"May I go on, Judge MacGruder? I'm sure you've seen the Bentley house. It's on what we call Big Island. The place consists of about fifteen acres and has a wooden bridge that connects it with the mainland. Well, on the other side of Big Island there's a small strip of land called Little Island. When I was a kid I used to play pirate there. It's just some trees and a sand beach that's very shallow when the tide goes out. As for the lease, it clearly states, 'Use of the island and residence thereon.' Not islands."

Miss Barker jumped up again. "I don't care how hot it is, I'm going to have my say. Lease or no lease, I want to know whether there's a law against nudity, Judge MacGruder. My girls come from the finest families. Is it or isn't it illegal for a man to intrude himself into this genteel domain, destroy all semblance of discipline, hold a female staff member of mine overnight and tarnish her reputation? Is there or isn't there a law against kidnaping?"

"Madam," said the judge, "if there's a shred of evidence to show William Bentley kidnaped somebody, I'll hold him over for the grand jury."

"Well, he did kidnap her," asserted a voice from the front row of benches.

"And who do you happen to be?"

"I happen to be this poor girl's mother. I'm Mrs. Cartwright, and this is my daughter, Susan. If you ask me, William Bentley ought to be put away where he can do no further harm."

"Your honor, do I have to sit here all
ernoon and listen to a lot of people
ing libelous remarks about me?" de-
ed the heavily tanned young man.
u mean slanderous remarks. They're
only when they're printed." Mac-
hook his head. "Sifting the facts
se is like trying to eat spaghetti
sieve. Now if we could just re-
he interpretation of the terms
—"
lge spoke up. "There's more
n than trespass. Bentley took
on Little Island deliberately to embarrass my client. What we want to know is whether he can come along and ruin the complainant's business by making a general, all-around nuisance of himself. We want a ruling on whether it's legal to run around nude within sight of seventy-eight young ladies, your honor. Is it legal to abduct one of Miss Barker's camp counselors ——"

"He keeps saying 'nude' for the sake of sensationalism, Judge MacGruder. It's absolute bunk, your honor. And even if it weren't, there's no law says those gals have to congregate on the beach with field glasses and spy on me. As for Susan, sure she spent the night on Little Island. So what?"

"I'll tell you what," declared Mrs. Cartwright. "You're no gentleman. You ought to be horsewhipped, tarred and feathered and given twenty-four hours to get out of town."

"Now, mother," murmured Susan. She was a tall, pretty girl with a healthy outdoor look. "After all, nothing very terrible happened over there during the night."

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Judge MacGruder's damp handkerchief had become useless. "I'm a tolerant man. I don't mind breaking a rule or two to get at the facts. But this case is enough to make Blackstone turn over in his grave." He nodded at Trowbridge. "Having listened long enough to unsupported charges hurled back and forth, I advise you to bring forward your witnesses, counselor."

"Thank you. . . . Miss Barker, will you take the stand?"

"And about time!" exclaimed the elderly woman in the green dress. "If there's an ounce of justice left in the world, I'll see that it's meted out to Bill Bentley."

"Instruct your witness not to make speeches from the stand, Mr. Trowbridge."

"Just stick to the facts, Miss Barker. State briefly in your own words your experience with the defendant."

"As you may know, your honor," she began grimly, "I've been operating a summer camp for well-bred young girls during the past three years. I leased Bentley Manor in full faith from this scoundrel's father. Everything was going along fine until about a month ago, when this contemptible—when this Bill Bentley put in an appearance on Little Island."

"Go on, Miss Barker," said her attorney gently. "We know it's painful for you to testify, but ——"

"Apparently he seems to think he is Robinson Crusoe or somebody, and proceeds to cut timber and build himself a cabin on the island. Naturally my girls find these proceedings interesting. They see few men at Barker's. Soon packages containing high-powered field glasses begin arriving from the mainland. This insolent creature is to be seen swimming hither and yon like a porpoise ——"

"At two hundred yards?"

"At whatever distance, he was ruining the discipline of my camp and causing widespread gossip. Obviously there was nothing for me to do but go over and talk to the brazen fellow."

"And did you?"

"I certainly did."

"And was he, shall we say, in a state proper to receive lady visitors?"

"If you're referring to clothes, he had on very few of them. A pair of sneakers and a—I don't know what to call them."

"Trunks," said Bill Bentley helpfully.

"In any case, he was defiant in the extreme."

"Exactly how do you mean, defiant?"

"He flatly refused to leave the island. When I told him he was a shocking example of young American manhood ——"

"You can see she's something left over from the horse-and-buggy days, your honor," declared Bill.

"Mr. Bentley," said the judge severely, "as you obviously know nothing whatever about the horse-and-buggy days, you will refrain from making such gratuitous comments. If you haven't been on a hayride, you haven't been anywhere." Gazing through the window at the scene beyond, he allowed himself a moment's speculation. "How well I remember driving out with Mrs. MacGruder behind a pair of chestnut mares ——" The old judge shook himself and then asked, "Where were we?"

"I thought I was conducting direct examination," muttered Jimmy Trowbridge plaintively.

"I don't know why we sit here talking on a hot day like this when all you have to do is pass sentence on him," asserted Mrs. Cartwright.

"Believe me, I was sorry I ever decided to spend the summer on Little Island, Judge MacGruder," said Bill. "First old lady Barker comes over and gives me a bawling out. Then a gang of those camp gals make a raft, and paddle over to take my picture. They dumped the raft, and I had to save two of 'em from drowning. Then Susan Cartwright rows over and tries to argue me into leaving. Finally a guy with a summons starts paddling around the island in a canoe ——"

The judge turned to Miss Barker. "You understand you're bringing serious charges against the defendant, madam. Do you have other eyewitnesses to confirm your testimony?"

"Of course. My staff of counselors can confirm it. After all, the creature had become a source of endless comment. Even if he did go properly covered at all times, the mere speculation ——"

"Nevertheless, you have laid the foundation of suspicion, madam." He stepped from the bench. "We shall repair to my private chambers," he said, nodding at Bill Bentley. "Come this way, sir."

In a moment they both returned. "May I inquire what the court's purpose is, your honor?" asked Trowbridge, puzzled.

"You may. As you see, the accused is deeply tanned. It was no difficult matter to ascertain whether defendant had, in fact, observed the proprieties."

"And had he?" asked Trowbridge.

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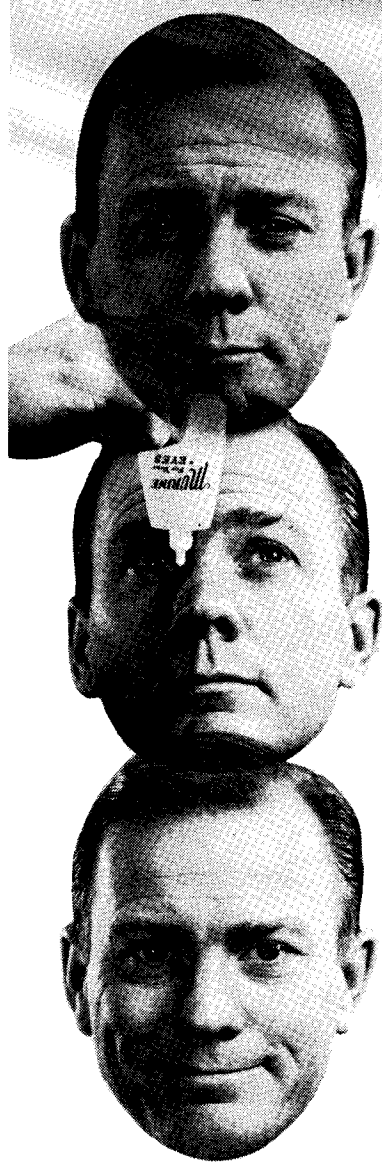

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ISLAND Judge MacGruder paused for quiet. "If you girls back there don't behave yourselves I'll have you ejected." He turned to the attorney with the wavy black hair. "It is my opinion that the defendant went properly covered at all times. I therefore ——" He was unable to go on. "Sergeant at arms! Fetch me down one of those female gigglers. The conduct in this court is insufferable."

"They were tan trunks, your honor," offered Bill.

"Now, young lady," said MacGruder, "what's so funny about all this?"

"I don't know. It—it just makes you laugh." Gazing about, she brought a melting glance to bear upon the bronzed Bentley.

"What's your name, miss?"

"Harriet. Harriet Dunlop."

"Were you one of the group who observed the accused from the shore of Big Island?"

"Was I! I was one of the group who went over on the raft."

"And was there anything about this defendant's behavior that struck you as improper or indelicate? Remember, you're in a court of law. I want the truth."

"To the contrary, your honor. We all voted him the man we'd most like to be wrecked on a desert island with. We wanted some snapshots to tack up over our mirrors, but Irene lost her father's good camera and we never got any."

"Step down," said MacGruder. Henry, the sergeant at arms, escorted the young lady back to her seat. He then rejoined the reporter, who was observing the proceedings from an aisle seat.

"Quite a guy, the old judge. Now I know what he meant by unraveling the knots in a ball of twine."

Henry nodded. "Keep in mind," he said, "that the defendant has no lawyer. So MacGruder's actually doing the cross-examining for him. Only it mustn't seem obvious, or the complainant could claim prejudice. Wait till he gets to Susan Cartwright and watch how he goes about it."

"Now," MacGruder was saying, "about this abducting charge, Mr. Trowbridge. I understand you allege that Bentley detained Miss Susan Cartwright and held her by force overnight on Little Island, thereby damaging her reputation and causing her deep mortification."

"Yes. And I'd like to call Mrs. Cartwright as my next witness."

"Was it Mrs. Cartwright who was abducted?"

"No, your honor; Susan. But ——"

"Then let's have Susan up here and get the story from her."

"There's no story," said Bill. "She came over and got caught by the tide. I'm sorry if she suffered deep mortification. She didn't look mortified to me."

"Your honor! Am I conducting direct or am I not?"

Young Bentley, aroused, was on his feet. "This whole thing has been cooked up against me, Judge MacGruder. Miss Barker doesn't like me because I used to make faces at her when I was a kid. She taught in the school I went to. Jimmy Trowbridge doesn't like me because I took the Class C cup away from him. Mrs. Cartwright doesn't like me, either—only she doesn't seem to need a reason."

"Mr. Bentley."

"Yes, your honor."

"Do I have your permission to examine the witness?"

"Of course, judge. Go right ahead. I don't mind."

"Thank you." Having deftly taken the witness from Trowbridge, he said, "Now, Miss Cartwright, exactly what happened to you on Little Island?"

"Nothing actually," Susan murmured, made uncomfortable by the stares concentrated on her. "That is to say, it all depends on what you mean. I—I spent the night there."

"And we wish to know what occurred," the judge said.

"We all—the other camp counselors and I—were sort of annoyed at this man being over on the island. The girls were cutting up. It was difficult to hold their attention. Miss Barker's interview had been unsatisfactory. So I thought I'd row over and talk to him, explain the situation and appeal to his better nature."

"He hasn't got a better nature," asserted Miss Barker.

"Continue," said MacGruder. "Interruptions here are as natural as the song of a thrush whistling to its mate."

"There's not much more to tell. About five o'clock one afternoon I rowed over in the dinghy. It's about two hundred yards or so. When I got there, he was sitting on the sand waiting for me. He was pretty mad. Before I could complain about him, he said he'd make trouble for us if we didn't stop pestering him. All he wanted was peace and quiet, and he was getting about as much of it as an information clerk at a railroad station. I saw it was going to be no use and decided to row back. But by that time the tide had gone out, and we couldn't launch the dinghy."

"Then what happened?"

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"There's a nasty current in that channel at ebb tide, and I'm no Olympic swimmer. So I was forced to stay until morning."

"We're perfectly aware that you stayed there. What happened? That's what we want to know."

"Well, after a while I got hungry, so he invited me to have supper. It was clams baked in a wood fire, roasted potatoes, and canned pineapple."

"And then?"

"It got dark."

Judge MacGruder nodded. "It usually does. Go on."

"Well, he—he was very nice. He slept on the beach, and I slept in the cabin."

"I see. And at any time did the defendant make—ah—unwelcome advances toward you?"

Susan swallowed. "Do I have to answer, judge?"

"Of course you have to answer. What do you think we're sitting here all afternoon drowning in perspiration for?"

"Well, your honor, he—well, he made some advances after we had cleaned up the supper things."

"There!" cried Mrs. Cartwright. "What did I tell you! He should be shipped on the next boat for Devil's Island."

"But they weren't entirely ——" Susan's eyes came to rest on the defendant. "He had built a fire out of driftwood. The water was lapping on the beach, and somehow Big Island seemed to float off and disappear in the darkness. It was like we were the last two people in the world, your honor. I noticed his brown shoulders sort of glinting in the firelight. I don't remember what he said, but when he kissed me I couldn't help it."

"You couldn't help what?" demanded MacGruder.

"I couldn't help kissing him back."

A round of applause broke out from the back of the courtroom. MacGruder turned to the court stenographer. "Let the record show that at this point there was a noisy demonstration in favor of romance. . . . Go on, Miss Cartwright."

"That's all. When morning came he set out the dinghy, and I rowed back to Big Island. May I be excused now?"

MacGruder nodded. . . . "You," he said, motioning toward Bill Bentley. "It's late, and I intend to make short work of this case. The feeling I derive from the testimony presented here is that you've been behaving in a most ungentlemanly manner ——"

"Your honor, I was provoked. Doesn't that mean anything?"

"You've made yourself odious to your neighbors. You've given Miss Barker cause for embarrassment before the parents of her charges. You have outraged the feelings of Mrs. Cartwright by toying with her daughter's affections. In my time we called these the actions of a cad and a bounder. Well, don't just stand there gaping. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I don't know what to say, Judge MacGruder. The way you put it, I sound pretty guilty. Only that wasn't the way it was."

"Well," said the old judge, squinting down over his glasses, "what way was it?"

"The way I told you. Remember, I've stayed on that island on and off all my life. How did I know I was going to turn out to be a curiosity?"

"We've gone all over that. Have you nothing new to offer in your defense?"

"I have," said Bill. "But I don't like to say it."

"I don't like to sit here being cooked in the interest of justice," said MacGruder, "but I am. Go on."

"It's this Jimmy Trowbridge, your honor. It's a case of jealousy. He's been calling on Susan with the approval of her mother, but

he hasn't been getting anywhere. He's just sore because I kissed her.

I mean Susan, not her mother. Judge MacGruder, I'd like to raise a legal question."

"You are at liberty to do so."

"What I'd like to know is whether a lawyer who is jealous has the right to prosecute the guy that did the kissing."

"I move that the defendant's remarks be stricken from the record as irrelevant, immaterial and wildly improbable!" exclaimed Trowbridge.

MacGruder turned to the wavy-haired attorney. "Well, counselor, have you been calling on Miss Cartwright?"

"Sure. It's a free country. But how does my calling on Susan make the defendant any less of a bounder? That's what you said he was, your honor. It's in the record."

MacGruder shook his head. . . . "Step down, Bentley. I wish to recall a former witness. Come up here again, Miss Cartwright."

"Yes, your honor."

"The law cannot be satisfied with half measures. I intend to get to the bottom of this case if I have to sink a shaft through the courtroom to do it. I therefore ask you, Susan, are you now or were you ever in love with the complainant's counselor, James Trowbridge?"

"No, sir."

"Are you in love with the defendant?"

She hesitated. "I hardly know him."

"I didn't ask you whether you know him. Are you, or are you not, in love with William Bentley?"

"I ——" She blushed to the roots of her hair. "You've got no right to ask me such a question, your honor. If the law has to have the whole truth, why not ask *him* some questions like that?"

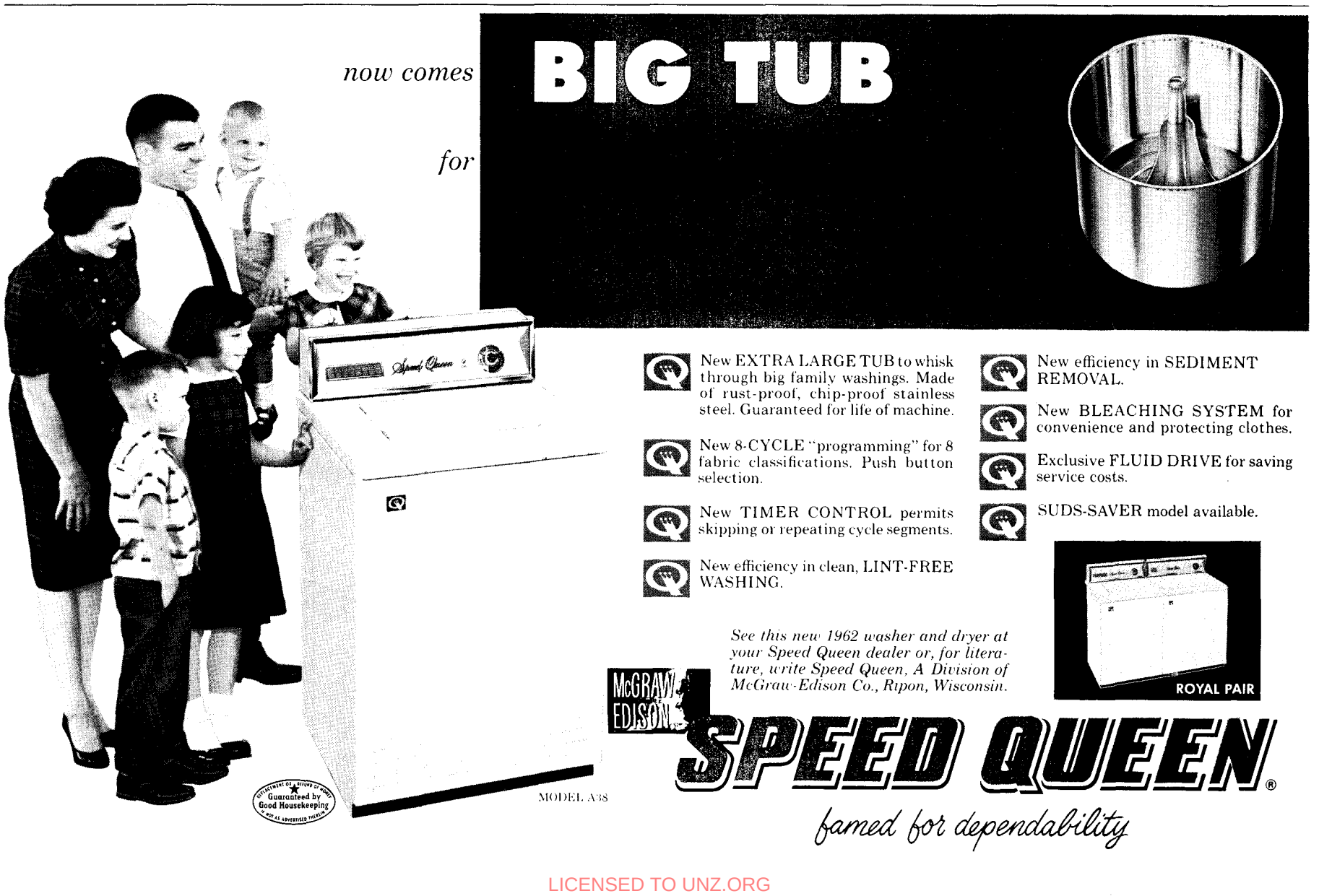
"I will," said MacGruder. . . . "William Harrison Bentley, on the evening of July twenty-sixth were you taking advantage of this girl's position on that island merely to kiss her? Or had you something more—well—permanent in mind?"

"As I told you," said Bill, "I'm just starting out on a new job and wouldn't expect a girl to marry me the way I'm fixed at present. But now that I know Susan isn't interested in Jimmy Trowbridge, I figure ——" Bill stopped short. "Your honor, do I have to say what I figure? Making love to a girl over the heads of a whole courtroom of people isn't my idea of privacy. O.K. So I've been in love with Susan since the first minute I saw her. I can't help it if Mrs. Cartwright prefers a promising young attorney for her daughter. It just seems to me as though Susan ought to be the one to decide."

Trowbridge's hair was in a state of disarray. "Judge MacGruder, I submit that the defendant's remarks are designed to win sympathy and confuse the issue. The truth of this case has yet to be told."

"Well, for heaven's sake then, tell it!"

"The fact is that as long ago as last spring he met Susan at a dinner dance.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ISLAND He knew darn well I was interested in Miss Cartwright, and in his mind he conceived a dark and dastardly plot. He was sure that if he stayed on Little Island and made a nuisance of himself she would eventually go over and he could make love to her without competition. Once he had her in that romantic atmosphere, shoulders glinting in the firelight, what chance did the unsuspecting girl have? She's still under his spell. Your honor, I contend that the defendant is everything you called him a while ago and several other things. I submit that he should be enjoined forthwith from doing whatever he's doing. Thank you."

"Well," said MacGruder, "we cannot know what was in the mind of defendant when he occupied Little Island. But I'm inclined to agree with you, Mr. Trowbridge. If he wants to sue for the hand of Susan Cartwright —— Pardon me, nobody uses that expression any more. If he wants to throw his weight around with Miss Cartwright, he should do it on the mainland under fair and competitive conditions. I am therefore ready to hand down my decision. . . . William Bentley, step forward."

"May I make some nasty remarks about Jimmy Trowbridge first, your honor?"

"No. I want to get home and water my lawn. For causing Miss Barker unnecessary embarrassment, the defendant is fined ten dollars. A dark pair of trunks would have served as well as a tannish pair."

"But your honor ——"

"Accepting the testimony of Susan Cartwright, I must conclude that abduction in the legal sense failed to take place. Charge Two is therefore dismissed. In my view the remainder of the allegations center around an interpretation of the lease. The court considers it necessary in order to render a decision, to make a personal examination of the property." He turned to Bill Bentley. "You say there is a habitable cabin on the island?"

"Yes. I built it myself."

"And fresh water?"

"A deep well."

"There are the other usual conveniences?"

"It's an ideal place to camp, your honor."

"Well stocked with food?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nice and cool?"

"There's always a cool breeze blowing up from the bay."

"Very well, then. Until I have made a thorough examination of the site involved, the defendant is enjoined from occupying it. When court reconvenes in a month, I shall be ready to hand down my final decision."

"But your honor ——"

"Does this mean the culprit is now free to roam at will, Judge MacGruder?" cried Mrs. Cartwright.

"I thought I had made myself clear on the subject," said the judge.

"And what if I decide to file an appeal?"

"Don't. You may take my word for it, madam. Love is outside the jurisdiction of appellate courts."

"So where does that leave me?" demanded Jimmy Trowbridge.

"At liberty to go, like the rest of us. . . . Court adjourned."

Outside he was stopped by the young man who had spoken to him before the hearing. "I'm the reporter from the Star, Judge MacGruder. Remember?"

"Well, son, did you get your story?"

He gazed with a mixture of admiration and respect at the white-haired judge. "Yes, sir. I think so. But ——"

"But what?"

"But somehow, Judge MacGruder, I have a funny feeling that the best part, the ending, hasn't happened yet."

"You get that feeling?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, there may be a smidgen of truth in what you say." He was grinning. "Seems to me you've got the makings of a real reporter, son. Now, I'm anxious to get home and water my lawn."

He was setting the sprinklers going when Mrs. MacGruder came out. "Was it a difficult case, John?"

His eyes were twinkling. "The proper administration of justice is never a simple matter. In fact, we're going to have to forgo our vacation this year, I'm afraid."

"Oh?"

"In order to determine the proprieties of a certain lease, it will be necessary for me to spend some time on the beach at Little Island. This will require a good bit of outdoor cooking, fishing, swimming, lolling on the sand, observing conditions and weighing the various circumstances involved. I hardly think it will take less than a month to reach a judicial opinion." Slowly he closed one eye in a wink. "Would you care to assist me in carrying out this assignment, Mrs. MacGruder?"

She put an arm around him. Smiling affectionately, she said, "Of course, John. Haven't I always said that the work of the court must come first?" THE END

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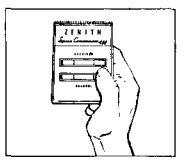

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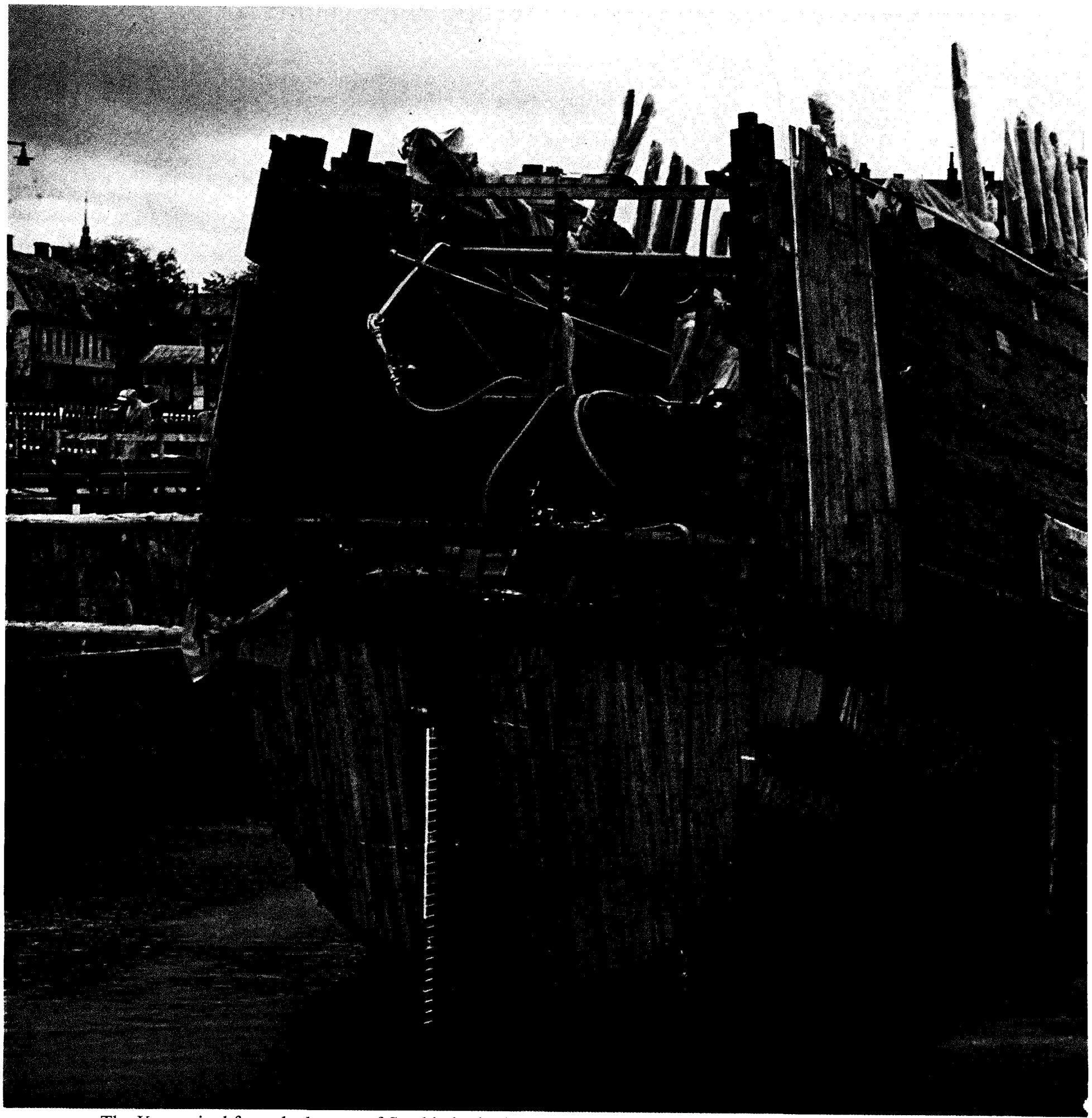

The *Vasa*, raised from the bottom of Stockholm harbor, where mud and cold water had preserved not only her timbers but also

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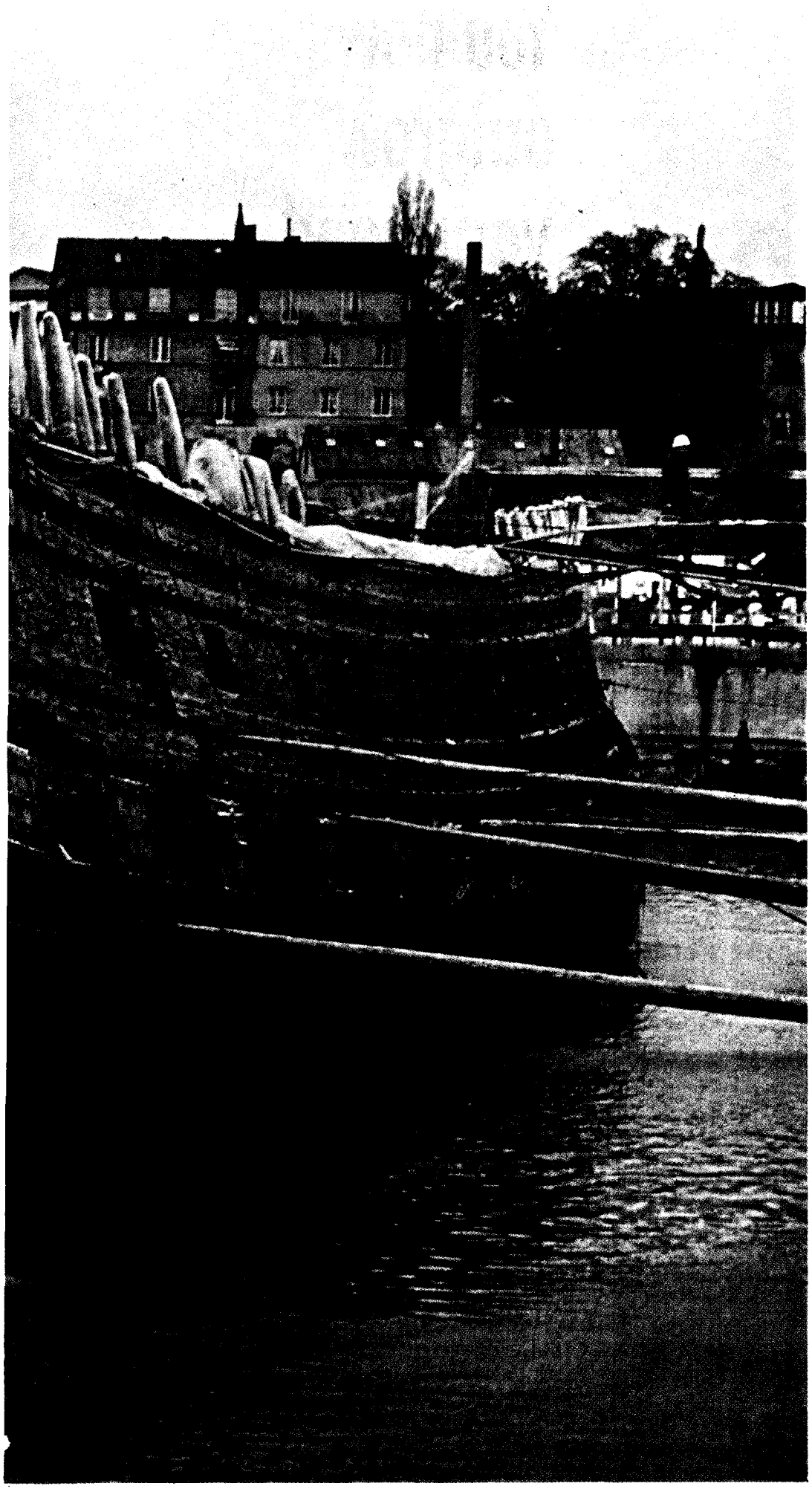
THE VASA

How an unlucky warship sank on her maiden voyage and was found and raised three centuries later. *By DON SCHANCHE*



human skeletons. Divers even found urns of butter, rancid but identifiable.

It would have been difficult to suppress a feeling of awe as the ancient ship *Vasa*, once the mightiest vessel afloat and the pride of seventeenth-century Sweden, broke the surface of turbid Stockholm harbor. Here were the classic ingredients of adventure—undersea treasure on a lost warship, ancient skeletons grinning in the darkness of long-hidden decks and the legend of a ghostly presence that guarded the dead hulk through more than three centuries of inglorious obscurity approximately eighteen fathoms down.

I stood on the cluttered deck of a salvage barge last April twenty-fourth, within earshot of the busy streets of Stockholm. Thousands of excited Swedes had gathered around in pleasure boats and on the rocky hill of Kastellholmen, a high city landmark overlooking the site, for a glimpse of the venerable wreck. The salvors, a mixture of historians, archaeologists, civilian salvage experts and Swedish Navy men, were exultant over the climax of an intermittent five-year effort, which stands as one of the most difficult and dangerous underwater jobs in history.

Slowly, like a time capsule rising from the past, *Vasa* came into view. Her tattered, waterlogged bulwarks glistened blue-black in the sunshine, which had not touched them in 333 years. Within the ancient hull, sluggishly emerging into the twentieth century, were 100,000 cubic feet of a dead age, untouched since the bright Sunday afternoon in 1628 when the great ship heeled over and plunged to the harbor bottom.

On that sunny August day the Pilgrim settlers who stepped ashore at Plymouth Rock in the New World just eight years earlier were still clearing land and had not yet established a Thanksgiving tradition. And southwest of the Pilgrim settlement the Indians around what is now Bronxville, New York, were still shaking their heads over the fast-talking Dutch trader Peter Minuit who had paid them twenty-four dollars for Manhattan only two years before.

Next to me on the salvage barge, joyous at the sight of the ship's heavy oaken ribs, was the stocky, young amateur historian-archaeologist Anders Franzén, who located the old hulk and zealously organized the massive forces necessary to raise her. I asked him about the treasure.

"*Vasa* was a squadron flagship," he said. "She was equipped for a year at sea and undoubtedly carried a large chest of coins." Then he laughed. "Everyone wants to see the treasure, and no one realizes you can see it already. This is the treasure—the ship itself. People are excited by skeletons and gold coins, the two things which historians and scientists care least about. We have graveyards full of seventeenth-century skeletons and many collections crammed with seventeenth-century coins.

"But now we have a complete seventeenth-century community, frozen in place by disaster and preserved by the sea. It will tell us so many things. We don't know how they built ships in the early 1600's, because there was no science of naval architecture and no one left drawings to tell us. We don't know how the sailors lived aboard ship in those days. We don't know what

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VASA

kind of navigation instruments they used. We don't even know what the Swedish flag looked like in 1628."

To naval historians and underwater archaeologists the location and salvage of the *Vasa* is as important as the excavation of Pompeii was to students of ancient Rome. *Vasa* fills a barren gap in shipbuilding history, which stretches from the Viking ships, exhumed after a thousand years in dry-land burial sites, to Lord Nelson's flagship *Victory*, which has been preserved at Portsmouth, England, as she was at Trafalgar in 1805. Until Franzén found the *Vasa*, historians could only speculate on the construction of ships that preceded the *Victory*.

In some ways *Vasa* is a better discovery than a dry-land archaeological find. Organic materials, such as cloth and foodstuffs, which waste quickly ashore, were well-preserved in the dark, cold storage of the harbor bottom. Even before *Vasa* was brought to the surface, deep-sea divers lifted several pewter and wooden urns filled with a rancid yellow substance whose creamy texture inescapably identified it as butter. The *Vasa* spent last summer in a Swedish Navy drydock where the painful job of flushing out an almost three-and-a-half-century accumulation of mud was begun. The work continues at her present mooring near Stockholm's Tivoli Park. A team of ten energetic student archaeologists under the direction of Dr. Per Lundström of the Royal Museum of Antiquities is shoveling the mud through wire sieves lest they inadvertently pump valuable artifacts overboard. Lundström and his students are in no hurry to locate the ship's treasure chest, although they excitedly reported the discovery of a chest last June. After ceremoniously opening it they found not treasure but a sailor's hat, shoes and gloves, a brandy cask and a few coins. They expect to spend a year merely sifting the hundreds of tons of mud that now choke the decks.

Meanwhile every large and small piece of the ship, including a spectacular array of wood sculpture carved by the master artists of *Vasa*'s day, is being carefully labeled, catalogued and preserved so that it can be restored to its original position on the ship.

Eventually she will look almost the same as she did on her last tragic day afloat. Naval historian Sam Svensson, who is supervising the restoration, estimates it will take at least ten years to complete the work.

Many of *Vasa*'s missing parts still lie where the ship was found. Divers must return to the underwater site and search through a seven-foot layer of mud that is cluttered not only with debris from the huge ship but also with a litter of contemporary beer bottles, boots and centuries of Swedish sewage.

It will not be pleasant or easy, but raising the *Vasa* was not an easy task either. It was a delicate, often frustrating job. Navy divers, wearing clumsy deep-sea gear, braved such hazards in the mud and clay around the old ship that it seems incredible none of them was killed or even hurt. Quite soberly they speculated on the presence of a spirit, which they called "the Old One," lurking on the shipwreck.

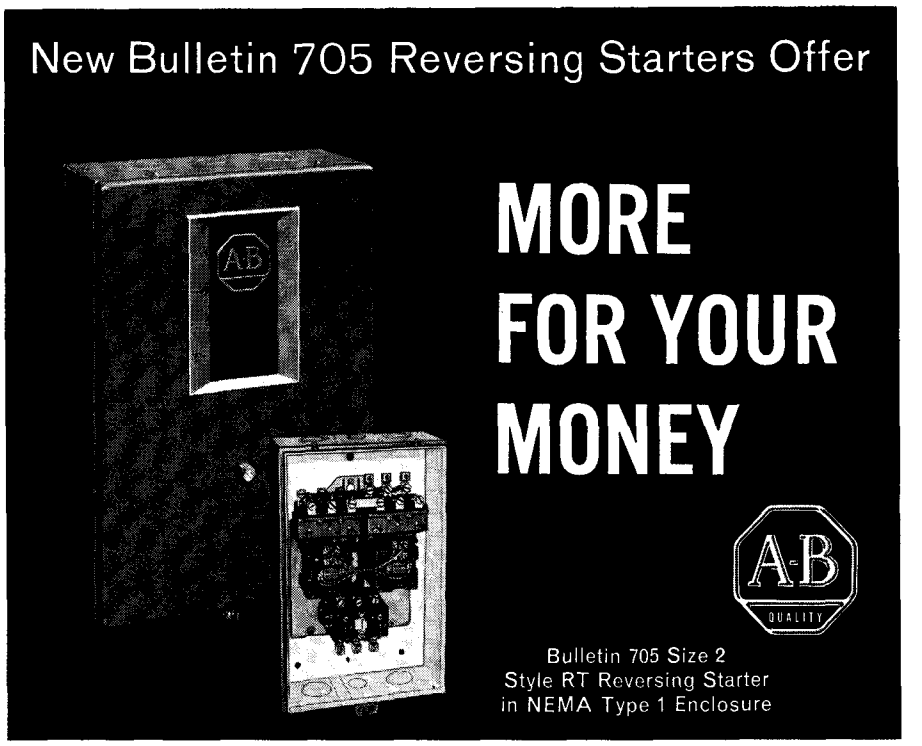
Even today, when you look at the *Vasa* cradled on a modern concrete barge while archaeologists coldly assess her inwards, you feel the presence of a spirit, but it is more historical than ghostly. When the oak timbers of her hull were hewn, Sweden was in its greatest period. The empire spread over Finland and along the southern coast of the Baltic into Prussia and Poland. The warrior King Gustavus II Adolphus, whose namesake is the present Gustaf VI Adolf, was embroiled in a war on the Continent.

Swedish princesses Birgitta and Margaretha watching the *Vasa* surface.

Gustavus needed big warships to protect the Baltic, and when the spanking new *Vasa* was fitted out in 1627, she was the biggest of all—1400 tons. "Building small ships is only a waste of young trees," explained the king.

She must have been a fearsome sight. Enough of her rigging and trim has been found to tell us what she looked like. And Swedish historian Georg Hafström, Franzén, Svensson and others have done a massive job of research which gives a vivid picture of *Vasa*'s final agony.

In keeping with the king's concern for small trees, *Vasa* was a huge ship for her day—165 feet long at the deckline and forty feet in the beam, as compared with the English *Mayflower*, which measured approximately ninety feet long with a twenty-five-foot beam. Her 180-foot mainmast and stubby aftermast raked back at an angle of six degrees, making the great ship look as if she were flying even when she lay tied to the provisioning dock. Her fantail, towering sixty feet above the keel, was so heavy with elaborate gold-leaf-covered wood sculpture that from the rear she must have looked like a seagoing



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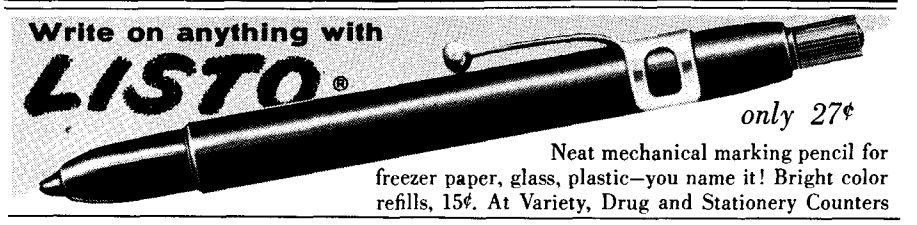

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VASA

cathedral. Behind double rows of gun ports along her sides squatted forty-eight deadly bronze cannons, each of which weighed a ton and a half. Sixteen smaller guns sat in the open on the top deck. Glaring from the hinged hatch of each gun port was the grotesque head of a roaring golden lion, its fangs and eyes glistening white and its mouth a startling red. When the hatches were opened, the lions would glower above the squat cannons at a presumably frightened enemy. As a gesture to shipboard morale, the *Vasa*'s two gun decks also were painted red on the theory that the sailors would thus be spared alarm at the sight of their own blood in battle. Beneath the bowsprit was a full-figured golden lion, poised as if leaping to the attack. The bulwarks and hull were painted jet black, which made the gold leaf and blood-red trim fairly spring out at the viewer.

To the delight of present-day art historians, the men who built the *Vasa* attached all the carvings with iron spikes, which corroded after she plunged to the bottom. The figures then fell off the ship and buried themselves in a protective coating of mud and clay. These well-preserved carvings represent some of the finest wood sculpture in the world today.

The carvings must have fascinated the hundreds of Swedes who lined the south shore of Stockholm harbor that Sunday afternoon to watch the great ship set sail on her maiden voyage. She had been tied to the provisioning dock below the royal castle for months, taking on ballast, tar, sail and other stores, which included more than 2000 barrels of foodstuffs and beer. Now she was ready to cast off. Ambling about the deck were scores of sightseeing women and children, families of some of the 133 crewmen and 300 soldiers in the ship's complement. In his ornately paneled cabin in the aftercastle, Captain Severin Hansson worried that the *Vasa* was too long and thin and too shallow in draft to support her top-heavy superstructure. Only a few weeks before, he had virtually confirmed the suspicion in a dockside stability test witnessed by Grand Admiral Klas Fleming. Hansson mustered thirty sailors along the port rail, then ordered them to run across the deck to starboard. *Vasa* heeled over about a foot. The sailors ran back to port, and she listed two feet. Again they crossed the deck, and she rolled three feet. With growing apprehension, Captain Hansson had called off further testing.

At three P.M., with a light southwesterly breeze rippling across the harbor, Hansson decided to cast off. The ship was towed along the south shore to put her in a better position for raising sail. Many of the guests who had remained aboard, expecting to be put ashore the next day at an island in the Stockholm archipelago, rushed to the rail. Watching them was the ship's ordnance officer, Axel Jonsson, one of the skeptics who doubted that the *Vasa* would survive her maiden voyage.

Alarmed, Jonsson rushed below to see if the heavy cannons had been shifted to cause the list, but all were lashed in place. As the passengers moved about, the ship righted itself, and the relieved ordnance officer climbed topside to watch the sailors hoisting sail.

Soon there was enough canvas billowing to give *Vasa* a slow but dignified passage out of the harbor. As the ship moved for the first time under her own sail, the captain ordered a double salute from the small cannon on the main deck. A shore battery replied with a blank salvo of its own, while hundreds of Sunday sight-seers cheered and waved farewell.

And farewell it was. *Vasa* was barely under way when a sudden gust of wind caught the sails full blown. She lurched sickeningly to leeward. Jonsson scrambled hurriedly below decks. This time the list was no gentle roll under the feet of visiting women and children. The ship, leaning hard to port, was frighteningly close to capsizing. In a desperate effort to right her, Jonsson helped the gun crews untether the cannons on the port side and strained with the men as they tried to manhandle the huge guns up the sloping deck. It was too late. Terrified screams erupted from the gun decks as some of the cannons broke loose, crushing guests and sailors against the bulkhead.

Ashore, the hundreds who had cheered only moments before now looked on in horror. *Vasa*, pathetically showing half her gleaming black bottom, was swallowing torrents of water that rushed below with such force that the ladders were torn away. Then she plunged beneath the surface. A few minutes later all that remained visible of the pride of a nation were the ship's topgallant crosstree, some drooping lines and the very wet flag of Imperial Sweden. *Vasa* had sailed about 4,500 feet on her first—and last—voyage.

A naval court of inquiry set out to find a scapegoat for the sinking, and we are indebted to its recorder's copious notes for most of what we know about the tragic event. For some reason, however, the court never bothered to count noses

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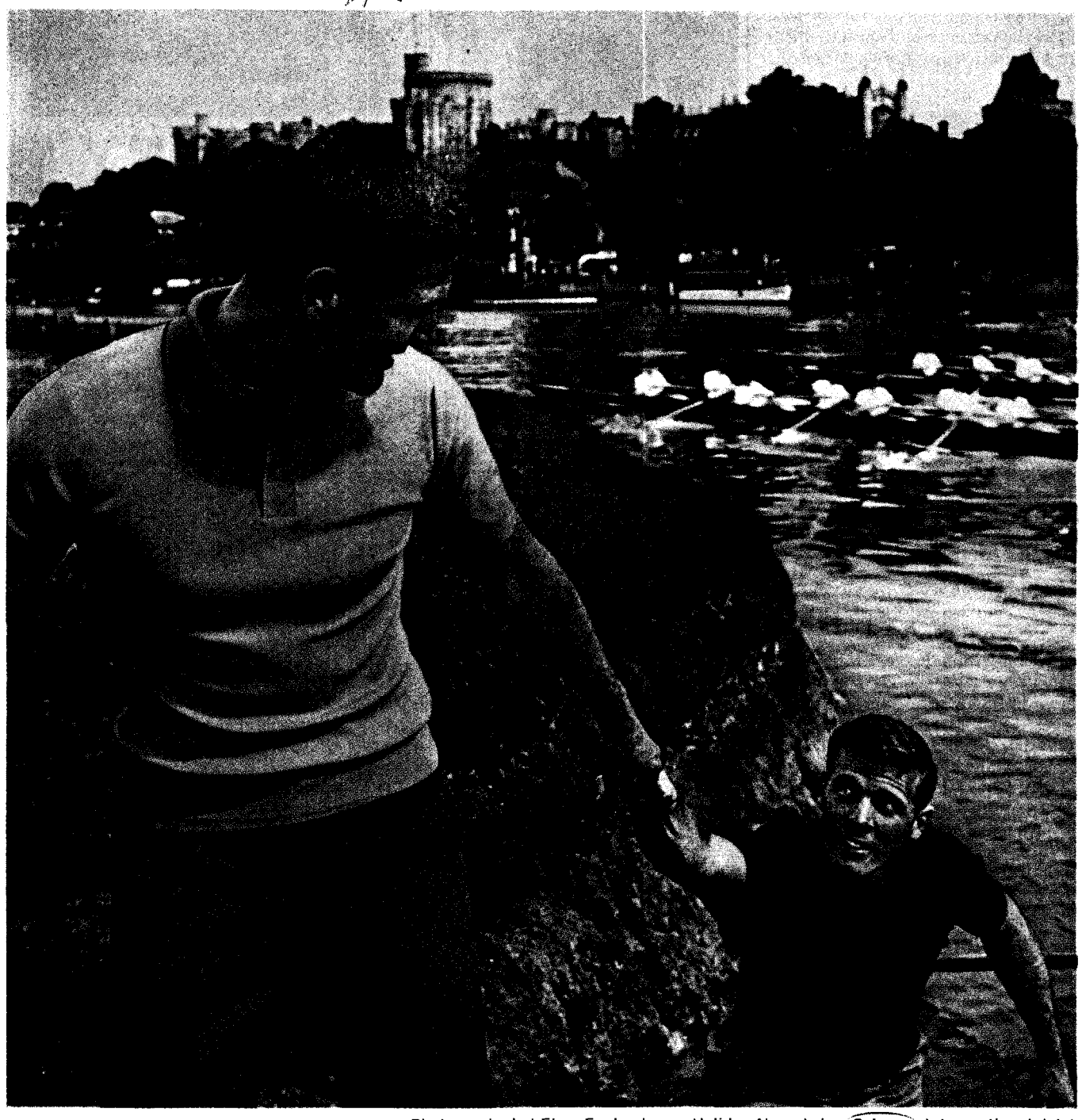

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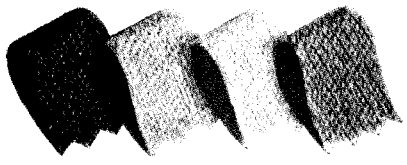

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after the ship went down. Most of the victims were saved, but historians believe there were about fifty—thirty sailors and twenty guests—trapped on the ship. Some human bones, fragments of clothing, and six water-polished adult skulls were brought up from the top gun deck last year by salvage divers. One of the skulls and a fragile seaman's boat were pulled from beneath the crushing weight of a gun carriage. Eleven more skeletons, one still wearing shoes and tatters of clothing. were found last summer.

The records tell us what happened to a few of the men aboard. The valiant Axel Jonsson, for one, was "become full of water and ill-beaten by the hatches," a polite way of saying he was half-drowned and badly injured. Jonsson was well enough a month later to tell the court what he thought of *Vasa*. The recorder's account says Jonsson "was certain that if she had not been under sail she would even so have capsized . . . as she was heavier topsides than below."

Captain Hansson, who was clapped in prison immediately after his rescue from the wreck, had no intention of taking the blame for a poorly designed ship. He pointed out that Admiral Fleming had

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watched impassively when the thirty seamen ran back and forth in the ill-boding stability test. "Had they run more times," one of the ship officers told the court, "the ship would have capsized at the dock." Then came the crusher that saved Hansson's career. The king himself was implicated. He had wholeheartedly approved the dimensions of the unstable ship. From that point on, the court lost interest in looking for a scapegoat. Hansson and his officers went free, and the inquiry ended with no conclusions.

Meanwhile, the sight of *Vasa*'s rigging, which stuck appealingly out of the water, prodded the minds of would-be salvors. On her decks lay eighty tons of bronze cannon, a valuable prize. At today's prices, says Swedish ordnance expert Count Edward Hamilton, they would bring more than $100,000. A long succession of Swedes, Englishmen, Dutchmen, Frenchmen and Germans made passes at the salvage job. Ian Bulmer, an English engineer who went to work on *Vasa* three days after the tragedy, reportedly hitched a horde of horses to long hawsers tied to the masts. He managed to shift the wreck into an upright position, for which present-day salvors are grateful; but all the horses in Stockholm couldn't pull *Vasa* out of the water.

Then a brilliant Swedish ex-army engineer, belatedly recognized for contributions to diving technology as important as Wilbur and Orville Wright's contributions to aviation, invented a lead diving bell and used it for salvage work at the unheard-of depth of 110 feet. To Swedish naval historians the recent rediscovery of Hans von Treileben's incredible salvage feats was tantamount to the fantastic discovery that Sweden had put an astronaut into space before Yuri Gagarin was born.

Assisted by an ingenious German named Andreas Peckell, von Treileben sent divers to the main deck of the *Vasa*, where they groped blindly with boat hooks to tear away debris and deck planks. It was bitter cold, and the divers could work at that depth for only fifteen minutes at a time. Nevertheless they ripped up most of the main deck, attached lines to the massive cannons on the first gun deck and hoisted them to the surface.

After von Treileben's amazing salvage, *Vasa* seems to have been forgotten. Normally, with a wreck of such size on a harbor bottom, ship captains, pilots and fishermen will keep its name and location alive for generations, making a record of it for the quite practical reason that they hate to foul expensive anchors in it. But such was not the case with *Vasa*. When the present salvage began, divers found thirty massive anchors, some of them more than 250 years old, tangled on her decks and bulwarks.

Knowledge of the ship did not come to light again until 1920, when historian Nils Ahnlund dug out the records of the court of inquiry and a description of von Treileben's diving bell. Later young Anders Franzén's father, a Stockholm surgeon and an amateur historian, told his son the story, and the boy was entranced by it. As a youth, Franzén became acquainted with other Baltic shipwrecks. Frequently he wandered along the shore near his family's summer home in the Stockholm archipelago. There he

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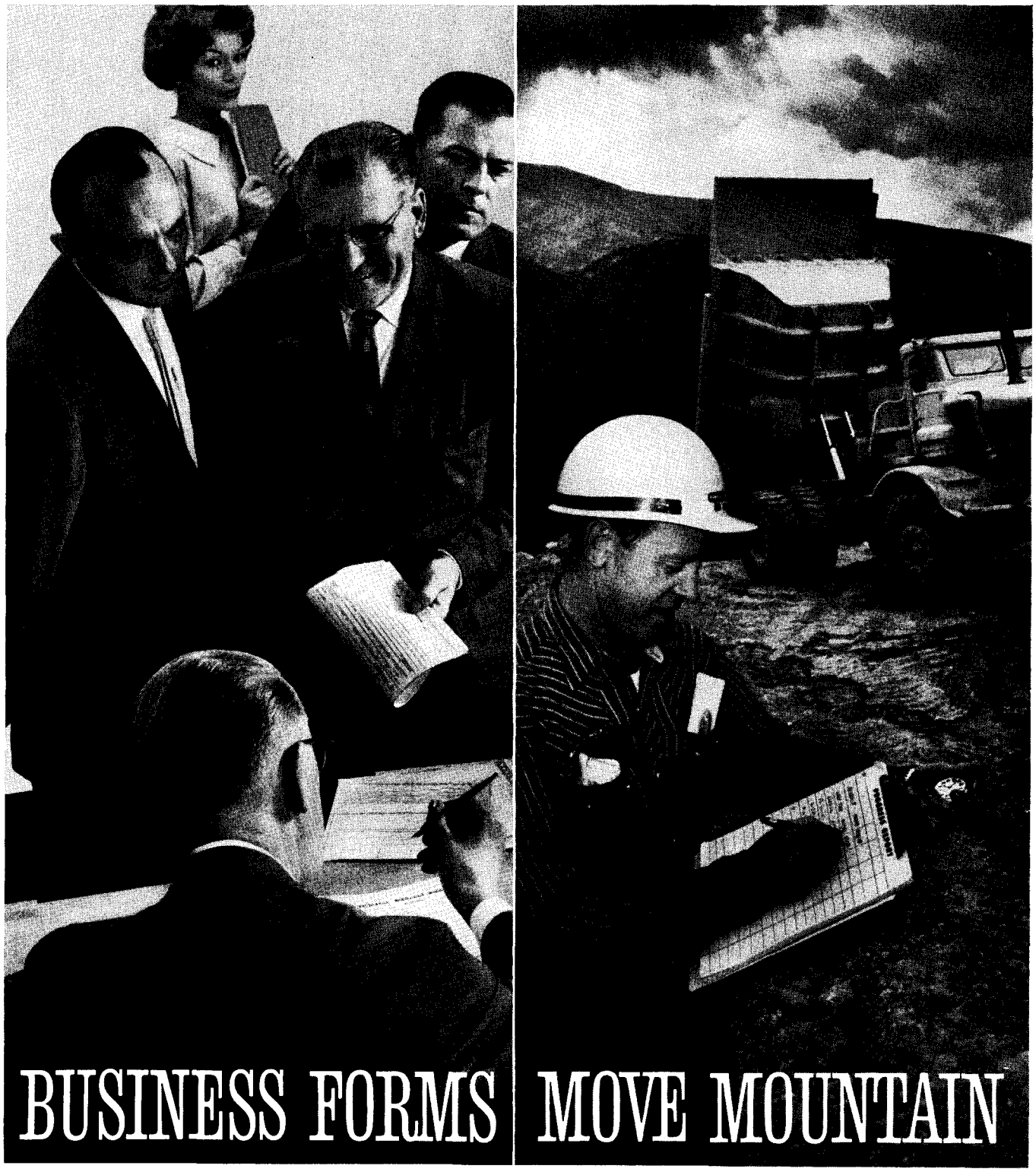

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VASA

found many chunks of prized "black oak," waterlogged pieces of centuries-old shipwrecks, in which there was a lively commercial trade for use in picture frames.

One summer, after sailing to the west coast of Sweden with his family, Franzén was struck by the total lack of black oak along the shore there. Then he learned that in all the world's seas except the Baltic, which has little salt, the industrious teredo—a devastating wood-boring worm of the sea—destroys wooden hulks in a matter of years after they sink. The worms eat virtually every scrap of wood in a wreck, leaving only noncorrosive metal such as bronze cannons, pewter plates and gold coins to identify what once was a ship.

Marine biologists had long been aware of the absence of teredo worms in the Baltic and the fresh water of Stockholm harbor, but Franzén was the first to put two and two together and conclude that there must be a number of well-preserved shipwrecks lying undisturbed off the east coast of Sweden. After World War II he began looking for them. Led to the records of court of inquiry by Ahnlund's research, Franzén was thrilled by the dramatic account of the *Vasa* disaster. But the records offered nothing on her exact position or the depth at which she went down. Franzén was as much in the dark as von Treileben's divers until one day in 1956 when he realized that King Gustavus Adolphus was out of the country leading his troops against Poland when his proudest ship went down. Could such a vessel meet disaster without someone's informing the king?

On the correct hunch that there must be a letter, Franzén went to the archives and found the original copy of a note to the king, written two days after the disaster. It briefly described the tragedy and, almost as an afterthought, said *Vasa* had gone down in eighteen fathoms.

Franzén got a harbor chart and circled every spot between sixteen and nineteen fathoms. He flitted about the harbor in a motorboat on evenings and weekends that summer, stopping at preselected spots to drop a bomb-shaped wood punch to the bottom. If it struck a deck, the hollow nose of the punch would retain a core of wood. Gradually he narrowed the search to one area. Again and again Franzén lowered the punch only to come up with mud and clay. Then one evening in August, 1956, he hit something solid. When the punch came up, it contained a core of black oak. *Vasa*'s luck had changed dramatically. Only 100 yards from the wreck was the Royal Navy dockyard, site of the Navy Divers' School. A few hundred yards to the north was Kastellholmen, another Royal Navy base.

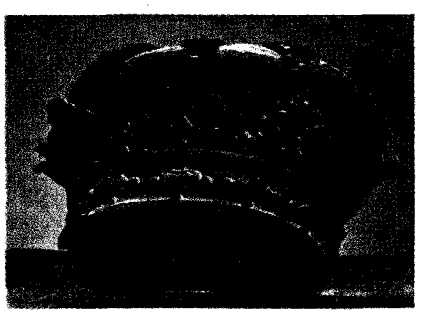
But still Franzén was skeptical lest he confuse an old barge with the wreck of the *Vasa*. The navy provided a diving boat, and the chief diver, Edvin Fälting, dropped to the hulk's rail. He could see nothing in the turbid water, not even what he was standing on. Then, without warning, the tending boat shifted slightly, and the suddenly tautened lines jerked Fälting off the rail, dropping him into the mud twenty feet below. Groping along the side of the ship, Fälting climbed onto a thick longitudinal rib. With rubber-mittened hands he traced the outline of a large square hole. Moving higher to another rib, he traced a second opening the same size as the first.

While Fälting reported the openings to the boat above, Franzén grinned. He

Among the wooden sculptures brought up from the *Vasa* are . . .

. . . a dragon's head (above),

. . . a cherub,



. . . a royal crown,

. . . Nereus, a sea god,

. . . and a knight in armor.

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knew the diver had discovered a pair of gun ports. The wreck was the *Vasa*.

In subsequent dives with strong underwater lights, Fälting found the wreck intact, standing upright with her hull buried in hard clay up to her water line. Debris scattered in an upper layer of loose mud around the ship appeared to be tackle and fittings, which had dropped from the sides and superstructure.

A forty-foot segment of the ship's foremast, extending from the deck to its broken tip twenty-five feet below the surface, was still in place. On its thick base Fälting was startled to discover a clearly legible oil painting of what appeared to be a king. Skeptics on the surface were later convinced of the find when an underwater television camera, lowered into the murky water, relayed a fuzzy image of King John III (1577–1592), indicating that the *Vasa*'s foremast was even older than the ship herself.

Fälting's description of the wreck convinced Capt. Axel Hedberg, expert from the Neptun Salvage Company of Stockholm, that *Vasa* could be brought to the surface in one piece. Her hull had been fastened together by wooden pegs, and Hedberg thought she should be almost as strong as she was on the day of the sinking.

While Franzén and Navy Commodore Edward Clason set about organizing support for the project, Hedberg went to the directors of his company with the astonishing proposition that they undertake a $500,000 salvage expedition for nothing more tangible than a look at a three-century-old wreck. His persuasiveness won their approval.

With Neptun's offer in hand, Franzén got official support from the Navy—which had already shifted its Divers' School to the *Vasa* for practical training—and from the government, which set up a committee and later a board headed by Prince Bertil. Other companies donated manpower and equipment to what eventually will become a $2,000,000 project.

Hedberg settled on an approach which was both difficult and dangerous. He sent divers down with powerful water-jet hoses to blast six tunnels through the clay under the ship. Heavy cables attached to salvage pontoons would be threaded through the tunnels to make a cradle. As the water-filled pontoons were pumped out, they would rise, the cables would become taut and *Vasa* would be lifted out of her bed of clay. Then the pontoons would be towed to shallower water where the wreck's keel once more would rest on the bottom. Again the pontoons would be flooded and the floating process repeated.

Fälting led his team of twenty-five young Navy divers with the fervor of a football coach. The men spent two summers and 1000 hours underwater before the tunneling was finished. Although divers have done similar work before, burrowing through a narrow tunnel in the clay, 110 feet down, it is not a pleasant or completely safe operation under any circumstances. In this case the possibilities of disaster were magnified by tons of stone ballast which still lay in the ship's bilge. If more than three centuries of submersion had rotted the wood, it seemed likely that the ballast stones would break through and crush the tunnels in an underwater avalanche. Generally divers are stolid men who hate to admit apprehension over undersea work, but the narrow tunnels under the *Vasa* made the best of them nervous. Adding to the apprehension was the "spirit" of the *Vasa*, which some of the men believed was lurking below. The Old One's powers over life and death were taken seriously, especially by one young man. Spraying the water-jet ahead, he tunneled into the clay to a point just below the keel, a segment of which protruded into the tunnel. Suddenly his diving helmet, normally almost weightless underwater, grew crushingly heavy. Alarmed, he felt to see if a stone had fallen through. But his mittened hand swept through thin air. The incredulous diver was lying in open air, 100 feet down. "The Old One has me," he gasped into the helmet telephone.

Fälting, listening to a loud-speaker on the diving barge above, grabbed a telephone and barked, "Stop it. Don't panic. If the Old One has you, be calm and go like a man." Then he soothed the panicky diver until he got a description of what had happened. "You are caught in a pocket of your own air," Fälting said. The diver crawled out of the tunnel and returned, shaken, to the surface.

As the divers worked through the mud and clay, they brought up hundreds of carvings that had fallen from the gun ports. The foremast, with its ancient oil painting, was gently removed to clear the way for diving lines. But although it came out slowly, the portrait of King John, softened by more than three centuries of soaking, washed completely away. Nearby they found the core of the ship's mainmast and brought it up, as well as the ship's forty-foot solid oak rudder and dozens of smaller items, such as pewter mugs, glazed china, sailors' clay pipes, a sundial and coins.

The salvage plan, although time-consuming and delicate, worked as smoothly as Hedberg had drawn it. In the summer of 1959, after the divers had spent two summers tunneling and picking up loose pieces, the initial move to shallower water got under way. In a month's time the *Vasa* was lifted and moved eighteen times, until she lay about fifty yards off Kastellholmen in fifty feet of water.

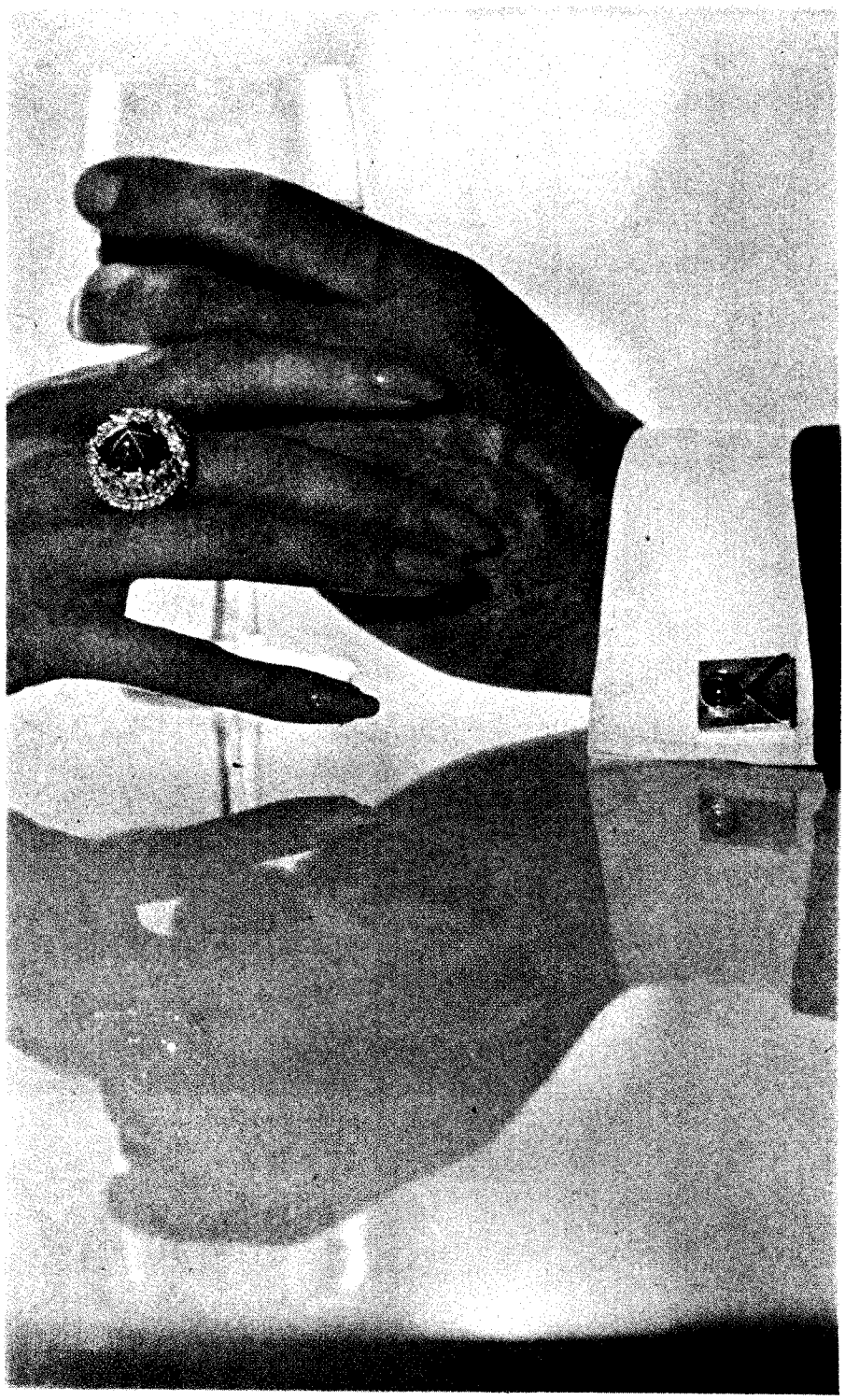
With their work made easier by the shallow water, the divers went down again to clear the top gun deck of its skulls and artifacts. Last winter they searched out breaks in the hull's caulking and reinforced the stern.

Meanwhile Doctor Lundström and his ten archaeology students from Stockholm, Uppsala and Lund universities prepared for what they knew would be a dirty job on the muddy decks. A group from the National Museum was already busily soaking the wooden statuary in arsenic and carbon wax, a process which will continue for several years.

While the preservation, restoration and archaeological sifting goes on, the ancient ship will remain on public view. Approximately 150,000 people saw her last summer. I doubt that she will ever be as awe-inspiring as she was last April when her timbers first broke the surface.

After she had risen a few feet, Franzén, a methodical, scientific man who scoffed at the superstition of the divers with their tales of the *Vasa*'s spirit, hopped into a small boat with Fälting and punted around the ancient ribs and cross-braces. Two of Sweden's pretty princesses, Birgitta and Margaretha, looked on happily, and a navy band played a fanfare as Franzén climbed triumphantly onto a remnant of the main deck, the first dry-shod human to stand there in 333 years. Then quite solemnly he tossed twenty-five copper öre—about seven cents—into the water-filled old ship. Puzzled by the gesture, I asked him why he did it.

"It was an offering," Franzén explained, "to the Old One." THE END



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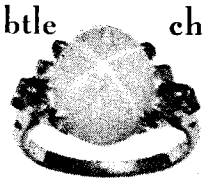

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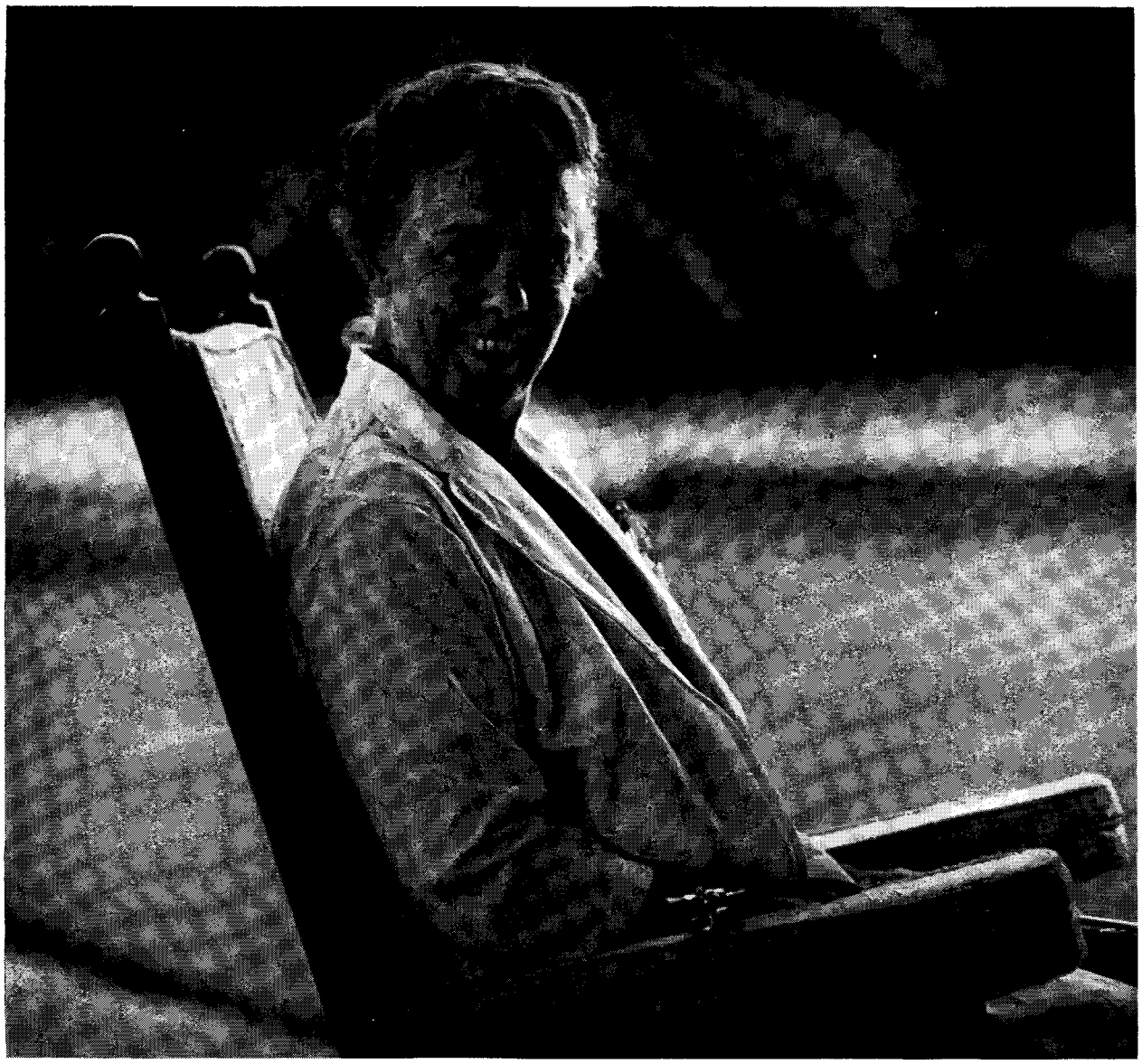

If it's good for the President, it's good for her: Dr. Travell herself finds a rocking chair therapeutic.

DOCTOR IN THE WHITE HOUSE

A revealing portrait of the first female physician ever to be entrusted with the President's health.

In the Hell's Kitchen section of Manhattan the boys have always liked to play rough of a Saturday night, especially in the latter days of Prohibition with bootleg gin at a dollar a quart. On one such occasion a free-for-all had broken out on West 39th Street. A truce was called while an ambulance was summoned for a combatant with a profusely bleeding head wound.

Within minutes an ambulance arrived from the New York Hospital. From it emerged, in the white coat of the ambulance surgeon, an attractive young woman. This surprising apparition was greeted by the boozy brawlers with a mixture of cheers, jeers and ribaldry.

As the lady doc made her way through the crowd there was considerable jostling and muttering. It looked as though the battle royal was about to break out again. The cop on the beat and the ambulance driver were uneasy. But the young lady was unflurried. Standing beside her recumbent patient, she opened her medical bag and cast a cool, smiling glance at the belligerent crowd around her.

"Here," she said to a hulking stevedore, "you take this needle holder. And you"—to a cauliflower-eared ex-pug—"you hold this bottle of iodine." To a burly structural-iron worker, "You hold this box of absorbent cotton. And you"—to a Negro truck driver—"hold these scissors." Openmouthed at first, these husky men obeyed her. As she began to clean and stitch the wound they became her interested aides and allies.

There was one little contretemps. As she stooped over her patient an obstreperous drunk shoved her sprawling to the pavement. Her new allies disposed of the offender with dispatch. They jammed him head down into an empty ash can and rolled him down the hill. The stitching and bandaging proceeded with no further interruption.

It may interest the worthy citizens of Hell's Kitchen who were drafted as nurses' aides to the young lady medic to know that she is today President Kennedy's personal White House physician. Also that she has, in the intervening years, distinguished herself as one of the most gifted and versatile members of her profession.

Two years after the incident on 39th Street she was married to John W. G. Powell, a noted

By BEVERLY SMITH Jr., Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post

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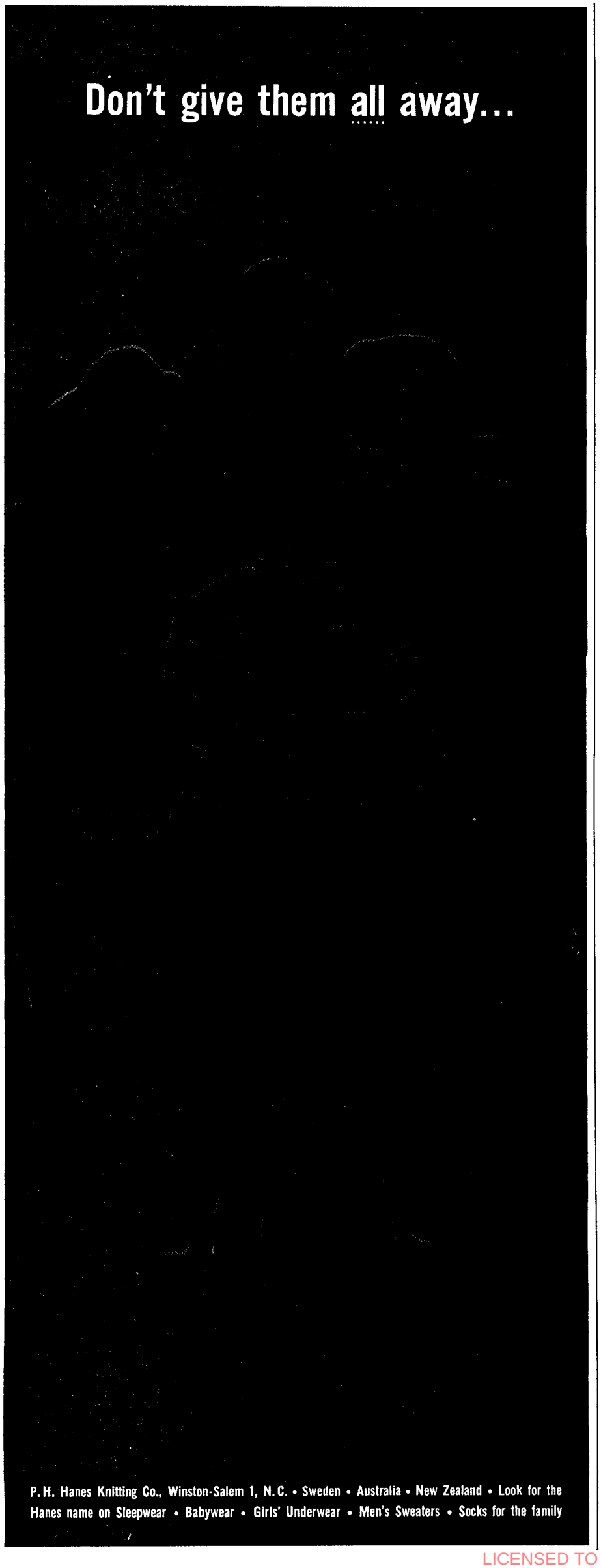
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DOCTOR

former college athlete and today a successful investment counselor. They have two married daughters and three grandchildren.

With all her duties as wife, mother and homemaker for her family, she has also found time for pioneering medical research, teaching, and an extensive private practice. A college and club tennis champion in her younger days, she is still, at fifty-nine, a good athlete. She swims, rides horseback, skates and plays a fast game of doubles.

Last January, when the newly inaugurated President Kennedy appointed her his personal physician, the newspapers pointed out that she was the first woman doctor to hold this important position. They could fairly have stated that she was the first doctor—man or woman—who not only attended a President in the White House but had made it possible for him to come there.

Members of the Kennedy family will tell you that in the spring of 1955 Sen. John F. Kennedy was tortured by such intense pain in spine and back that there was serious question whether he could continue his public career. A vigorous campaign for the Presidency seemed out of the question.

He originally had suffered a spinal injury playing football in college. This was aggravated by his combat injuries in the Pacific. Since that time he had undergone critical spinal operations in 1944, in late 1954 and in early 1955. Following the latter operations he had come so close to death that on two occasions the last rites of the church were administered. The surgeons believed that the injury to the spine had been repaired, but the almost intolerable pain persisted. It was then that the surgeons referred Senator Kennedy to Dr. Janet Travell, noted for her studies and treatment of musculoskeletal pain. She treated him in her office on West 16th Street in New York. Within two months she had him back on his feet, without pain. The following year he was playing golf and tennis.

As a good physician, Doctor Travell is strictly nonpartisan. One of her patients, for example, is the very conservative Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona, considered a possible Republican presidential candidate for 1964. In 1958 he was stricken with muscle cramp which virtually crippled his right arm.

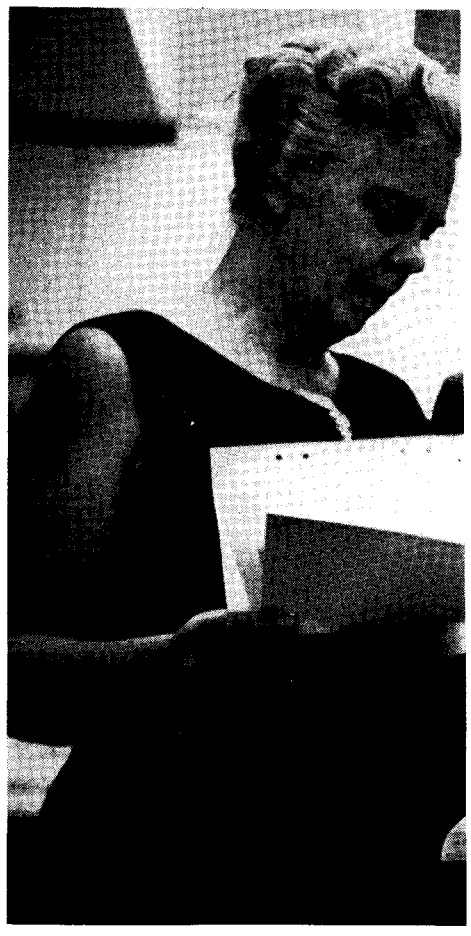
"Jack [Senator Kennedy] urged me to go at once to see Doctor Travell in New York. If I had taken his advice, I would have saved myself months of pain," Senator Goldwater told me. When he finally went to see her, she relieved the pain almost at once, and in subsequent treatments cleared up recurrent back and shoulder aches that had troubled him since his days as an athlete. "I remember Jack's saying to me," he recalled, "that 'Doctor Travell is the reason I'm alive today.'"

Atty. Gen. Robert Kennedy, himself a grateful patient of Doctor Travell, concurs in the opinion that his brother the President owes his very life to her medical genius. I'm not sure that he is right. But it seems certain that without her prior ministrations Senator Kennedy could never have sustained the long and strenuous campaign that won him the Presidency. Thus Doctor Travell changed the course of history—whether for good or ill only the long future will tell.

She herself makes no such claims. All she will say is that "Senator Kennedy got well in 1955 while under my care." Since then she has attended not only him, but his father, mother, brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces and in-laws. It was reassuring to them, when the President strained another part of his back last May, to have her in charge—a physician who was so familiar with his medical history.

Janet Travell has had certain natural advantages in her medical career. These include unusual mental and physical energy, an inquiring turn of mind, manual dexterity, a great liking for people, and exceptional gentleness and warmth of personality. Moreover, she and her older sister—Dr. Virginia Travell Weeks, now a pediatrician in Brooklyn—had from childhood the inspiring example of their physician father, the late Dr. Willard Travell, who died on August fourteenth, at age ninety-one.

"When I was seven years old," says Doctor Janet, "I decided to study medicine because my father was a doctor and



Capt. George G. Burkley (MC) USN serve

magician, and whatever he did was wonderful. Through his eyes every patient and, in fact, every living thing became an exciting mystery."

At Brearley School in New York, known for its high standards of scholarship, she was a top student, but was a bit embarrassed by the verse about her in the graduation yearbook:

There was a studious girl named Janet.
Her proper sphere was not this planet.
Her aspirations were so high,
Her proper place was in the sky.

In college at Wellesley she majored in the tough premed subjects and made Phi Beta Kappa in her junior year. At the same time she proved that her feet were firmly on this planet by winning the college tennis championship.

At Cornell University Medical College in New York City, one of the best in the United States, she burned up the course,

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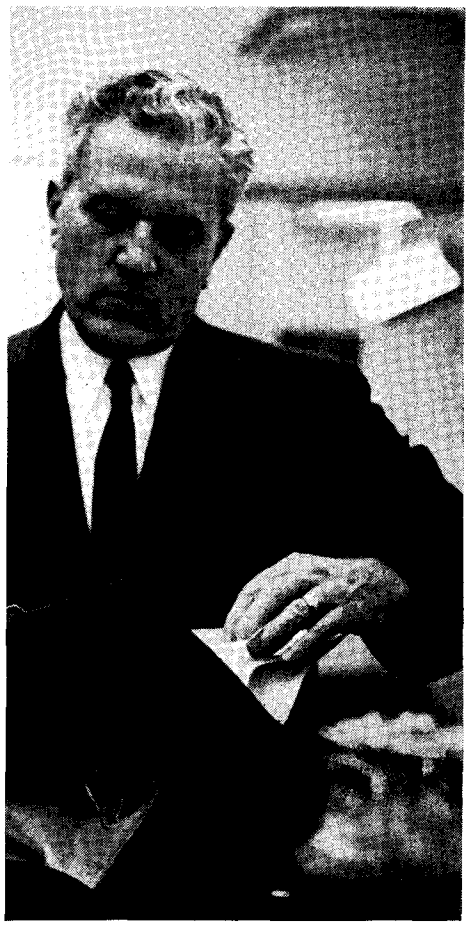
finishing first in her class in each of four years of study. For this she won the John Metcalf Memorial Prize.

I'm not sure that even President Kennedy knows that his versatile lady physician is a former New York cop. After being graduated from Cornell Medical College in 1926, young Doctor Travell served her internship and residency at the New York Hospital. At the beginning of 1927 an ambulance surgeon was hurt in an accident, and she took over for the next six months. Women were still a novelty in this job. Her beat ran from 14th Street to 42nd, and from Fifth Avenue to the Hudson River. The area included the grandeurs of the old Waldorf at 34th and Fifth and the rowdy squalors of Hell's Kitchen and the docks.

Ambulance surgeons were automatically commissioned lieutenants of police and wore caps denoting their rank. This gave them authority over cops on the beat, who also answered emergency calls,



is Dr. Travell's White House assistant.

and impressed citizens who might be refractory. I doubt if Doctor Travell needed this badge of rank. Her persuasiveness—as indicated that evening on 39th Street—was equal to almost any situation. The denizens of the tenement sections recognized her with affection: "Here comes Doctor She!"

Sometimes she had to speak sharply to an overzealous policeman. If an alcoholic was too drunk to give his name and address, he had to be taken to the hospital, which meant that the cop would have to appear in court on his day off. Consequently he was tempted to sober up the patient with a night stick, an unorthodox treatment that the gentle lady doc would not tolerate.

Her calls took her into the holds of barges, into murky poolrooms and dreary tenements. There were street accidents and fights, pneumonias, burst appendixes and obstetric emergencies. She treated the loser in a razor duel, whose wounds required 133 stitches. One night she was called to the old Waldorf: A chef, stirring a huge caldron of soup, had fallen in and been nearly parboiled.

"What kind of soup was it?" I asked her recently.

"From the color, I think it was lobster bisque," said the President's physician. "I didn't taste it. It probably had a slight flavor of chef." (With prompt care, the severely simmered chef recovered.)

"In those days the New York Hospital ambulance surgeons worked on a crazy schedule," Doctor Travell recalls. "We had one night off every three days. But I enjoyed it. I was young then, and on my night off I could go out dancing, come back to the hospital at dawn, have breakfast and start answering calls again. Sometimes we could catch cat naps between calls."

One night, at a dance of the Southern Society in New York, Doctor Janet met John W. G. Powell, a young banker who had been, at the University of North Carolina, the best college pitcher in the South. On graduation in 1919 he had been offered big-league contracts by the Giants, the Phillies and the Chicago White Sox. He turned down all the baseball offers, because he had already signed up for a financial career with the National City Bank of New York.

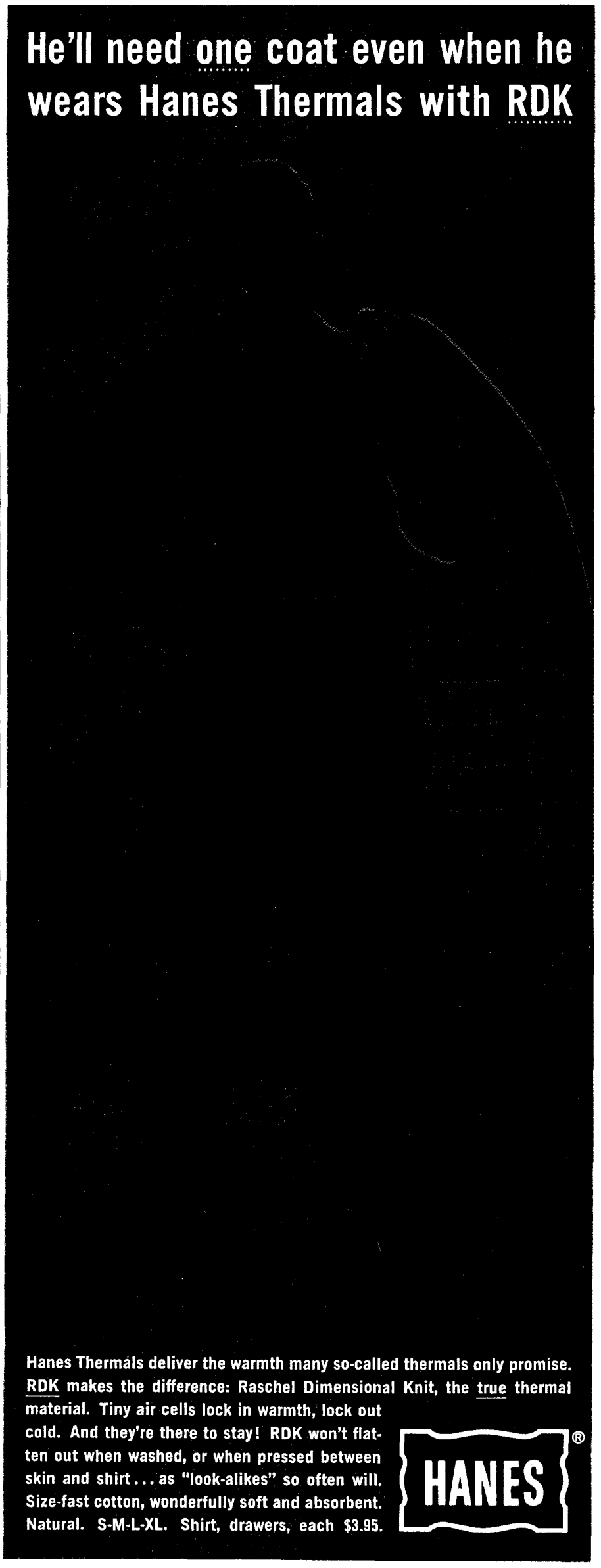
"As soon as I laid eyes on Janet that night," Mr. Powell told me recently, "I set out to monopolize her attention." They were married in June of 1929. He plays an even faster game of tennis than she does, and has his own profession as an investment counselor. This spring he opened a Washington branch of his investment firm so that he could be with his wife during her White House tenure.

Janet Travell's marriage did not alter her early resolution to combine medical practice with research and teaching. She had absorbed from her father the principle that the healing profession at its best involves "first the immediate care of the patient of today—which yields the most tangible results—and secondly, research and teaching to better the care of the patient of tomorrow." This aim required a decision to put medical excellence ahead of high financial returns, a decision eased by her husband's income.

The financial strain was lightened also by the fellowship and grants that the brilliance of her work attracted. After completing her residency at the New York Hospital she was awarded a fellowship to work with specialists of Cornell, Bellevue and the Rockefeller Institute in determining whether the then common practice of digitalizing every pneumonia patient was sound. Eighteen months of testing with more than 1000 patients indicated that the digitalis doses should be smaller and more selective.

Her report on this research won her an instructorship in pharmacology at her alma mater, Cornell Medical College, where she moved up over the years to an associate professorship in clinical pharmacology. She was also, during the late 1930's, consultant in cardiology on a tuberculosis service at Sea View Hospital, Staten Island, New York. It was here that she became interested in new techniques for relieving pain, the field in which she was a pioneer and which eventually led to her White House appointment.

She found that patients who had undergone lung surgery complained of pain in the shoulder and lower arm, so severe that they could not lie down or sleep. These pains, she noted, resembled those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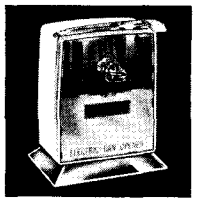

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DOCTOR

reported by patients following heart attacks. She began tracing the paths by which such pain, originating in spasm of muscles in heart or chest, was telegraphed or "referred" to healthy portions of the arm or shoulder. The real trouble, in other words, was not where the patient felt the pain, but in a "trigger area" in another part of the body. About this time she read a paper by Steindler and Luck, who by injecting Novocain (procaine hydrochloride) into certain tissues in the back were able to relieve pain in other places. They noted the curious fact that some patients seemed to be relieved permanently of their pain, though the effects of the Novocain were brief. This, to Janet Travell, was one of those "exciting mysteries."

In exploring it she found that if she could locate the trigger area and relax the muscle spasm by warmth, cold, injection or massage, she was often able to obtain dramatic relief for intractable and disabling pain. Searching medical literature, she learned that somewhat similar results had been obtained by Leriche in France, and by others. Encouraged, she and her research colleagues began to map the hundreds of pain patterns from trigger points in the human musculoskeletal system.

She was aided here by her extraordinary knowledge of functional anatomy, which she had begun to study in childhood under her father's direction. In locating the exquisitely tender "trigger points," which are often no larger than a fingernail, she had the advantage of manual dexterity and exceptionally sensitive fingers.

"That Janet Travell," one of her colleagues told me, "has fingers as sensitive as an old-time safecracker. That's one reason why she sometimes gets results that other doctors, using the same techniques, can't match."

By 1940 Doctor Travell was becoming amazingly successful with patients whose disabling muscular pains had failed to respond—sometimes for years—to conventional treatment. Since that time her patients have included orthopedic surgeons, neurologists, internationally renowned scientists, and men and women eminent in business, government and the professions. Often she has found her greatest satisfaction in treating nonpaying patients—family breadwinners unable to earn a living because of muscular pain. "If you are able to send a person like that back to the desk, lathe or counter," she says, "you really feel you are accomplishing something."

I have talked to many of these former patients, of high and low degree. They all speak of Doctor Travell with gratitude and affection.

Since 1940 she has written or collaborated on twenty-three papers for the medical journals on the techniques of pain relief. Her findings are extensively cited in a definitive volume on the subject, *The Management of Pain*, by John J. Bonica, M.D.

Even so, there is still skepticism about Doctor Travell's methods in conservative medical circles. This skepticism is not shared by the many physicians who have been her patients, but I found it puzzling, nevertheless, and questioned many specialists who have benefited by her work or closely observed it. Weighing their evidence, it seems to me that there are several reasons for the skepticism.

One reason is the grateful enthusiasm of her patients. A person who has suffered torturing or disabling pain, and then finds relief under the ministrations of Doctor Travell, is inclined to describe her as "a wizard"... "a miracle worker." Such words suggest quackery to a profession doubtful of overpraised "cures." Doctor Travell herself emphasizes that her methods of pain relief are not a cure-all; that they should not be used without careful prior diagnosis; and that they are ineffective against multiple sclerosis, rheumatoid arthritis and many other neurological and structural disorders.

Secondly, many doctors who try to apply her techniques cannot match her results. It may be that they are rusty on their anatomy, or lack her manual dexterity and sensitivity of touch. Or her patience. She is willing to spend two or three hours with a patient to get at the seat of the trouble. "She has," says Dr. Harry Gold, professor of pharmacology at Cornell, "the art of listening. She listens until she understands not only what the patient says but what he is trying to say." She also has what one orthopedist calls "the X factor—the mysterious component of personality which, by winning the patient's confidence, induces the relaxation which contributes to the treatment of pain." The doctor who tries her techniques may fail because of lack of time or special skill. He is then inclined to blame the procedures.

There are other less worthy reasons for professional skepticism. One is the element of human envy at seeing a woman—"a hen med"—elevated to so eminent a position in the White House.

While Doctor Travell's methods of mapping and treating the patterns of pain are beginning to be quoted in the textbooks, they are not yet generally taught in the medical schools. One reason may be that they do not fit into any one specialty, but overlap several, such as anatomy, anesthesiology, neurophysiology, orthopedics and physical medicine. Opinion is divided on how widely Doctor Travell's methods of pain relief can be put to general use. Two of her colleagues with whom I talked feel that her techniques require the skills of a specialist. But the majority, including many physicians whom she has treated, believe that most competent doctors can master the procedures sufficiently to cope with all save the unusually stubborn and long-standing cases of muscle pain.

Doctor Travell's successes in the treatment of pain have created the misapprehension that she is confined to this specialty. The Kennedy family will tell you otherwise. The President's father told me that his wife suffered for many years from an obscure digestive ailment that baffled the specialists and kept her on a bland, monotonous diet. "Doctor Travell," Mr. Kennedy says, "was the first to diagnose the trouble and find the remedy. Now Rose is in fine health and eats what she pleases. Doctor Travell is a superb all-round doctor and diagnostician."

As one side line of her research Doctor Travell and her niece, Dr. Virginia Davidson Weeks, a pediatrician, developed a method of giving painless injections to babies. A piece of cotton, moistened with ethyl chloride or other vapocoolant solution, is held for fifteen seconds on the skin where the injection is to be made. This reduces the surface temperature to slightly below fifty degrees Fahrenheit. The cotton is removed and then, just as the moisture on the skin evaporates, the sharp needle is inserted. The baby does not even blink. Dr. Frank Fremont-Smith, the internationally known neurologist, believes the method should be taught in every medical school.

"Every year millions of babies, one or two years old, receive injections by needle," he pointed out. "Thus, on their first acquaintance with the medical profession, the man or woman in the white coat gives them a painful, frightening jab with a needle. The shock may leave them with a lifelong fear or hostility toward doctors. And the subconscious resentment may extend to the parent who exposed them to this mysterious punishment. All this distress could be avoided if doctors and nurses would take the extra fifteen seconds and follow Doctor Travell's simple directions."

Those adults who dread the needle—and their number is legion—might take note. I had a medical technician try the method recently when I had penicillin injections, and it worked perfectly.

Millions of Americans, including many readers of this article, have been Doctor Travell's patients without knowing it. For many years she was medical consultant to Henry Dreyfuss, a pioneer in industrial design. She helped him shape seats for tractors and other farm machinery

The husband of the President's physician, John W. G. Powell, is a Washington investment counselor. His wife has always used her maiden name professionally.

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and advised on new seating design for jet airliners, bicycles and for the chairs used by thousands of operators for the telephone company. This work, based on her expert knowledge of how human muscles function, has in turn influenced the work of other industrial designers. Thus almost all of us have benefited in posture or comfort from the research of the lady doctor in the White House. I, as a rocking-chair addict, am delighted by her interest in reviving that fine old institution.

Many physicians, focusing on curing the sick and saving lives, become inclined to view the pains of the patient as necessary incidentals of illness. Doctor Travell has never been able to accept this view. She regards alleviation of pain as one of her primary duties, not only for humane reasons but because the easing of pain fortifies the patient's own recuperative powers. Thus, for example, the relief of the arm and shoulder pain following a heart attack could ease the strain on the heart itself.

Her kindness, which led to her special techniques for relieving pain, also led her to the White House. I think this quality, which in the past has ministered not only to the eminent but also to rats, dogs and Hell's Kitchen warriors, should assure an anxious public that the President's comfort, as well as his health, is under expert and tender care.

While Doctor Travell is honored by the momentous responsibility of guarding the President's health, she was taken aback at first by the glare of publicity which accompanies her position in the White House. She consoles herself with the thought that her prominence may encourage more girls to go in for medical careers. This is a subject close to her heart. She firmly believes—as she and hundreds of other women physicians have proved—that a medical career can be combined with marriage, motherhood and homemaking.

A girl who feels a call to the profession of medicine does not have to be an A student, but she should be at least a good student who likes to study and has the will and stamina to work long hours. If she wishes to combine marriage with medical practice and research, she should also have what Doctor Travell calls the three H's: *Health*, household *Help* (which her medical income can more than pay for, once the costs of a medical education have been met), and a sympathetic *Husband.*

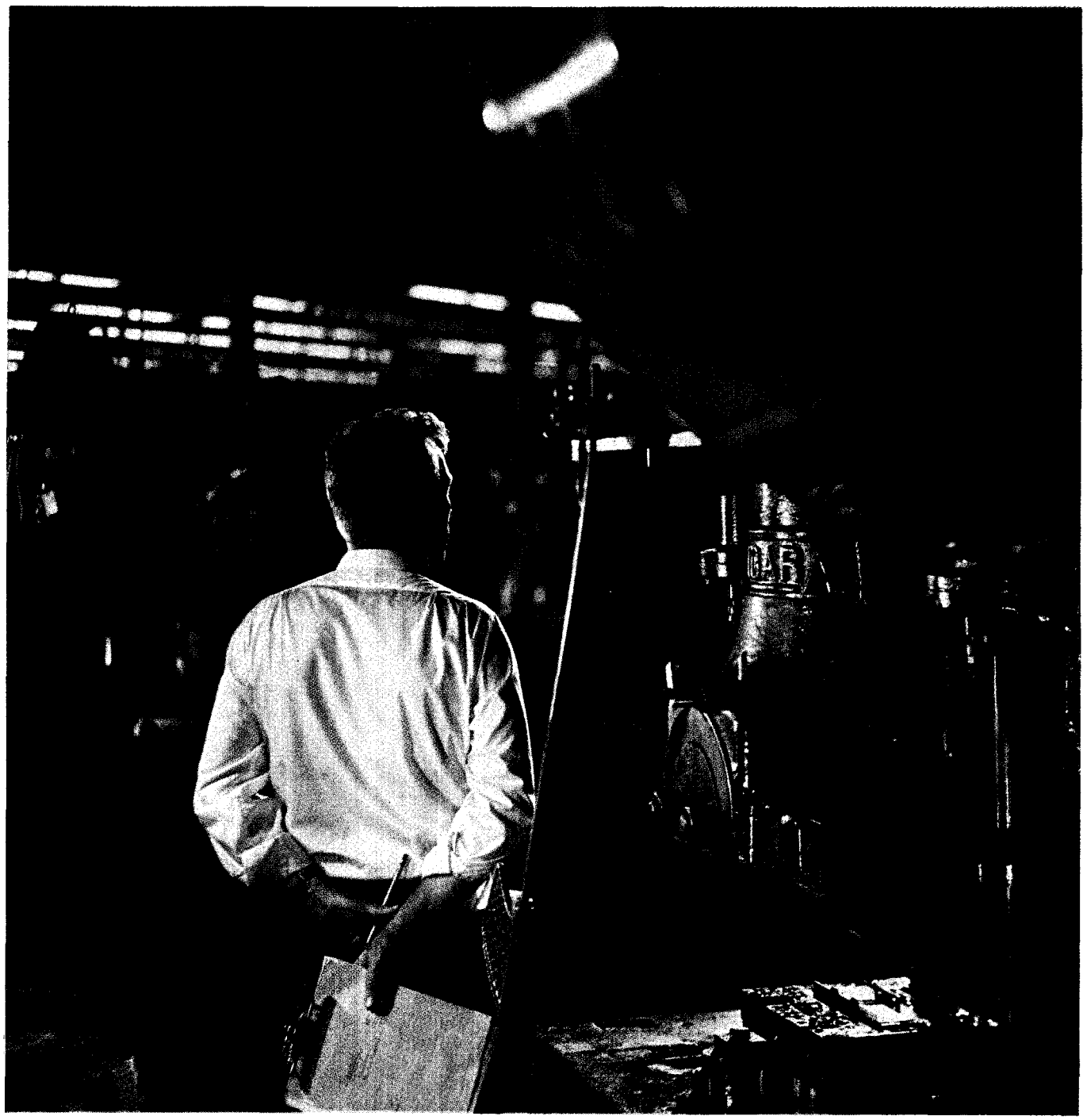
The opportunities for more women physicians, Doctor Travell points out, will increase sharply in the coming years. Our population is growing much faster than the supply of new doctors. Dr. Leroy E. Burney, former United States Public Health Surgeon General, said recently, "We face a serious shortage.... The number of physicians graduated annually must be increased from the present 7400 a year to some 11,000 by 1975."

At the same time there has been a falling off in the quantity and quality of male applicants for the medical schools in the last ten years. Apparently the supply of bright young men of scientific bent is being diverted into the fields of physics, chemistry and mathematics. The hungry demands of the space and atomic age have set high starting salaries for those with doctorates in such subjects, which require only three years of graduate study as compared with the four years of medical school and at least two more years of internship required for the fledgling physician. Doctor Travell believes there is a great pool of talent—girls with brains, gumption and dedication—who could meet the looming doctor shortage if Americans would forget their prejudice against women medicos.

Partly because of this lingering prejudice, America lags far behind other countries in percentage of women physicians. With us, the percentage is between 5 and 6. In Switzerland it is 12 per cent; in Sweden 13; in Austria 14; in Holland 15; in Germany 16; in Britain 23.

Russia is a special case. After the immense manpower losses in the war, Russian women were especially encouraged to go into medicine. Today, about 70 per cent of practicing Russian doctors are women. Russian standards of medical care are not so high as our own, but are vastly improved over earlier years. Women have helped make this possible. They also account for the fact that Russia is now reported to have 164 physicians for each 100,000 of population, as compared with 140 in the United States.

Our American bias may go back to the days when a doctor required great physical hardihood to make his long rounds, by day or night, in every sort of weather, by horseback or buggy. Today this antiquated bias is costly in the loss of available medical talent among women. If it continues, it will cost us still more dearly as the doctor shortage increases. Fortunately the prejudice seems to be diminishing; the achievements and personality of Doctor Travell, brought to public attention by her position as White House physician, should go far toward eliminating it entirely. THE END



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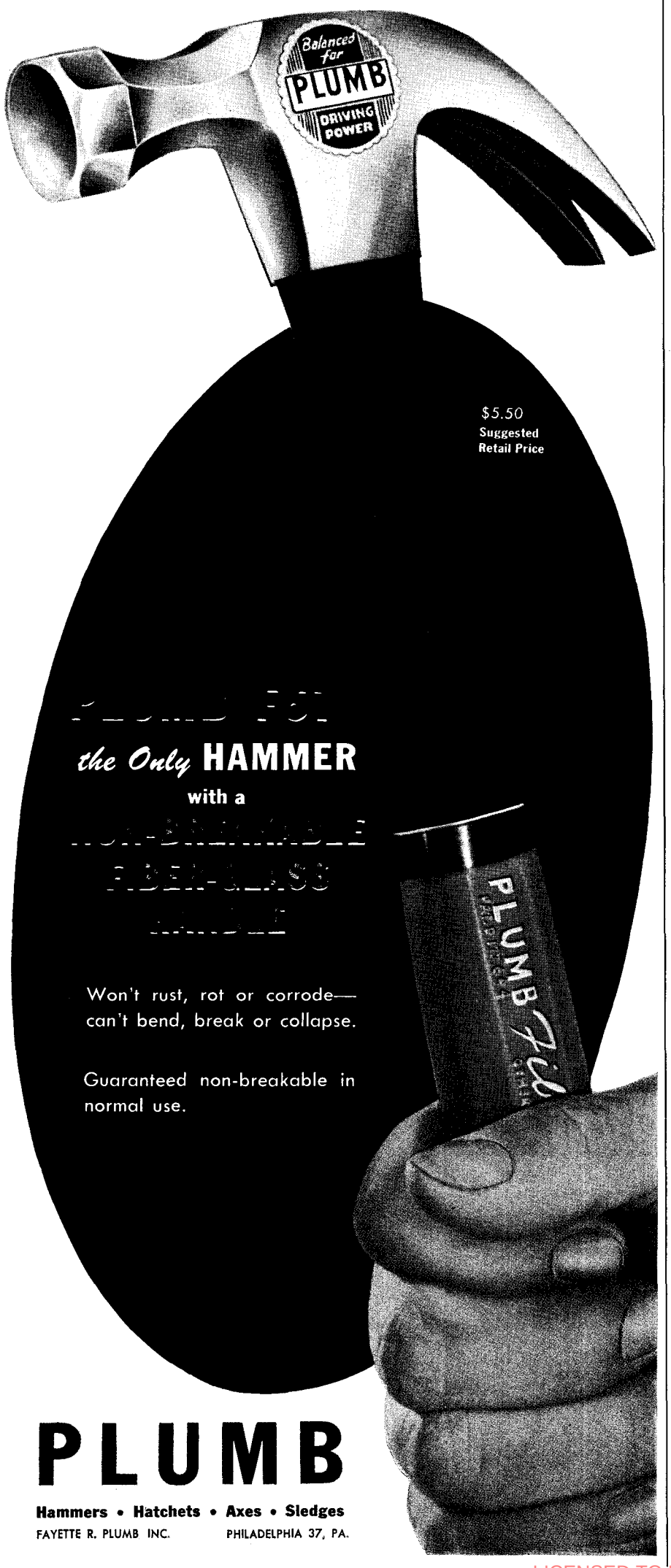

STEPFATHER

continued from page 33

The next time I saw him was on a Sunday afternoon. I was upstairs, but I heard the knock on the door and then the voices in the hall.

My mother said, "I'm glad you could come."

"I wanted to."

There was a silence, and then my mother said, "You've changed, Harry."

"It changes a man. For good or ill."

They went into the little parlor that my mother took such pains to keep neat and tidy, and I heard the door close.

I really had been about to sneak out, but I hung around upstairs for a while. I was curious. But all I could hear was the murmur of talk, and in the end I got bored.

I was just going silently along the passage when the parlor door opened, and they came out. My mother said, "Oh, Harry, this is John. He's nearly eleven now." She smiled at me. "This is Mr. Cox, John. He's—an old friend."

I stared at Mr. Cox and said nothing. It was my way of being rude, but I knew what my mother would say, and she did. "He's rather shy."

Mr. Cox was about forty. His face was thin, and you could see the shape of his jaw and the projections of his cheekbones. He put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed it. Under the pressure of his fingers another impression took shape. Despite his small frame, he seemed to be all sinew and muscle.

He dropped his hand and said to my mother, "I shouldn't worry, Nancy."

I edged sideways toward the front door. My mother said sharply, "John, where are you going?"

"Out," I said.

"Not on Sunday. I don't like you playing outside on Sunday."

"I'm going to play on the bomb site."

"You haven't done your homework yet," she said.

"See you later," I said and turned for the door.

But there was a swift, effortless sideways movement, and he was in my way. He said in his quiet voice, "I think you ought to do what your mother tells you."

He looked down at me. He had light-blue eyes, just now the color of ice. I stood his gaze for as long as I could, which wasn't long, and then turned and went back upstairs.

In my bedroom I picked up my schoolbooks, threw them on the floor and lay on my bed, my heart beating fast with anger.

Later on I picked up my books, sat down and did my homework. I did it all wrong, but I couldn't give my mind to the stupid stuff for thinking about him. I knew that this was a man that I didn't want around.

But he was around. He was around a lot. He'd come in the evenings, and they'd sit and talk and talk and talk. Then they started going out. One of our neighbors came and sat in the house. My mother put on a dress that I'd never seen before, and they left, walking together along the street, a foot apart, not touching.

I followed them one evening, to see what they did. Our neighbor was elderly and sleepy, and I just went out the back door and climbed over a couple of fences and got to the street that way.

I kept them in sight, expecting heaven knows what. They walked across our district to the point where it terminated in a great plowed mass of empty ground on which the skeletons of flats were rising. They waited on the main road and caught a bus into the city center. Buses ran like shuttles along that road, and I got on the next one, watched every stop and got off when they did.

They went into the park, walked across it, out the other side and entered a big, brightly lighted restaurant. I stood outside where I could see them through the window.

They didn't have anything to eat. They just drank coffee, one cup after another. He sat quite still, looking in front of him, and now and then glancing quickly at my mother. She seemed to laugh a lot—and chatter, which wasn't like her. She gesticulated with her hands while she talked, and I noticed that she was wearing white rayon gloves.

And that was all they did. When they got up to go, I hurried on home and just about beat them to it. I didn't understand it. All they'd done was talk. They might as well have stayed at home.

I tried to talk to Joan about it, but she wasn't interested. Joan went to the Convent High School, and it cost money to keep her there. I knew this because lately when I'd wanted things, like a football or a bicycle, mother had sat me down and explained seriously that she had to pay the school fees and buy Joan's uniform.

The answer seemed simple enough to me. Joan could go to the school round the corner like the other girls did and where they didn't have to wear a uniform. Then I could have my bicycle. But mother became unreasonably and—for her—quite violently angry. I still didn't see it.

I didn't really understand Joan. She seemed to me to be a restless, illogical creature. When I was a smaller boy, she had played in the street like the rest of us. Then, after a year or two at the Convent High School, she changed and started looking at me with distaste and talking about grubby little boys. She seemed to spend most of her time washing herself and pressing her school uniform and talking about how sweet the nuns were. And

mother used to encourage this sickly behavior.

With her fifteenth birthday drawing near, she had changed again. She couldn't get out of her school uniform fast enough. Now it was other clothes that Joan wanted. And mother gave in to her to some extent, which seemed to me to compound the unfairness of it all. Joan wasn't satisfied anyway. The dresses didn't fit tightly enough, the heels weren't high enough, and the lipstick that mother gave her was a silly, insipid pink.

Still, Joan was quite useful to me. She wanted to get out now as much as I did, and mother seemed to worry more about her, so that I could get away with pretty well anything. Not that Joan wanted to play in the streets. She'd prance off with two or three of her friends, and I'd see her in the coffee bar in the main road or standing talking to young fellows like Freddie Barratt.

I knew Freddie Barratt, because I'd beaten his young brother Mickey in a fair fight, and Freddie had belted me next time he saw me on the street. We tried to avoid Freddie Barratt and his friends the way jungle animals must try and steer clear of carnivores. Freddie was nineteen, six feet tall and muscular, with

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long, dark, shining hair and sideburns streaking his cheeks. Freddie and his friends ruled our district with threats and fists, not waiting too long to use fists. Kids kept out of his way, and older people looked in another direction.

Joan went on about him the way she did about pop singers, though I noticed she always took care to have some of her friends along when she was talking to him.

So Joan wasn't interested in our mother and Mr. Cox. All she said was, "Even old people like a bit of fun."

Mother was thirty-seven, but to children their mothers are always old. And, in some slight extenuation of a child's cruelty, there were times when she looked old.

Our district had a number in the city directory, but in many ways it was complete in itself.

There were the corner shops, their contents as jumbled and formless as the streets themselves. There were the pubs, islands of noise and light in the dark nights. There was one cinema, garish posters outside, tattered seats inside, where we kids used to go on Saturday mornings.

Dumped in the middle of the houses were the places where most of the people worked. There were the gas works, the margarine factory, a couple of timber yards on the river, the wharfs, some warehouses towering high, a cable factory and a place where they made concrete blocks.

Mother was a checker at the margarine factory. She got us ready for school and then left the house at ten to eight in the morning. After school I used to fool around until half-past five, when I knew mother would have tea ready. School holidays were the best times. The neighbor that mother paid to look after us was slow on her feet, and I did what I liked.

I haven't any photographs of mother at that time, but I don't need them. She had her fair hair pinned back, and there were always blue patches under her eyes. Until Mr. Cox came along she always seemed to wear either a coat and head scarf as she went to work or an apron when she came home and started to clean the house. Her hands were reddish and, gentle though they were, the skin was rough and hard. Not that I saw this at the time. She was just my mother.

It was after Mr. Cox came along that I noticed it. I noticed it because she began to look different when she knew he was coming. She brushed her fair hair into shining waves. Her eyes took on a brightness. She'd sit in front of her dressing table doing things to her face and afterward put these clothes on—soft, shapely clothes, cut out at the neck, with short sleeves, that I didn't know she had.

I realized that my mother was quite a pretty woman. And the knowledge made me uneasy, because in it I smelled change. And change, to a child, spells upheaval, the unknown, danger.

I remembered afterward the evening when it was settled, though at the time I didn't attach any significance to what they said.

I was in bed, but I had stayed awake, partly to read and partly because, though their conversation from the room below was only a soft blur of rising and falling sound, I was always uneasy when he was in the house.

My bedroom door was open, and when they came into the passage their voices moved immediately into quiet focus. He said, "You're sure, Nancy? You must be sure. I can wait ——"

"You ought to know how I feel, Harry. Yes, I'm sure."

"Well, you ought to know me, anyway. And you know what I think about the children."

"They need it. They need it badly." And then she added hurriedly, in a soft tone that I swear carried a blush in it, "That's not the reason though. . . ."

And then there was a silence before the door opened and closed, a silence that sent me burying my head in the pillow, clenching my hands helplessly.

Yet the over-all impression I received, though I could hardly say how, was of the hard, rigid pride of the man.

It wasn't long delayed after that. They were going to be married. Joan, taking it lightly no longer, reacted the same way I did. We both retreated into sullen dumbness.

Mother was either too excited to notice or she was determined to ride over the period necessary before we got used to it. Perhaps the latter. I remember she made an embarrassed little speech, and the red in her face and the nervous twisting of her hands showed that she knew how stilted her words were, even if she meant what she said. All about how we were going to be a real family again, and how much she and Mr. Cox cared for each other, and how he cared for us too, and we would soon come to look upon him as a real father.

I looked at Joan. She looked back, sulky deadpan. I looked at Mr. Cox.

And I thought, *Never.*

Call him father?
I'd die first.

I maintained that I remembered my real father. A large brown man, with brown hair, and a brown face, and a big brown mustache over a smiling mouth, and brown, twinkling eyes. Joan said that I didn't. She said I'd just been told, and perhaps she was right, since I was only four the last time I saw him.

But Joan was only seven, so perhaps she didn't remember so much either, though she liked to pretend she did. Joan sometimes talked about the big house we had, with trees all round it, and a half-moon gravel drive, and two cars outside, and the polished furniture, and the shining floors with rugs on them.

I didn't take much notice. Joan was a bit of a romancer at the best of times.

Mother and Mr. Cox were married soon afterward. Our neighbor moved in for a week while they went away. I stayed away from school and went quite wild. When they came back, the neighbor was bitterly tearful, and there was a policeman at the door.

Mr. Cox smoothed it over. But from the way he looked at me I thought that it was only the fact that he'd been my stepfather for a mere seven days that saved me from the weight of his hand.

With him living in the house, I had to be more circumspect. But one thing I was sure of. I hated him.

I hadn't expected much help from Joan. Girls struck me as featherheaded and fickle, unable to hammer their dislikes into steel as I could. But to my surprise, she hated him as much as I did.

He pruned her selection of friends. If she was going with anyone he disapproved of, or she was going anywhere like a youth-club dance, he used to take her there and then go back and bring her home.

Joan boiled with fury, though, like me, she didn't dare oppose him openly. Only once did I hear her protest. She said petulantly, "It makes me feel such a fool. With my friends laughing."

"I'd rather you felt a fool," he said quietly, "than be a fool."

I suppose mother was torn in two directions at this time. On the one hand, there was no doubt that she was happy with him. He made her stop going out to work. She had time to do things to herself and to the house. I used to hear her singing in the mornings. Color bloomed in her cheeks and, when she went out shopping, I noticed that the other women looked at the way she dressed and then turned to each other and spoke quietly.

Against her happiness she had to set our silent knives of hate.

The things that mother tried to do to ease matters only made things worse. She said one day, brightly cheery, as if we were any ordinary family, "It won't be long now before we can move."

I stared at her blankly. "Move where?"

"We've been looking at houses. One day we should be able to manage one of those new houses that are going up on the Barnfield estate. They're small, but they're modern and . . ."

I stared at Joan, and she made a tiny face. We both knew the Barnfield estate. Front gardens that people told you to keep off. Trees that you couldn't climb. It was quiet there, and the kids didn't play in the streets. They didn't even call them streets. They were roads or avenues or drives or crescents. I'd played football once against the school there. The kids were scared stiff of us.

"It's miles from anywhere," Joan said.

Mother laughed. "There's a good bus service." Mother was being dense. I knew what Joan meant. It was miles from the coffee bar and Freddie Barratt.

The house was a silent battlefield. Mother would sit sometimes, chewing her lip, and I thought I saw lines of doubt between her eyes. Mr. Cox—our stepfather now—didn't take any direct notice. But sometimes, when he didn't think anyone was watching him, the stiffness would go from his face for a second, and I'd catch him looking at mother with an odd appeal in his eyes, as if he thought he was failing her. But I guess he didn't know what else to do but what he did.

The first fruit of the raw, unhappy situation was that the mother superior of the Convent High School sent for him and my mother. When they came back, his face was drawn and grim, and mother looked as if she'd been crying.

He shut himself in the parlor with Joan, and when she came out, her face was white and she wouldn't look at me. She was subdued for some time afterward and even kept her school uniform on after she came home from school.

As if this interview had given him an idea, I saw him one day at my school talking to the headmaster. That evening he took me into the parlor, sat me down at the oval table and stood staring down at me. He said, "I've been to your school. They tell me you've got real ability, but you won't use it. You don't work. Well, starting tonight, you're going to work."

I said, "What for?"

"So that you get a scholarship. To the grammar school."

I looked up at him. I could feel the lumpen shape of my face. I said, "I don't want to go to the grammar school."

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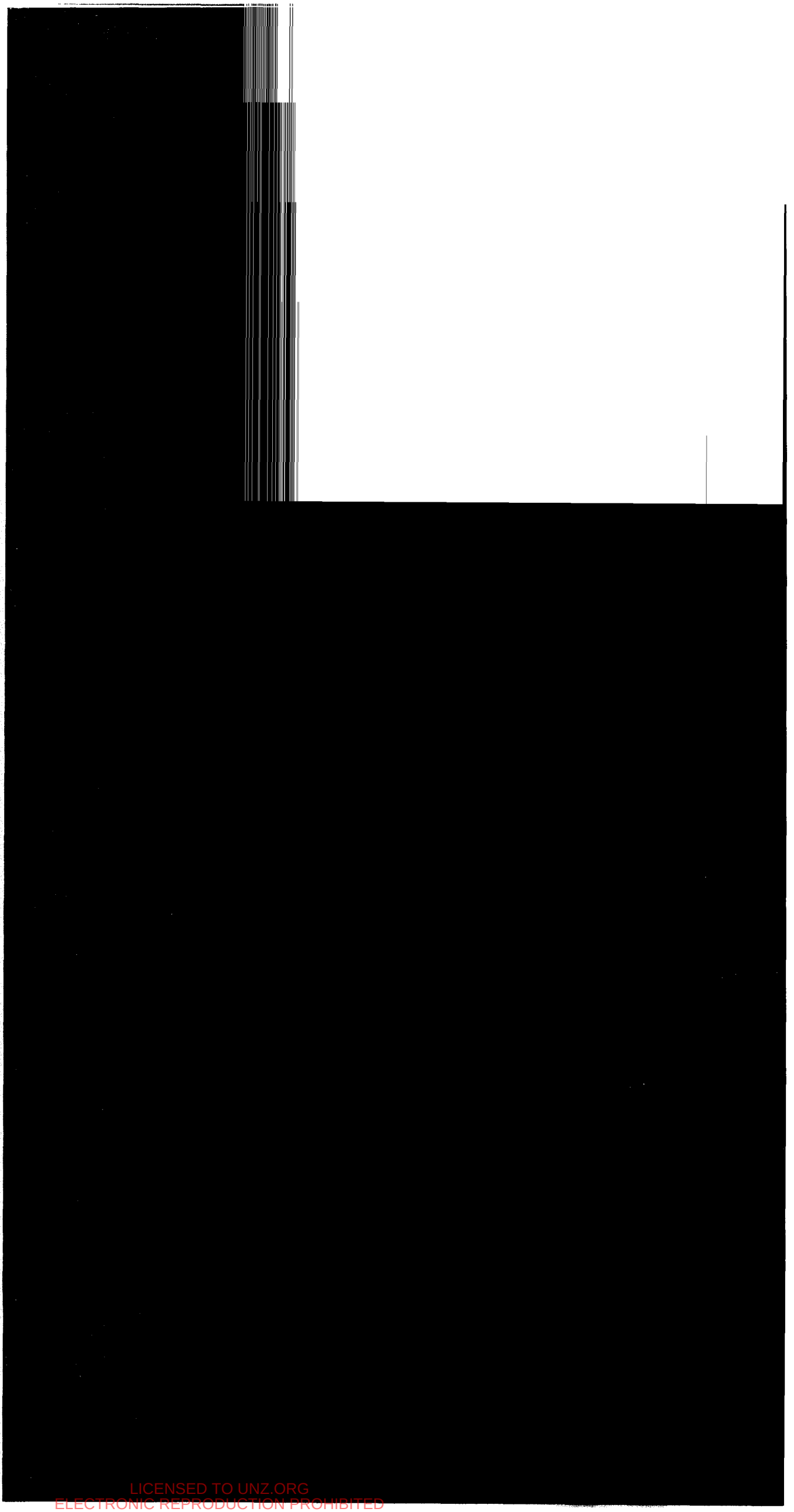

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STEPFATHER I sat crouched there, eleven years old, fighting him in those passing, silent seconds, not dropping my eyes, though my heart seemed to have stopped beating.

At last he said softly, "I don't give a damn what you want. You're going to pass that examination. Fetch your books."

Any hope I may have had that he wouldn't be capable of doing my work soon vanished. He seemed to know everything. Every night we sat there while he relentlessly forced my mind open.

There were times when I could have cried at his ruthlessness, but he had no mercy. He went on and on, going back, explaining, illustrating, until I said I understood and could prove I understood.

I suppose I did two years' work in six months. Examination day came and went. But for all that he could make us do what he wanted, he was losing, and he knew it. Defiance burned again in Joan's eyes. We outnumbered him two to one. And we had one trump he didn't. His wife was our mother.

We learned this quickly. One of us was always with them, chilling the air by our mere presence and the force of our unspoken dislike. We ignored his tentative conversational probes, talked to mother and spoke to him only when a direct answer was necessary.

It was almost possible to see mother wilting. Sometimes she would go and cry somewhere for no reason. He had a job in one of the timber yards and took to working overtime. No doubt they needed the money. But the way he and mother were a few months before, I don't think he would have spent evenings away from her for anything. I sensed retreat and felt a cold flicker of triumph.

The day before my examination results came through, I came home from school and found that he wasn't there. He was working overtime. Mother was busy in the kitchen. I went upstairs and poked my head into Joan's room. She started and swung round. But when she saw it was only me, she said, "Shut the door."

I went inside. She had been busy with a needle and cotton. Her dress clung close to her hips and opened in a square at the bosom. She was drawing lines round her eyes to give herself that surprised look girls seemed to like. Satisfied, she took a lipstick and started on her lips. It wasn't the pink one that mother had given her. It was a bold, brilliant scarlet.

I said, "Where did you get that?"

"None of your business."

"Where're you going?"

"Out."

But I had a small boy's cunning of perception. "With Freddie Barratt."

She looked at me in the mirror, started to deny it and then changed her mind. "You won't tell mother, will you?"

I made a face back at her. She knew I wouldn't tell on her. We didn't do that. She swung round, spreading her hands. "How do I look?"

"All right," I said. She looked just like all the other girls.

She crept downstairs and along the passage. She opened the door and then called, "'By, mother. I'm just going to Muriel's." She slammed the door quickly. Mother came out of the kitchen. She had flour on her hands. She looked at the closed door and then at me. "You haven't washed," she said. "You can have supper with your father."

Our stepfather came home as it was getting dark, sat down and ate his supper. Then he said, "Where's Joan?"

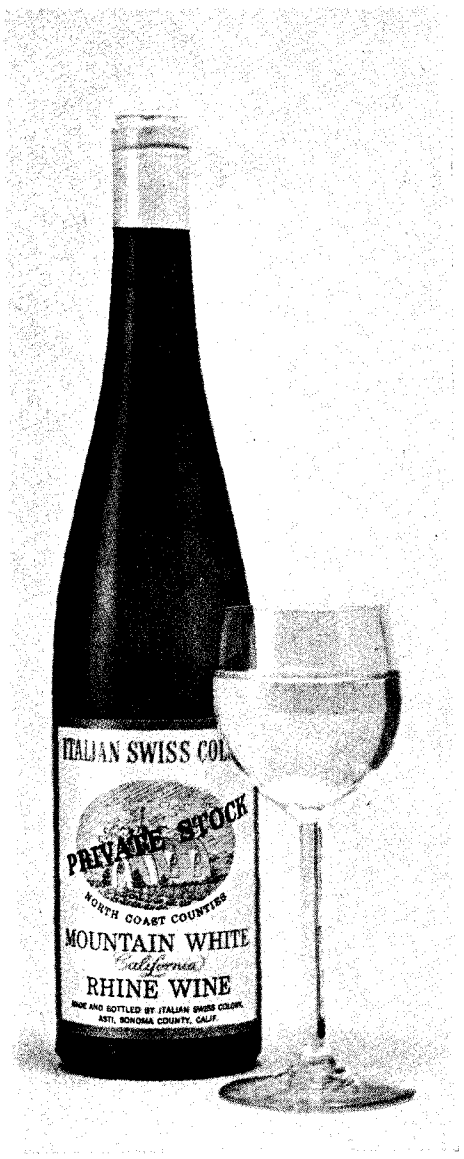
"Gone to Muriel's."

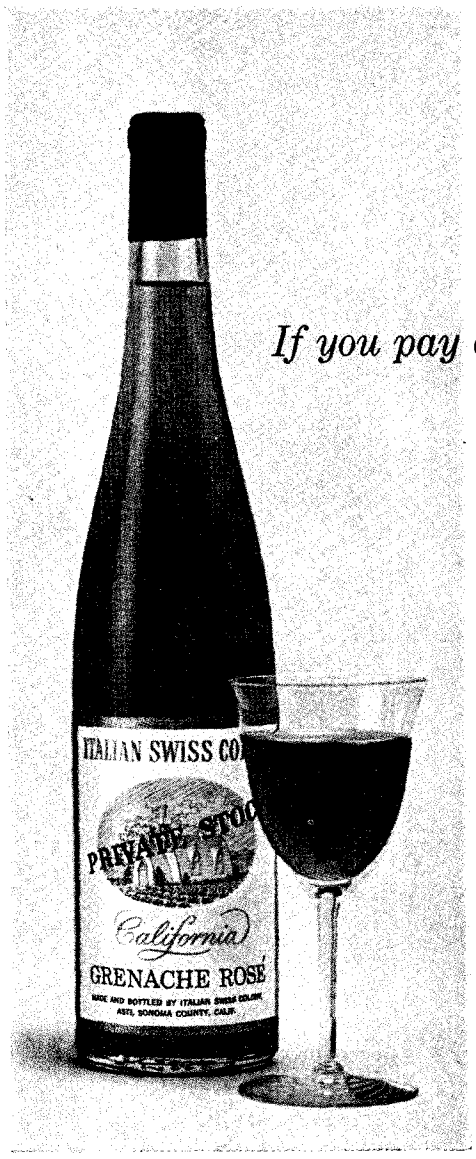
He looked at the clock and then at the darkness outside. "I don't suppose she's done her homework," he said, raising his eyebrows. "No. Well, I'll fetch her."

I knew something must have gone wrong. Joan would have expected this and planned to be home before him. I wanted to do something to stop him, but I couldn't think of anything. Anyway, he looked at me and said, "Off to bed."

He was barely outside the door when we saw Joan coming. She was half running. Her hair was a mess, and her dress was crumpled and ripped. She was crying, tears streaming down her cheeks.

She collapsed into his arms. He held her gently, his head bent, listening to her sobbing, incoherent words. He lifted his head slowly, and his face was black, with every tendon in his throat showing. He led her to my mother, turned on his heel and started off down the street.





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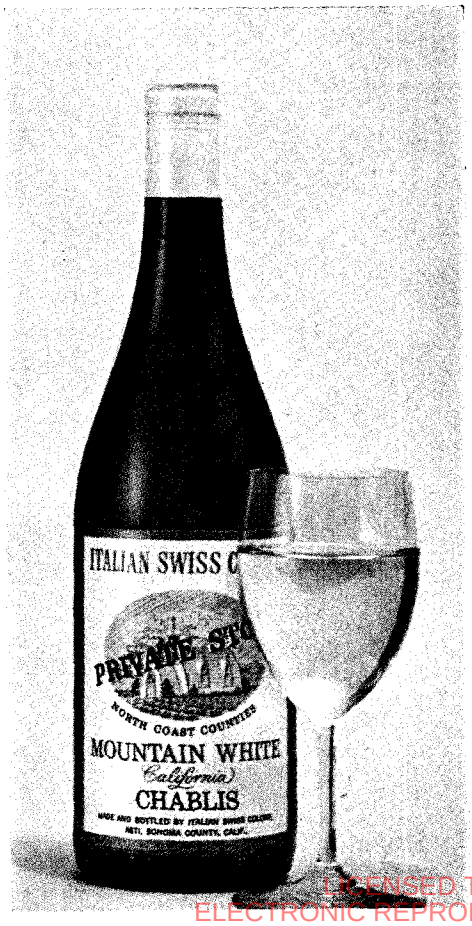

PRIVATE STOCK

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I followed him, fascinated in an awful sort of way. My limbs were weak, and every pulse in my body was throbbing. I suppose, for the first time in my life, I sensed real horror.

He went along the street, round the corner and down the hill. Halfway down he stopped and banged on a door. Freddie Barratt answered it. He was chewing something. He leaned on the door and, a head taller, stared down at my stepfather, a little smirk on his face.

My stepfather said in a soft, deadly voice, "It seems that you don't know how to behave with a decent girl."

Freddie Barratt took a morsel of food from between his teeth and flicked it away. He said, "You talking about that little Stewart tart?"

My stepfather reached out one arm and dragged Freddie onto the pavement. It wasn't a fight. He whipped Freddie. He whipped him mercilessly and left him lying in the street, moaning. Some women had come out of the adjoining houses and were watching silently. He said to them, "Throw some water over him," turned and started to walk back. I shrank into the shadows behind a wall. He hadn't seen me from beginning to end.

I crept into our house behind him. Joan was sitting, pale and silent, an occasional tremor shaking her body. Her mascara had run in streaks. Her lipstick was smeared. He said tonelessly, "Go and wash your face."

Joan went upstairs. He looked at my mother and said, "There's things she has to know. Perhaps she'll believe you now."

Mother followed Joan. He saw me and said harshly, "I thought I told you to go to bed."

I heard the next day that I'd got a place at the grammar school. A week before I'd have hated the idea. Now I was afraid that even this wouldn't weigh heavily enough.

NEXT WEEK

A Distinguished Historian Reviews

the lessons of pearl harbor

by Samuel Eliot Morison

He was at home, but I didn't get a chance to tell him. He and mother were in the kitchen, and their voices were louder than usual. He was saying, "It's no good. If they won't have me ——"

"It's this place. When we move ——"

"This place, any place, it'll be the same. I'm going back to work now, Nancy. I just came home to tell you. There's a job in the firm's yard in London."

"Harry ——"

"It's more money. I'll be able to send you more than I give you now. You can move. I've thought it over today. It's the best thing—for you and the children, I mean. Later on, well—maybe. . . ."

I looked at Joan. We crept into the parlor and sat there, pale and silent. Mother came in. She stared at each of us in turn. There was a terrible look on her face. She said, in a voice that didn't belong to her, "I just hope you're pleased with yourselves."

I said, with a last, dying flare of fight, "He's not our real father."

"No," she said in the same hard voice. "He was your real father's partner. Your real father ruined him, so that he had to go to Canada and take the only work he could get—in the forests. Then your real father ruined himself too. And he couldn't even face that. He left us all with ——" She shuddered, and the stiffness left her body. "Oh, well," she said hopelessly, "it doesn't matter."

She slammed the door, and we heard her run upstairs. We saw him go past the window, a small, hard, erect figure. I knew that Joan was as frightened as I was.

I went outside and started to run after him. I don't know what I was going to say. There was nothing I could say. Perhaps just walk behind him. Perhaps just touch his coat. I don't know.

But when I rounded the corner and saw him, I forgot about that. He was standing motionless in the middle of the street. Facing him, spread out in an arc, were Freddie Barratt and three of his friends.

Apart from them the street was empty. Every door was closed tight, and every curtain hung still, though I knew that in every house people were watching. They were watching—but they didn't want to know.

Freddie Barratt's face was bruised and swollen. Four to one though they were, they were wary, moving in silently, from different directions, a slithered half pace at a time. But he didn't stand a prayer.

Freddie Barratt struck the first blow. And something snapped in my mind. I didn't know what I was doing. I could hardly see for the haze in my eyes.

I rushed at them, sobbing and shouting, small arms flailing, a crazy small boy, little more than waist-high to Freddie Barratt. I stumbled into the middle of them. One of them tripped over me, cursed and fell. I went sprawling from a cuff on the ear, and another of them lurched over my legs.

In a few seconds I had reduced a murderous situation to a lunatic farce. Doors opened along the street. Women called out. Men emerged and stood alongside my stepfather in a silent row.

Freddie Barratt looked at them, shoved his hands in his trouser pockets and started to saunter away, whistling out of tune. His friends followed him.

And I was left lying in the gutter, tears running down my face, sobbing, though every breath tore my chest, "Leave my father alone. Leave my father alone."

My ear hurt and my head was throbbing. I'd twisted my ankle. He bent down and picked me up in his arms. His thin mouth was twisted at the corners. His light-blue eyes were bright. He said, "Come on, my son. Let's go home."

THE END

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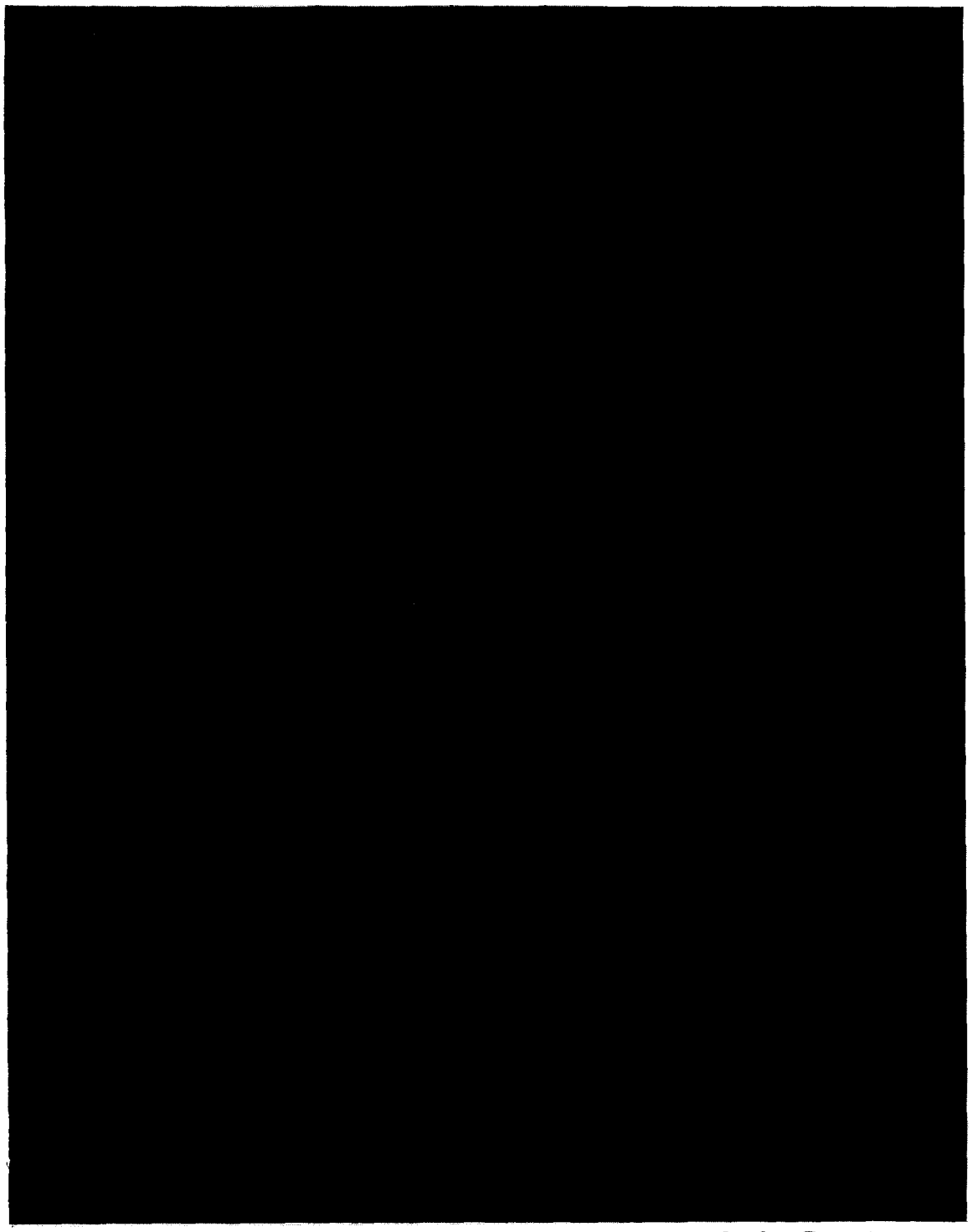
The Peacemakers By Marquis Childs / Part 2



And now, the meeting with the Russians . . .

Geoffrey Hawkes, the British Foreign Secretary, had hoped this morning would never come. In Switzerland for a peace conference that had been called because of impending nuclear war, he remained unconvinced that the conference could prevent a Middle East disaster, an incident which might easily include the rest of the world in total destruction. The Communists held massive nuclear striking power, time was short, and as he himself had confessed, "We are very close to catastrophe. We must find some kind of answer in twenty-four hours." The French were in danger of losing everything to Russian-backed political mercenaries, and so Algiers might soon be dominated by the Red Star. He knew this only too well as he paced his office. And yet whatever the cost, he could not agree to the American general's plan for atomic intervention to halt Russian advances. The general's guarantee of limited war was ridiculous. Hawkes continued to pace.

At that moment Caleb Fulton, the American Secretary of State, listened as General Gahagan presented his scheme for armed intervention. The American delegation had registered at the Hotel Ville de Calvin. Soon Hawkes would arrive for a brief discussion before the decisive lunch meeting with the Russians at their villa. Meanwhile an American nuclear division prepared to land on French soil within twelve hours.

■ Geoffrey Hawkes came into the room with a step that, if it was not jaunty, nevertheless had the spring of confidence. In the instant that he went over to meet him, Caleb Fulton reflected on the unfailing correctness of his appearance. This was something that could not be ascribed solely to the luxury of Blossom, to the cut of his suit, the invariable gloss of his shoes, the discretion of his tie. A deeply ingrained habit, it was more complex than the sum of these outward signs and symbols.

"I'm sure you've met Jerry Gahagan," the Secretary of State said, gesturing in the direction of the general.

"We must have met, general." The Foreign Secretary was all easy affability. "Do you know when I think it was? When I came over with the Joint Mission in 1959. We were doing something about weapons systems, I seem to recall. And I seem to recall a lunch in the Pentagon with your Secretary of Defense. McElroy, I believe it was then."

"Yes, of course." The general's geniality was meant to match that of Geoffrey Hawkes. "Yes, remember that lunch well, very pleasant occasion. You had General Bonstal with you."

"Yes, good old Tubby. I saw him just before I came away. Great old boy, Tubby."

As he took his place between them at the end of the conference table, Caleb Fulton reflected dourly on how thin was this veneer of affability.

"General Gahagan just came from Washington," the Secretary of State began, "and he has given us a very thorough and very fine presentation of the military measures he believes should be taken to meet this situation. He was authorized by the President to come here to get your reaction and mine to a proposal approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. . . . Am I right, Jerry?"

"Right!" said Jerry. "And let me say that the French are for it 100 per cent."

"I have had some intimation of your proposal," Geoffrey Hawkes put in. The affability had diminished by a degree. "Some telegrams that came in last night and this morning."

"Quick work!" General Gahagan said.

"But I should be very interested to hear of it from General Gahagan."

"Maybe if you just gave a condensed version, Geoffrey would get the idea," Caleb Fulton said.

"The full treatment is something, Geoffrey."

"I'm sure it is." In Geoffrey Hawkes's bland assent there was a hint of irony.

The concise version was a skillful piece of editing. For the performance, as performance, Caleb Fulton felt a swelling pride; it might almost have been a national pride. Geoffrey Hawkes could discount it, he was almost certain to reject it out of hand, but he could scarcely fail to be impressed by it. It came to an end with the same perfection of Q.E.D. The general waited, the outward discipline showing a respectful silence. The pause was appropriate as the Foreign Secretary took out his thin gold cigarette case, offered it to the others, and then lighted a cigarette.

"I quite agree with my friend Caleb," he began; "this is a brilliant proposal, brilliantly presented. I wish—and I say this as one who has lived from time to time on the knife edge and deplores the disease of indecisiveness, the Hamlet malady, which is the malady of our time—I wish, as I say, I could be persuaded by the logic, the brilliant logic, of your proposal." Abruptly his tone changed; he was didactic, formal. "But I cannot. When I first heard last evening in broad outline of the nature of this proposal, I talked with the Prime Minister in London. My government will not associate itself with such an endeavor. My government will do all in its power to dissuade others from engaging in such an endeavor. I believe, and the belief is shared by the cabinet, that it is doubtful that the engagement could succeed, doubtful that the war thus begun could be limited, and that one certain and immediate consequence would be the alienation of the entire Arab world and, as a matter of fact, of the African continent." Watching him closely,

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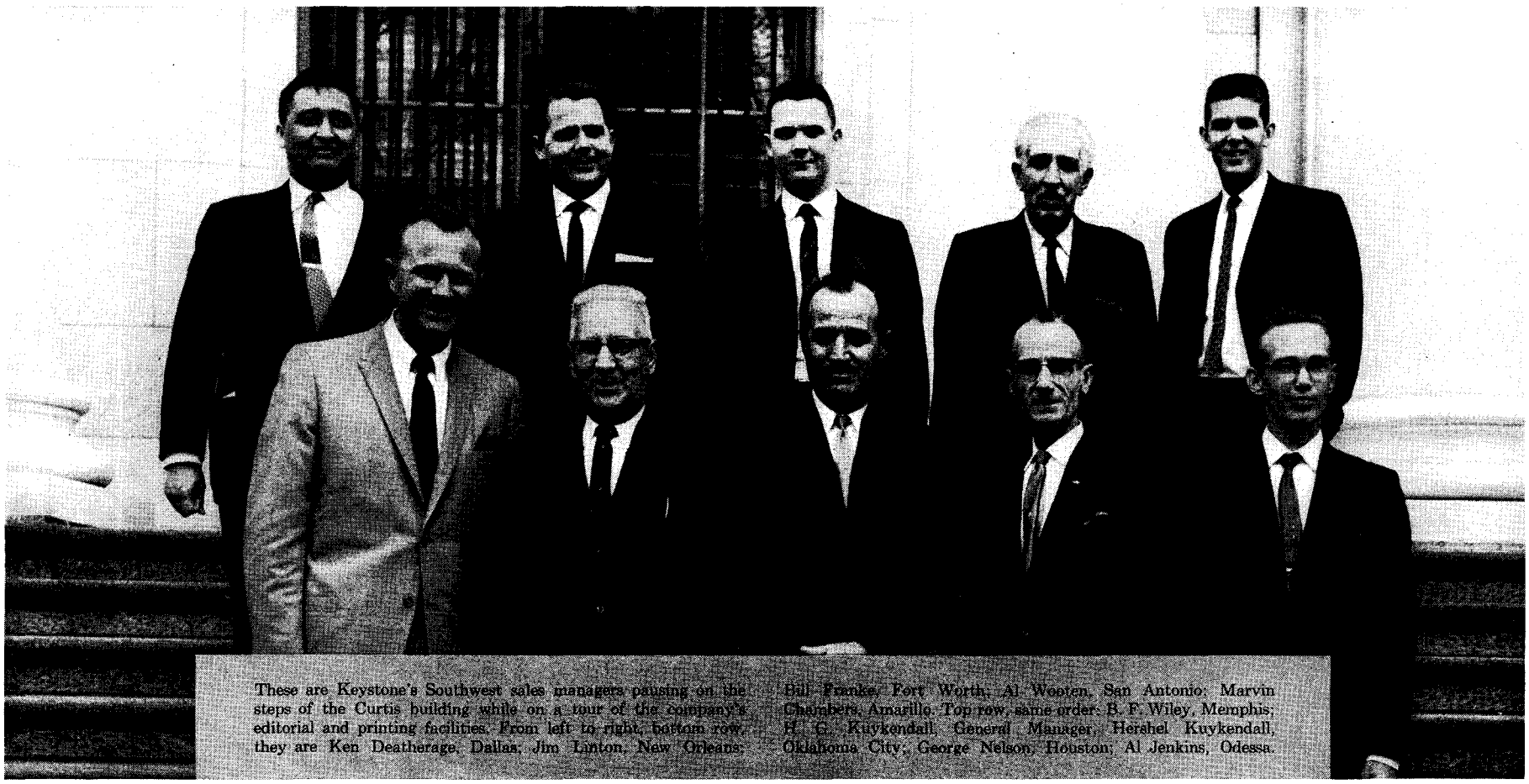

These are Keystone's Southwest sales managers pausing on the steps of the Curtis building while on a tour of the company's editorial and printing facilities. From left to right, bottom row, they are Ken Deatherage, Dallas; Jim Linton, New Orleans; Bill Franke, Fort Worth; Al Wooten, San Antonio; Marvin Chambers, Amarillo. Top row, same order: B. F. Wiley, Memphis; H. C. Kuykendall, General Manager; Hershel Kuykendall, Oklahoma City; George Nelson, Houston; Al Jenkins, Odessa.

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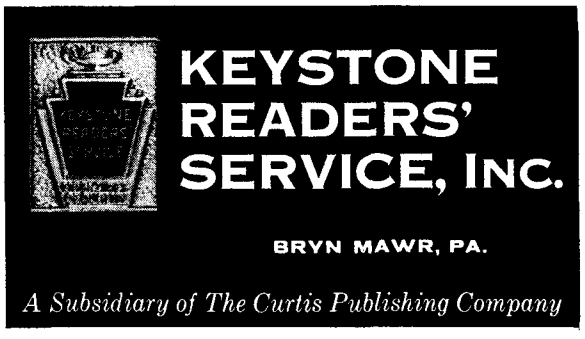

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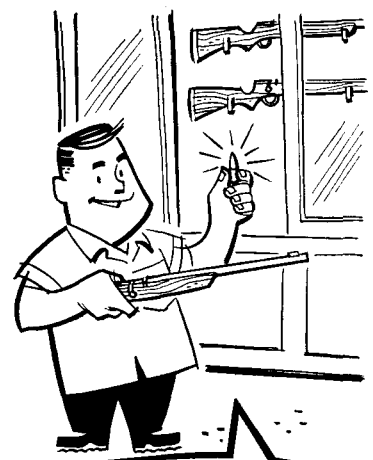

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PEACEMAKERS

Caleb saw the lines of the general's face tighten almost imperceptibly.

"I'd like to say that just those same things will happen if we don't go in." As though he found it difficult to bring out words as reasonable as this, General Gahagan's voice had a grating harshness. "You also have to figure the consequences if we decide we've got to act alone."

"That, I rather think, can be put quite simply. It would be, in one word, disastrous."

"You've been telling us that for a long time. Whenever we've wanted to act, you've held us back until ——"

Seeing the color mount in the general's face, his jaw set in a hard, unyielding line, Caleb Fulton began to interrupt.

"If I may, Caleb." The Foreign Secretary raised his voice a little, but it was still careful, unemotional. "I don't want to bore you as a teller of old tales. But at the time of the Indochina business—Dien Bien Phu—I had very junior rank in the Cabinet. I remember so vividly when Admiral Radford came to Downing Street with his appeal for the strike. But there could be no question—Winston was never in doubt—of our going along with a strike from the Gulf of Tonkin, a strike with atomic bombs. We believe that subsequent events have proved the correctness of our position. I suggest to you, General Gahagan, a parallel with what is happening today."

"Well, I happen to think you were wrong then. We could have stopped it right then and there."

"I'm sorry to disagree with you, general."

The cool, precise British voice seemed to act as a goad. General Gahagan leaned across the table. There could be no mistaking the dark color of anger in his face. Again raising his voice to intervene, Caleb Fulton found himself shouted down.

"If you want to know what I think, I think you've lost your nerve. You can't take it. You've lost your guts."

Abruptly the Foreign Secretary rose, saying, "I'm very sorry, Caleb, but I cannot stay here and hear things such as this said."

"Just a moment if you please, Geoffrey. First I want to ask you to accept my apologies for what you have heard." Then, turning on the general, he said in a severe, distant voice, "General Gahagan, you have overstepped the bounds of your mission and the bounds of propriety. I must ask you to apologize to the Foreign Secretary."

In the long silence that followed, it seemed to Caleb Fulton that he alone of the three men standing at the end of the table had any concern for the horror of what lay behind their quarrel. The two others were specialists, prepared by tradition and training for their roles. They were speaking familiar lines in parts which, beneath the surface rancor, they rather enjoyed.

"I apologize, sir," General Gahagan said, breaking the silence at last. "I had no intention of giving offense. I guess I was carried away by the way I feel about this." He tried to smile, but the grimace scarcely altered the frozen, set look on his face.

Inclining his head slightly, the Foreign Secretary said, "The apology is accepted, General Gahagan. Do let us forget about it."

"Jerry," Caleb Fulton spoke in an easier, conversational voice, "I wonder if you would go down to my office—Duke is outside, and he'll show you where it is—and talk with Merton Simms a little bit until I can come down. Geoffrey and I want to have a chat."

"Very well, sir!"

General Gahagan turned and left the room.

The Foreign Secretary took out the thin gold cigarette case and made the familiar gesture of offering it to Caleb Fulton and with great deliberation lighted a cigarette and blew out a long plume of smoke. He felt an extraordinary sense of triumph, elation almost, that he would not by the slightest intimation reveal. The general's temper had been a fortuitous bit of luck. Surely it must influence Caleb against this rash, harebrained adventure.

"Phew! That was something," Caleb Fulton said with a little chuckle. "I'm sorry for it."

"Oh, come, come. After all, we all have our generals. We have Monty, you know. One does reflect on the analogy of the Greeks and the Romans. This occurred to me in the midst of our ferocious general's declamation. He might have been an Augustan general, charged with the impossible task of keeping order at the farthest reaches of the imperial domain. Does that sound plausible, Caleb? Am I maundering—like the shade of Porphyry?"

Caleb Fulton recalled on the moment that Duke Ziegler's nickname for the Foreign Secretary was Shakespeare Sophocles Balzac, a tribute to his literary allusions. The others on the delegation had taken it up. This was a Greek in that he was so much more subtle, devious even, one could say, in his way of dealing with the Romans.

"No, no, the analogy doesn't really hold. We're certainly not the Romans and, while you may be the Greeks in some respects, you hold your possessions far better than they ever did. You have had many Alexanders. But Geoffrey"—he was suddenly serious—"after Jerry's fireworks we're still left with a crisis."

"How well I know. And I should think that the weight of it lies on you more than perhaps on any other individual, if I may say so. I have made my choice or, to put it properly, my government has made it."

Caleb had torn a sheet from the scratch pad before him and was absorbed in folding it and folding it again into a number of small pleats. It was a task that seemed to demand all his concentration.

"Of course, there's no real choice," he said. "We can't go off on that kind of adventure. Too many elements fall outside the calculations of the military men."

"You do believe that, do you?" The Foreign Secretary felt like a swimmer long submerged who had burst forth on the surface to take in a desperate gulp of air. "I had thought you would."

"But where do we go?" Caleb Fulton looked up suddenly, brushing the folded paper to one side. "That's what I don't see. Do you?"

"I believe we must go to the Security Council. If, that is, a quick sounding of the Bear yields us nothing."

"The idea of a sounding was thrown up at staff meeting this morning and ——"

The marine guard held the door open and Duke Ziegler came into the room with his shambling gait. "I'm sorry, chief, but this just came into the communications room for you on an 'eyes-only' basis. I knew you'd want to see it right away." He held out to the Secretary a sealed envelope. "Hope you'll excuse me, Mr. Hawkes."

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"I must be going on, Caleb. After all, we shall see each other at lunch. That dreary lunch with the Bear." The Foreign Secretary was about to rise.

"If you don't mind my reading this for a moment, I wish you'd wait." He was tearing the envelope open. "Thank you, Duke. That will be all." Quickly he scanned the document and then put it back into the envelope. He looked across at Geoffrey Hawkes.

"Just in the bosom of the family, I'm going to tell you what's in this. It's from the Acting Secretary. Late last evening the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the majority leader of the Senate and the Senate whip went down to his house to tell him that he was to pass the word on to me that they expected me to stand firm against any compromise on this business in Tunisia. I don't know whether this will leak out in Washington or not. But you can see what it does to me."

"I do see, Caleb. I quite understand. If anything could have made your situation more difficult, this has done it."

"Yes, that's right." His first reaction was to be defensive, knowing the thoughts that must be in Geoffrey Hawkes's mind about the eternal complexities of the American system of conducting foreign policy. But he quickly rejected this. Grinning a little, he added, "They're trying to put the shackles on me."

The two men walked slowly to the door. For a moment Geoffrey Hawkes's hand rested on the arm of the Secretary of State.

"I do understand, Caleb. I do understand. But we have so little time. Hugh Grimsby is sounding Volkonkov at lunch, and I shall at least chip away a little at Stoneface. If we have for our pains merely a dusty answer, then in my view we must go instantly to the Security Council."

Caleb Fulton looked at the watch on his wrist. It was a few minutes before twelve. That would be a few minutes before seven in Washington. This was hardly the time to rouse the President. That would come only after he, Caleb Fulton, had made a decision. If he went over at once to the apartment, he would have a few minutes to talk to Clarabelle before she went out.

11:45 A.M

As he paced back and forth, his feet made a slight crunching noise on the fine white gravel of the terrace. Frédéric Duhamel had been walking back and forth for a quarter of an hour in the full sun. He thought with a half humorous, half bitter self-contempt how absurd it was that he should be following the minutes of this day as they passed one by one. How could they count for less than they count in my life, he asked himself? For more than twenty hours the Foreign Minister of France had not been in communication with his government. His dispatches, his inquiries, his requests were sent into a distant void, and of what might be happening in that void he had no knowledge.

Plainly the void was not merely a void. Orders were being given. Great decisions were being taken. Several times during the morning he had considered trying to telephone the general, to demand to know what position he should take, what words he should speak. But remembering how difficult it was, even in an ordinary time, to get access to the general, he stopped short.

After all, he was not a petitioner, not a beggar. If they chose to ignore him in this moment of such great gravity for France, then he would somehow endure as best he could his rejection.

Yet he perceived that the resolution which he tried to summon to sustain him was also a little absurd. He could not, it was almost certain, get through to the Presence. In the corridors of the Elysée Palace the new young men were moving with brisk military precision from one appointed task to another. The direct lines to Algiers and the front in Tunisia would be open. This was

another long and terrible gamble with destiny, and the stakes

were grandeur, glory. But if they were to fall into the pit, then they might need him; then the call might come. And this was the day. He looked at his watch. It was three minutes past twelve. As he turned sharply at the end of the terrace, he was aware of a figure framed in the long windows standing open onto the terrace. For a moment he felt a little foolish that Michel Gavereau de Bouverie should have found him thus, pacing up and down distractedly. Michel was smiling, the good-natured smile that was somewhere between the warmth of friendship and the professional urbanity, the charm, that he wore with such ease.

"How are you today, my friend?" he asked from the doorway. "You are a tiger in a cage, and I have been watching you here in your beautiful zoo."

"Yes, in a cage." The Foreign Minister brought it out wryly. "And how does it happen that you are outside the cage? Outside the zoo looking in at me?"

"Oh, as for me," he said as he came out into the full sunlight and with a formal irony shook the hand of his friend, "I simply refuse to lock the door. I come and go. Perhaps it will be closed behind me, but I shall try to prevent it. Now I have come to console you in your captivity."

"You are so very kind!" The older man observed that even in the brilliant light the strong, handsome face was unlined. It was an outrage that he should look so young and, yes, happy. "You have been idling I suppose? Enjoying yourself?"

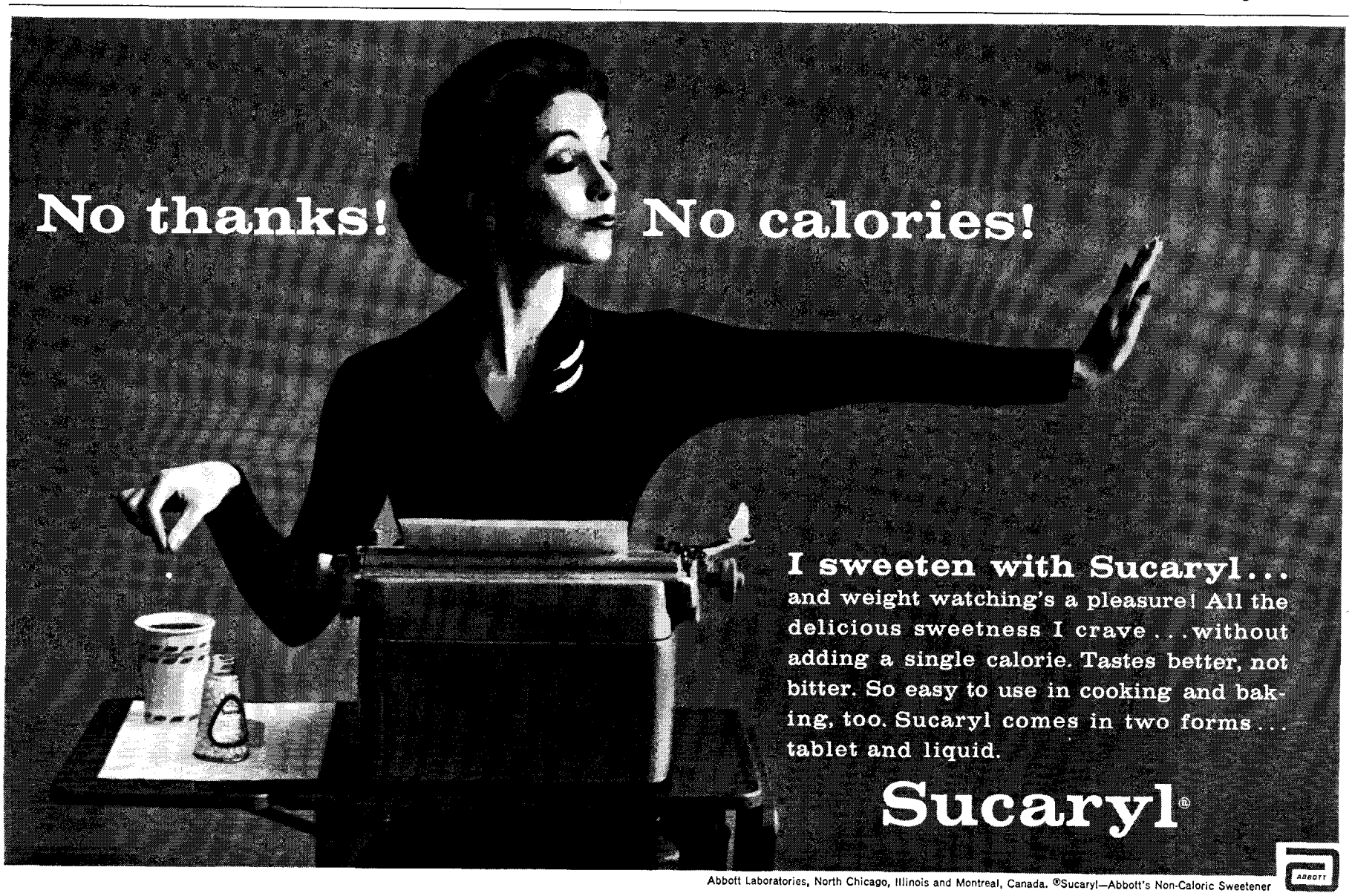
"I will confess that I went for a swim this morning. The water was very cold, but I felt wonderful afterward, simply glowing all over."

"What a fool you are to go in that icy water." There was contempt in the Foreign Minister's voice. "You are as childish as the Americans."

It was a measure of their friendship that the younger man exploded with laughter. "I do know how to make you angry. Please, do come and sit down." He took the arm of his friend and led him to the edge of the terrace where a table and several garden chairs stood. "There are the trees, the sun, the lake. You will destroy yourself, my friend; you must be calm."

In Frédéric Duhamel's tense, withdrawn face was no sign that he had heard. "Oh, yes, we have a beautiful villa. We have the most beautiful villa on the lake. And we have the finest chef. We French always do very well for ourselves."

"You have heard nothing then?"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"Nothing, nothing, nothing."

The words were stones dropped into the bitter well of his despair. He leaned forward, his elbows on the table, tension in all the lines of his body.

"It is abominable, miserable, unspeakable that they should treat you in this fashion," Michel said. "These incredibly stupid people. As for me, I've been trying to gather a few morsels of information. That is what I have been doing this morning." Duhamel's thin, almost desiccated face turned, the eyes fixed in a stare, unbelieving, in a sense uncomprehending. "And you have found?"

"Very little, I'm afraid. Little more than we knew at midnight. There are still perhaps five to six hours before the main forces are engaged. I think of my brother." He paused a moment, looking straight at Duhamel with something like a challenge, the line of his jaw tightening. "But he is very lucky," he said, relaxed again, "and he is very brave. In Indochina and now in this war. A very brave man."

"Bravery is not enough," the Foreign Minister said, "not enough in the contemptible time in which we live. You learned nothing else?"

"The American general has been here. What is his name? I can never remember. Oh, yes, Gahagan. He has come with a plan for intervention, immediate intervention. I saw Tom Brace for a few moments. In Paris they are apparently eager for ——"

"And I am not told this," Duhamel broke in, his voice faltering with the intensity of his feeling. "I am left here in the dark to be humiliated before my colleagues. Left to play the fool! How can I endure this after the years and years of my life that I have spent ——"

Michel leaned forward and clasped the hands of his friend, holding them in a fierce grip as though he could in this way help him to save himself. It was the need for physical contact, the warmth of one human being, of one close friend, for another, that he felt, almost as a physical passion at seeing his friend suffer so terribly.

"My friend, my dear friend," he said.

As though it had cost him a wrenching and groaning, an inner torment that had been by some miracle suppressed, the Foreign Minister rose and stood for a moment, leaning on the table, looking sightlessly down before him. Then he resumed his seat, his face thinly drawn, showing nothing.

"Please forgive me," he said quietly.

"It is I who must ask you to forgive. You are in Hell, and I stand outside; a kind of miserable little Dante looking on at your tortures. Forgive me."

"With you it is different. You are not committed in the sense that I am. No matter how this ends, I see my whole life, everything I have put into politics, into a public career ——" He shrugged. "*Fini!* I tell myself that this is not important when France herself is so near to catastrophe. But I cannot convince myself of my own unimportance. This is what comes of the exercise of even a little power. At the end of the world you will wonder about your own obituary notice. You will wonder whether the woman at the next table is smiling at you because you are so handsome, or whether you imagined it."

"Now, your excellency, at last you are speaking about something important." He grimaced humorously, and his friend actually smiled a little.

"You are incorrigible. You are not coming to the lunch with our dear Soviet comrades today?"

"But my friend, you told me that I was excused." In his hurt surprise was all his charm.

"But yes, certainly! Of course you shall not go to this boring lunch where all that we can do in any event is to keep up a foolish pretense that we know a great deal more than we do know. Bénard will come with me. It is all arranged."

"I shall return here at two o'clock, or a little after, to see if there are any dispatches, and then I can meet you at the Palais when you come after the lunch. And then late this afternoon, perhaps, if the session goes on in the same old way, it is just possible that I ——"

Duhamel laughed out loud, a sharp dry laugh. Pleased that he had drawn him out of his despondency, Michel looked at him with a kind of boyish guilt in his face.

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"On the day—the day the machine stops—I shall have no fear for you," Duhamel said. "You are happy?"

"Yes, I am very happy."

"And you are being discreet?"

"I cannot be certain. You know, of course, it is Cynthia. I am serious, very serious, my friend. I know it has a schoolboy sound. But I must tell you that I think I have never been in love before."

"Oh, my God!"

"You may well say so. It could be that I shall do something extremely foolish. I shall ask my wife for a divorce. There has never been a divorce in my family. It is something my mother never fails to tell me. She has a great devotion to family tradition."

"And where is Tom Brace? I had heard—perhaps from you?"

"He is put aside. I am triumphant in the field."

"We French always do well. She is charming, a most beautiful and charming woman. What is the matter with these Englishmen? He has another woman, this Grimsby?"

"I don't think so at all. He is sad. We shall not talk about him. We shall talk about Cynthia. She has intellect and a heart, as well as being beautiful. You will admit this is rare. Most beautiful women are narcissistic. We have talked seriously about —— I am boring you?"

The older man shook his head gently, smiling and looking even a little relaxed. There could scarcely be more than ten years' difference in their ages, Michel reflected, and yet he thought of him as venerable. So much had happened in his life; the escape to England and then the return and the perilous years in the Resistance, in one government after another, one of the few figures of reason and order, accepting utterly impossible tasks such as this one because it seemed to be his duty. Yet for all the weary lines in his face, you could still see the brilliant young student at the head of his class in the École des Sciences Politiques. If the death of France was imminent, then it was his own death—the death of everything for which he had slaved and sacrificed. Was it more than the reflex of the wounded ego? Seeing the somber face, the eyes deeply shadowed, Michel thought that it was.

"You've been patient to listen," Michel said.

"Not at all, not at all. I am very fond of you, you know that, and I'm glad that you're happy. If you can snatch this from the flames"—he laughed again, his short dry laugh—"then so much the better. Naturally I envy you—such a beautiful, charming woman." He paused, the weary face drawn down again in somber withdrawal. "But I must tell you one thing before you go. In what I said earlier, I did not mean to be disloyal. I hope you understand that. I do not blame him, the general. For you see what he is going through is much more horrible than it is for me here. I felt that I must say this to you so that you would not think I was condemning, even by implication, a great man, a very great man, the greatest man of our age."

"I understand, I do understand," Michel said solemnly.

"If only I could know. If it were not for this feeling of being cut off, utterly cut off. But we must both leave now."

They walked slowly across the terrace. For a moment as they stood in the open doorway, the Foreign Minister put his hands on the younger man's shoulders and stood facing him. "You have helped me," he said. "You have helped me very much, and now have a pleasant lunch as I know you will and my respectful salutation to Cynthia. I know you will not mind if I call her Cynthia."

Coward, cheat, deserter—these were the words with which Michel reproached himself as he hurried down the drive and got into the low, red Alfa-Romeo that his mother's chauffeur had driven up from Paris for him. I am running away, he said; I am leaving that noble and splendid man alone when I should be at his side in this time of trial. But the air was so fresh and the movement so swift and exhilarating that he could not long sustain this self-abasement. It was glorious to be driving so fast and to think that in a few minutes Cynthia would be sitting in the seat beside him. He put his hand down on the leather of the seat. What a fool you are, he said; a complete fool. Surely Cynthia with all her wisdom must know it. Was it perhaps why she loved him? He was completely confident that she loved him as no other woman, certainly not his wife, had ever loved him. But the time had been so short. Was it only ten days ago that they had first made love? Seeing the road curve out before him along the shore of the lake, he felt a sudden intense elation—as he had felt that morning when in the early sunlight he had come out of the cold water, breathing hard, drawing in the air after his swim. I am alive—I am going to meet the woman I love.

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She always met him on the Boulevard des Philosophes, just at the edge of the Old Town, near the university. From quite a long way off he could see her sitting there by a table on the terrace of the small café where she waited. She was wearing the blue dress that he loved to see her wear. She would be having a small glass of dry vermouth, and she would tell him that he was late. He came opposite her and brought the car to a stop with a great whoosh of brakes. She put some money down on the table and came toward him with her quick, eager step.

"I've been waiting for you for hours." She stood for a moment, looking down at him. "I know I'm going to be early, but each time I come anyway because I just can't help it."

"Get in," he said, patting the red leather. "Put yourself right here."

He took her hand to help her into the low seat. They looked at each other in silence. He put his finger on her slightly full lower lip.

"Shall we go to our little room now?" he said in almost a whisper.

"Darling, now?" She looked startled as though she had been wakened out of a light sleep. "Right spank in the middle of the day?"

"Yes, right now. What time is a better time than now?"

"But my dear ——" She let her hand rest on his. "You see, I like to think about it a little bit in advance. Does that sound terribly foolish? You said you could come this afternoon."

"Yes, yes, but of course. How can I resist saying that to you whenever I see you? But you are right, Cynthia. We shall meet at our little room at five o'clock."

He had turned the car around and they were roaring off in the direction of their restaurant. It was really a country inn, where they could feel fairly confident that they would see no one they knew. He always discussed with the wife of the proprietor, who was a part of their conspiracy, what they might have for lunch. They had come here on the first day that they had made love. And now it was all of a piece, the dialogue with the proprietress, and how old was the lamb, how was it cooked, and the *fraises des bois*—well, they had better see them first, and the last time the clotted cream had not been quite right. The proprietor's wife punctuated this with giggles, but Michel was very serious. He had seen to it that they had a supply of Pommard of a good year.

"I am a dog," he said when the waitress had gone away.

"Yes, you are a dog," she said, "but a beautiful dog. And what does this make me?"

"No, my dear, I'm quite serious." He stared at her with the thoughtful, solemn look that she always found somehow comical. "I've abandoned Frédéric. Poor Frédéric! On this day, this day ——"

"I know he'll forgive you. What could you do for him at that dull, terrible lunch? Is he in a bad way? Is it really so awful then?"

"Yes, I think it is. But perhaps not. Who knows? Anyway I'm here with you."

"Oh, it's always been like this. Crying doom, doom, doom." There was a rebelliousness in her voice, as though she would shut out everything else. "While I was waiting for you back there, I was thinking of time and how it vanishes—just simply vanishes. And suddenly for no reason in the world, I really don't know why, I remembered walking in our garden in the country. I must have been about ten or eleven. But I remember it so vividly. I was in the herb garden, and I picked something, some leaves, and crushed them between my hands. The most delicious smell! It was a beautiful sunny day like this. And I can remember that I thought, this will go, this will vanish. Suddenly I was sad. Now why do you suppose I remembered that tiny, tiny incident?" She was looking at him intently.

"I don't know. You are a very strange girl, a very dear girl."

"Oh, Michel, I know. It is because I love you so much. That's why I remembered a moment when, briefly, I was alive."

He saw that there were tears in her eyes. Deeply moved, he took her hand in his.

They spoke but little as Madame Fucinet, the proprietor's wife, bustled back and forth with one dish after another. There was between them a peaceful contentment. The things they spoke of were small things, as though, he reflected, they had been living together for years and years in quiet bliss, without the need for words. The Camembert was at the exact and perfect stage of ripeness, the *fraises des bois* with a sweet wild taste. He filled her wineglass as she sat with her steady, concentrated gaze fixed on him.

"What do you say in English?" He touched her hand. "A penny for your thoughts."

"English is a stuffy language. You can't say nearly so many loving things in English as you can in French." She smiled briefly and was silent for a moment. "I was thinking a simple thought—what heaven it is to be with you."

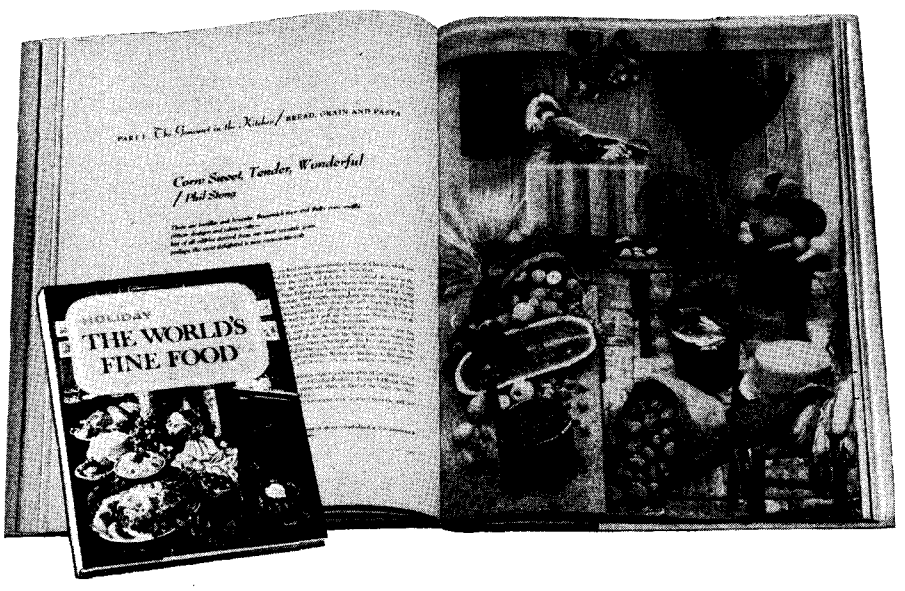
"I have something I must say to you," he began. "I spoke of it to Frédéric this morning ——"

"Darling, it's so perfect," she broke in, "just as it is ——"

"No, I must say it to you now. Between us, this is not a passing affair. We know this. We are not children. I mean to ask my wife for a divorce, and I want you to marry me if you can bring yourself to."

"Oh, Michel!" She had a sharp, clear realization of what this would mean in the ordered pattern of his life—the maze of complex relationships and conventions adhering to an old name, a name clinging through all the storms that had beset France like foolish and fantastic ivy preening itself with a life of its own, making gay the ruins or the battlements as they came to hand. She remembered somewhere seeing a series of magnificent reproductions of the Beauvais tapestries and someone's pointing out to her the Gavereau de Bouverie face. And here it was across the table. The ivy had flourished in the Resistance, in those dark days, she thought with something almost like pride, knowing Michel's record. "Your family would simply die, especially your mother. And what of your wife? You've told me almost nothing about her."

"My wife?" It was as though she had brought the name of a stranger into their conversation. "My wife has a complete life of her own that you would hardly understand. She is so unbelievably busy that I scarcely ever see her. Appointments for her hair, her clothes, her face. And then her friends, they take a great deal of her time; telephone conversations that go on forever. If we happen to be at home on the same night, we may sleep together in a quite friendly way. But this is not important. I think Hélène has had several lovers. Oh, of course, when I ask her for a



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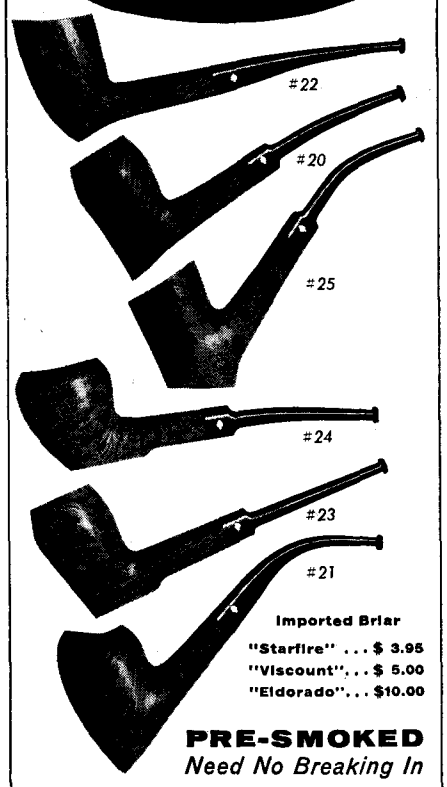

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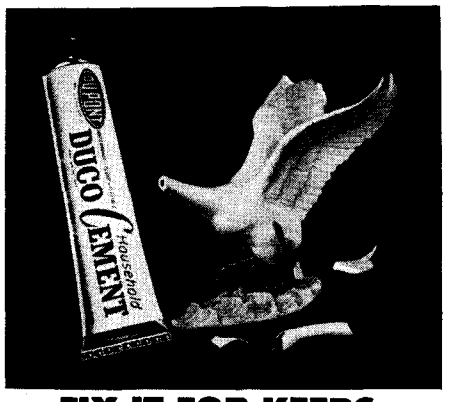

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divorce, there'll be hell. This will cause a revolution. But like all revolutions—and we have had so many in France—things will sort themselves out afterward. I should think that Hélène might even marry again. I think probably an annulment could be arranged in the Church. These things take time—and money. But they are possible. Fortunately we have no children. This makes it much simpler. My mother adores me, and finally she would accept it and accept you, because she would see in you everything that I see in you, and she has never really liked Hélène. And then there is Charles, such a splendid *homme de famille*, with an heir and a great gift for managing the family properties. But what of your family? Here is something too. When I met your father, I thought, Here is John Bull. And John Bull is proud. What of Hugh?"

"Oh, Hugh, I can hardly bear to speak about him. I suppose it's a feeling of guilt really."

"You English, you are always feeling guilty. It is sad."

"Michel," she said, laughing, "that is beneath you. The oldest cliché in the world. I suppose it is true. But I've been beastly to Hugh. He was wildly jealous of Tom Brace. And now you."

"Tom Brace," he said, a note of inquiry in his voice. "I had thought that I might be jealous of him."

"Oh, how foolish. It might have been true, a long time ago, a year ago."

"Women are attracted to this man. He has qualities."

"Yes," she said, "but let's get back to Hugh. He is like your wife, you know, so preoccupied, so busy. He might better live at the Foreign Office. I know it's important, and I know he's brilliant. But there it is. I almost never see him. About a divorce I don't know. He would say yes, very properly and correctly, and behind that stiff, prim exterior he would be terribly, terribly hurt."

"How sad." He shook his head, a puzzled, uncomprehending look on his face. "But please do not ask me to try to understand."

"No, you couldn't understand him, not possibly. As for father, I could bring him around. He is getting used to things. After all so many of my friends have been divorced. Oh, Michel, we're mad, bemused, sun-struck, aren't we, talking in this fashion?"

The view was so alluring, so irresistible. But in a moment a kind of panic seized her. She had been running with outstretched arms, believing in it, and now in spectral shapes all the disillusion of the past rose up to close the path. The long, gnawing quarrel with Hugh—their own cold war, she called it. And why, just because the beginning was different, would this end any other way? But even through the forest of the past the vista was still there. She wanted so much to believe in it. That morning in an obscure shop in the Old Town, she and Anne Hawkes had found a Meissen figurine of Pierrot. It was enchanting, and they had both exclaimed over it. Anne had bought it, although it was very expensive. Thirty guineas. Then just before Anne had dropped her at the hotel, quite out of the blue she had turned and said, "I want you to have this. It is so like you." Anne had said it with such tenderness, as though it had been a pact between them, a sign of her understanding of what was happening in Cynthia's life, that there could be no protesting. She had taken the figurine, and Anne had kissed her on the cheek gently. She could feel her fingers now closing around the smooth surface of her lovely Pierrot, which was lucky, lucky, lucky.

But she said again, almost sternly, "It's so mad of us, and you know it."

"Believe me, believe me, Cynthia, we can make our life together—this you must believe."

They stood up to go. He held her in a long embrace.

"You do believe?" he whispered.

"Yes, I do." She felt that no joy in her life could ever again equal her surrender to this belief, to the passionate conviction that they shared.

"And now we must run," he said as they broke apart. He looked at his watch. "We have no time, no time at all. I must get the dispatches for Frédéric, if there are any, before I go to the Palais."

He drove like a demon, and she sat beside him in silence, crouched low, only occasionally glancing up at him to see his face with the line of his jaw set sternly. He stopped in the Rue du Mont-Blanc, the narrow shopping street that was only a few minutes' walk from the Hôtel Beau-Rivage. This was their concession to discretion. For just a moment he paused, looking down at her intently.

"At five, in our little room," he said. "I won't be late if I can possibly help it. Until then, my dearest."

He was gone. She watched the red car until it was out of sight, and then she began to walk slowly, sedately toward the Beau-Rivage. That she walked thus, properly and discreetly, seemed to her almost the most comic thing she had ever known. For

in the ecstasy she felt, she was soaring, swooping

in great arcs, spurning the ground and seeing each familiar object with an unbearable intensity. Transformed, utterly transformed, she thought with wonder, seeing ordinary things, the wing of a sailboat, the swans in the water below the promenade. It was the moment in the herb garden, to be cherished forever.

1:30 P.M.

The three men in the limousine were as though by mutual consent silent. But Caleb Fulton knew that it was his mood, his withdrawal into gloomy introspection, that enforced the silence on the two others. Merton Simms and Tom Brace were respectful of the cocoon of inner concentration that he had chosen to draw down around himself for this brief interval of the ride from the Hôtel Ville de Calvin to the villa of the Russians on a rather unfashionable stretch of the shore just below the Palais.

He was brooding over his own fate and, even as he did so, he saw in what a foolish light he stood. You carried the responsibility alone, and it was therefore your failure or, remotely, your success. So, foolishly you saw History, looking like a Vassar graduate of 1910, one of those symbolic ladies in the vast foyer of the Library of Congress, writing your name, all adorned with stars, in her book. But History was the long muddle of faceless men, and the individuals whose names came to the surface were merely accidents, a few feeble raisins in the squalid, awful pudding.

He was aware that the call from Senator Wishart had helped to induce this mood. Clarabelle had calmed him as he sat with her, exchanging trifles, sensing her unspoken sympathy as now and then he gave her a glimpse into the dark recesses of his foreboding. And then he had gone from the apartment to the office, and Randy Wishart was on the phone from Washington. Randy more than any other single individual had brought about Caleb Fulton's appointment. As the senior senator from Ohio, with all his swelling influence, his amiable pomposity, Randy, to put it in the crudest possible way, had Caleb at the top of his patronage list. The President-elect was deeply in Randy Wishart's debt, for both his nomination and his election. So Caleb heard the cracker-barrel voice of Senator Wishart with more than ordinary concern. The senator said he was sitting there in his study at home, reading the *Post* and the *Times* and having a first cup of coffee, reading all about the conference and what was happening in Tunisia, and the impulse had come over him to call Caleb up.

"You can't let us down; you know we believe in you," he had said solemnly. It was so hard to know what to reply to that sort of thing. Randy Wishart sounded like the cheerleader or the coach on the day of the big game. Caleb felt something almost like envy for Randy Wishart, sitting there in his study in his comfortable house in Chevy Chase and calling on his old friend and protégé, the captain of the team on the day of the big game, to take the ball and run down the field with it. But which way lay victory? Where were the goal posts?

Just ahead he saw the car of the Frenchmen about to turn into the entrance of the Russian villa. And he knew that not far behind would be Geoffrey Hawkes. They were exceedingly protocolaire with the Russians, arriving exactly on the dot. It struck him as absurd, these three great black beetles in procession, each its own national species. Duhamel's Citroën was elegant, light and yet disdainful. If not a direct descendant of the sedan chair, nevertheless it owed something to it. His own Cadillac was pure triumphal war chariot, those fierce points at the rear, and surely there must be sharp scythes to fasten to the wheels so that the conqueror could mow down any host before him. Yes, it was Roman. And Geoffrey's Rolls was the sleek car of the gods, gliding down from Olympus. As for the Russian Zis, it was nothing more than a converted tank, massive, designed for the sheer brute usage of power. But abruptly he was recalled to reality. As they had been about to turn into the gates, something struck the side of the car with a bang.

"What was that?" he exclaimed.

"I believe there's some trouble out there," Merton said. "The Soviet guards have got hold of somebody."

Caleb quickly signaled to the chauffeur to stop. The two guards at the gate held a struggling figure. "Good Lord, it's Mike Anker," the Secretary said. "You'll have to do something about this, Tom."

Tom Brace was already out of the car. With a few reassuring words in Russian, which he spoke fluently, he persuaded the guards to release their American captive. "You damned well might have caused some serious trouble," Brace said as he walked back to the car with Mike. "These people play for keeps, you know."

"What in the world happened?" the Secretary demanded, peering out of the window. "Were you trying to blow the place up, Mike?"

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"What happened was that he threw a rock at the side of the car," Tom Brace said, "that's what happened, and those birds with the guns made a rush for him."

For a moment it seemed that Mike Anker was so consumed with fury that he was speechless. But then the volcano erupted in full force. "Sure I threw a rock, and the next time I'll throw it through the window. You're a bunch of double-crossers. I got the word you'd see me before you came on out here. And then you sneaked out that back way. What's the matter? There are a few people back home who'd like to know what's going on here at this rat race. I've got a few million listeners who'd like to know. How about telling us something once in a while ——"

"Now, now, Mike, just a minute," Caleb Fulton broke in, trying to keep his impatience out of his voice. "We didn't sneak out at all. We're trying to find our way out of a hornets' nest. That's all there is to it for the moment. As Tom says, you might have caused serious trouble this way."

"Well, we'd have something to send back home anyway. I've been shot at by tougher birds than these. What's going on? How are you going to settle it, this hassle?"

A little group had gathered—Bradlee Horton, two or three reporters who had been waiting at the gate, a Swiss policeman and several passers-by. Caleb Fulton was aware that they were all waiting for him to speak.

"We don't know," he said.

"That's a hell of a note," Mike Anker said and turned abruptly away.

The limousine rolled through the gates as the Russian guards stood at the salute.

"Whew!" Caleb Fulton sighed deeply. "That was all that we would have needed to complete this day."

"The American press! Fantastic!" Tom Brace exclaimed. "But it's the hair shirt we live with. I don't suppose we'd trade Mike Anker for *Pravda* or *Izvestia*, would we?"

"Sometimes I think I might," Merton Simms said solemnly.

"No, no," the Secretary murmured, "let's keep Mike."

There was Stoneface standing ready to greet them just inside the entrance of the drawing room, smiling his stony, impervious smile. Before they had exchanged a word, Caleb felt, as so often before, the depressing sense of trying to communicate with someone in a diving suit, encased completely in some thick glutinous stuff that kept out all normal human sounds. You could shout until you lost your voice and your temper, and the words, no matter how hot and impassioned, would run down off the exterior like tired little raindrops and fall in the gutter. Occasionally a sympathetic dinner partner drew him out on the difficulties of the language barrier with the Russians, everything one said filtered through the mind of one who thought in a strange and difficult language, and you were never sure whether the filter was dense or subtle or refined, or perhaps just simply incompetent. Certainly it was a handicap. But it was getting through at all, always wondering, even when they spoke English well as did Stoneface, whether there was any comprehension of what you were trying to say or even for that matter an effort to comprehend.

Advancing to meet Stoneface, smiling a smile that must surely have looked as contrived as that of his host, he felt suddenly unequal to the exercise of so much pointless, nonsensical duplicity. The game of conversation that you played was so futile. On this day when the sound of gunfire was so close, when that

vaporous, nuclear light might even now be suffusing the distant horizon,

it was intolerable. You could say, as he was saying now to the Soviet Foreign Minister, "My, what beautiful weather we're having," and the response might be a recitation of the mean temperatures in Moscow between June twenty-third and July second. But Stoneface gave an affable reply, "Yes, we are very fortunate in this weather. It is an ideal condition for our deliberations." You might suspect that this last was an essay in irony, a dire, dim kind of humor, having one on you, knowing that you were in the trap, and perhaps it was, but you could never be sure. The premises were so entirely different. But no, there was no slightest chink in the wall. The point of the game was to bat the ball back as effortlessly and as gently as possible. That, of course, was on the social level, when you kept up the pretense that you were not each holding a knife behind your respective backs.

"It is very warm in Moscow now," the Soviet Foreign Minister said; "it is the season for the *dacha*."

Caleb went on into the room. Behind him he heard, as though it had been an echo of his own conversation, Geoffrey Hawkes exchanging almost exactly the same platitudes with Stoneface. He saw Duhamel standing for a moment alone, and he made for him.

"Well, well," he began, a kind of parody of warmth and bonhomie in his voice of which he himself was unpleasantly aware, "and here we meet again."

Duhamel merely nodded, a faintly polite smile on his face, and raised the glass he held in his hand in a gesture of salute.

"I wanted to try to call you this morning, but I got kind of tied up. We had General Gahagan in here for a few hours this morning with a plan"—he hesitated in some embarrassment—"a plan for intervention."

"Yes; so I was informed," Duhamel said dryly.

"I don't think it's practical at this point." He chose his words deliberately. "That was my impression anyway, and I believe that's the opinion in Washington."

Geoffrey Hawkes joined them, and briefly the three were together.

"I was just telling Frédéric about the general," Caleb said. "He's gone on to Paris. I don't think he appreciated his reception here very much."

"What do you think, Frédéric?" Hawkes asked in a low voice. "Do you think they will welcome his plan of intervention in Paris?"

"I imagine they will welcome it as a drowning man welcomes—how do you say it?—a straw. But it is a little late for straws. I am afraid it is too late."

"You think then ——" Hawkes began, but there was no more chance for talk, because Stoneface had come up to lead them in to lunch.

TO BE CONTINUED

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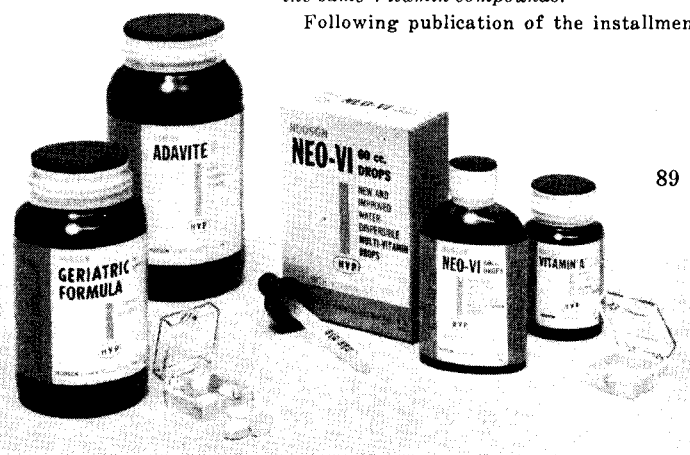

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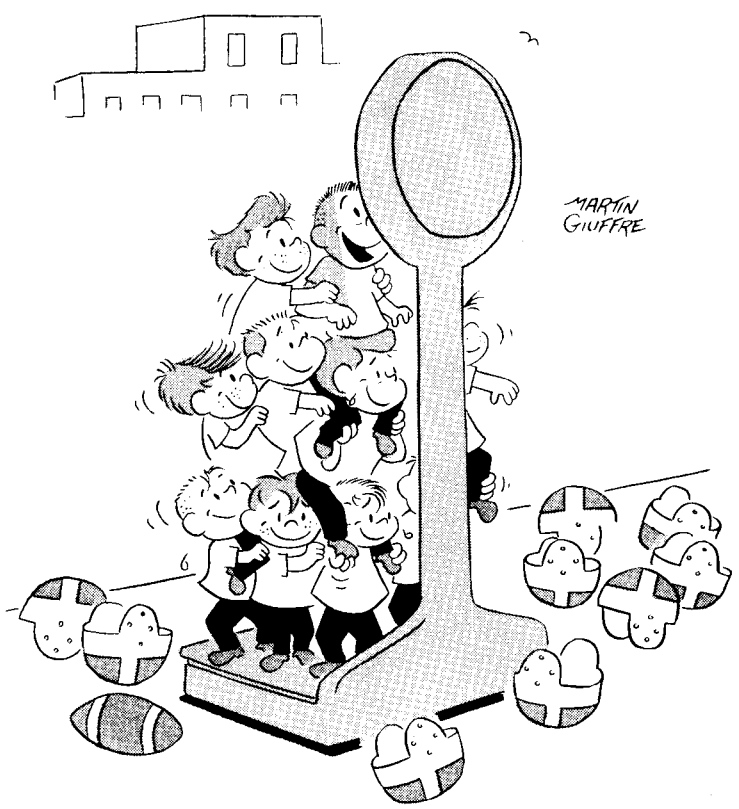

"We're thirty-four pounds heavier than last year."

"This was one of those wonderful days when everything went wrong."

"George reads everything he gets his hands on."

"He's a wonderful pet, but these headaches are killing me."

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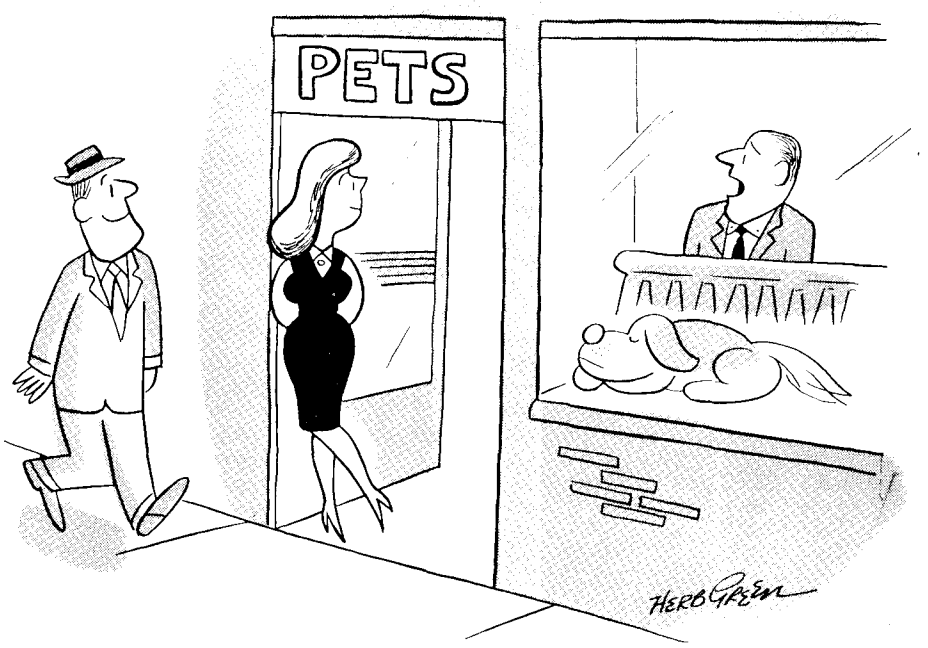
"I finally got him off to sleep."



"I wish you wouldn't stand under that sign, Lenore."

"Sorry I'm late. Fill me in on what's happened so far."

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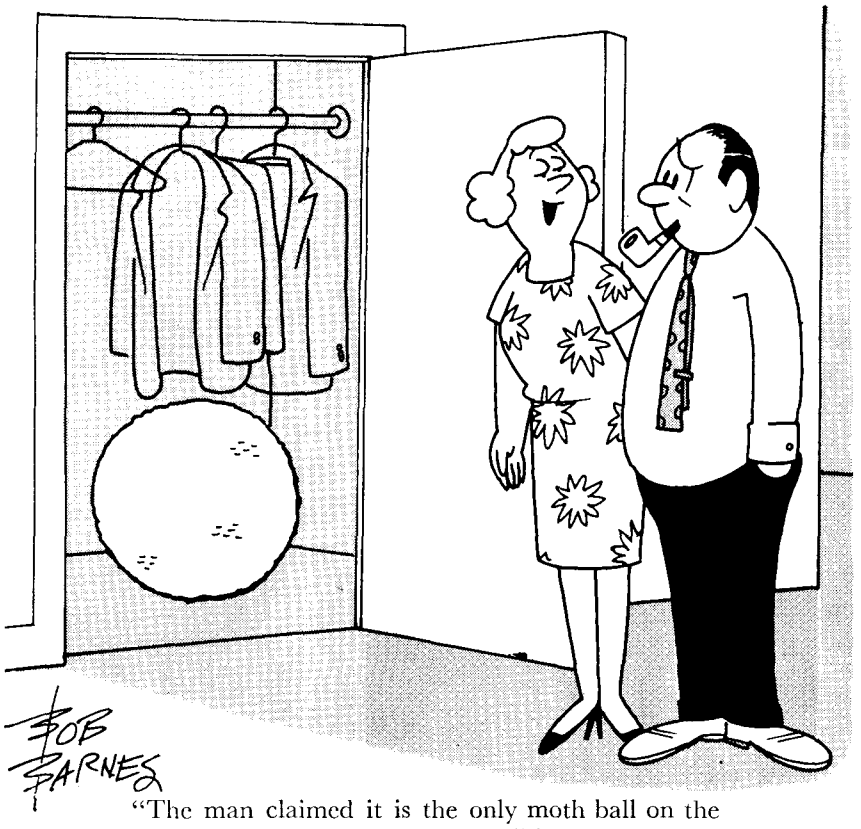
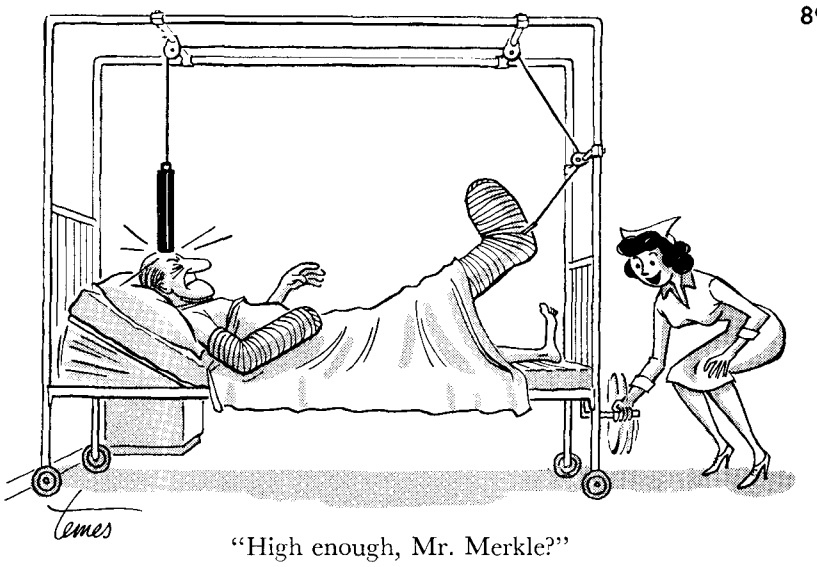
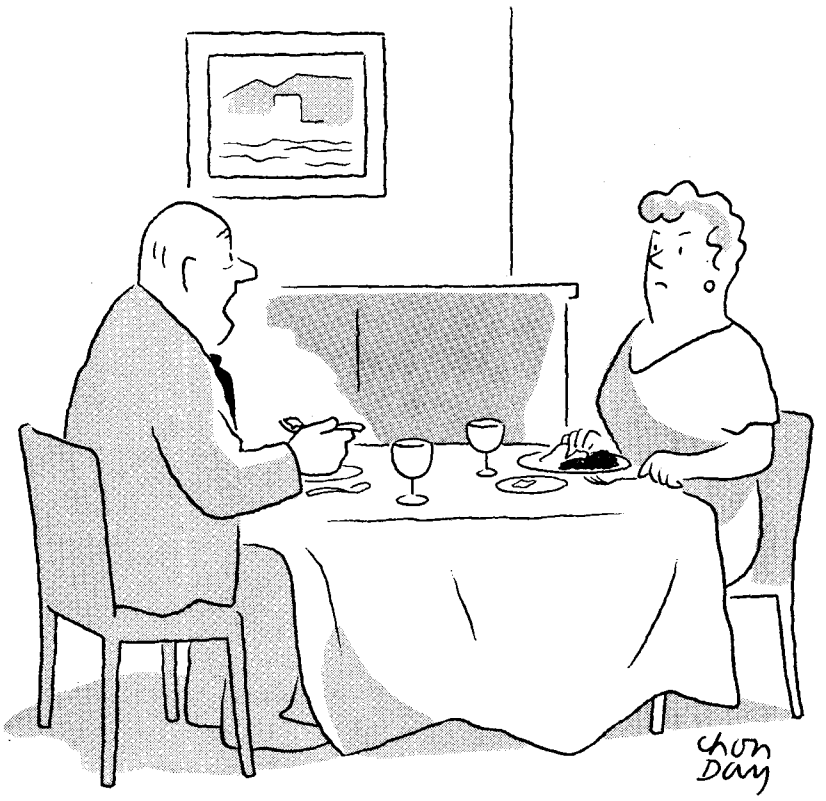


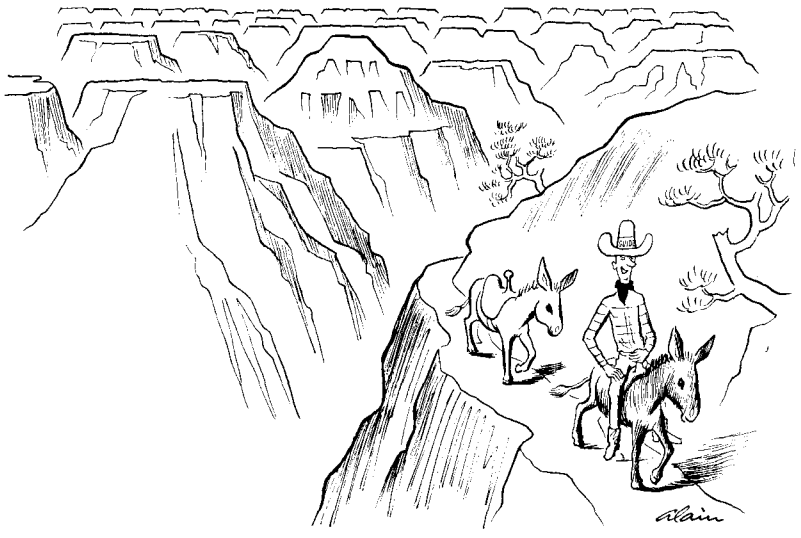
"The man claimed it is the only moth ball on the market with a three-year unconditional guarantee."



"High enough, Mr. Merkle?"



"Who eats the delicious dinners that I get the leftovers from?"



"Relax and enjoy the scenery, Mr. Lyons. Twelve years on this trail and Nettie hasn't lost a rider yet."

STOP CRYING ALL OVER MY TRENCH COAT!

Whenever I watch one of those foreign-intrigue dramas on television, I'm always gripped the most by the part where the hero and heroine finally reach the border and prepare to take leave of each other. It runs something like this:

"We've reached the border, Anna, my darling. And this is where we must go our separate ways."

"But, *why*, Paul, my love? Why? Why?"

"Why, Anna? Because, my beloved, there's still work to be done. *Much* work. The Underground must continue to fight back! It must! And there's so little time."

"Of course it must, Paul. I—I was being selfish, thinking only of myself. But we'll see each other again, won't we, Paul? Soon?"

"Perhaps, Anna, my darling. Perhaps when all this is over, you and I can live in that little white cottage with the picket fence on Juniper Hill, and we'll have lilac bushes and hollyhocks in the yard, and ——"

"Oh, Paul, hold me tight! Hold me tight for just a moment!"

"But *only* for a moment, Anna, my sweet, because there's soldiers patrolling the border. . . . Why, Anna, there're tears in your eyes, and your chin's quivering. There, there, my love; now, dry your eyes and let me see you smile, so I can carry the memory with me. . . . Smile. . . . A little more. . . . There; that's *much* better."

"Oh, Paul, I ——"

"Not another word, Anna, my beloved. Go, now. Go quickly, while there's still time."

"Good-by, Paul, my darling."

"Good-by, Anna, my sweet."

"I —— Oh, Paul, I *can't* leave you! I can't! I can't! I can't! Hold me tight for just another moment!"

"All right, Anna; but only for a moment because——"

CHARLES A. MATTESON

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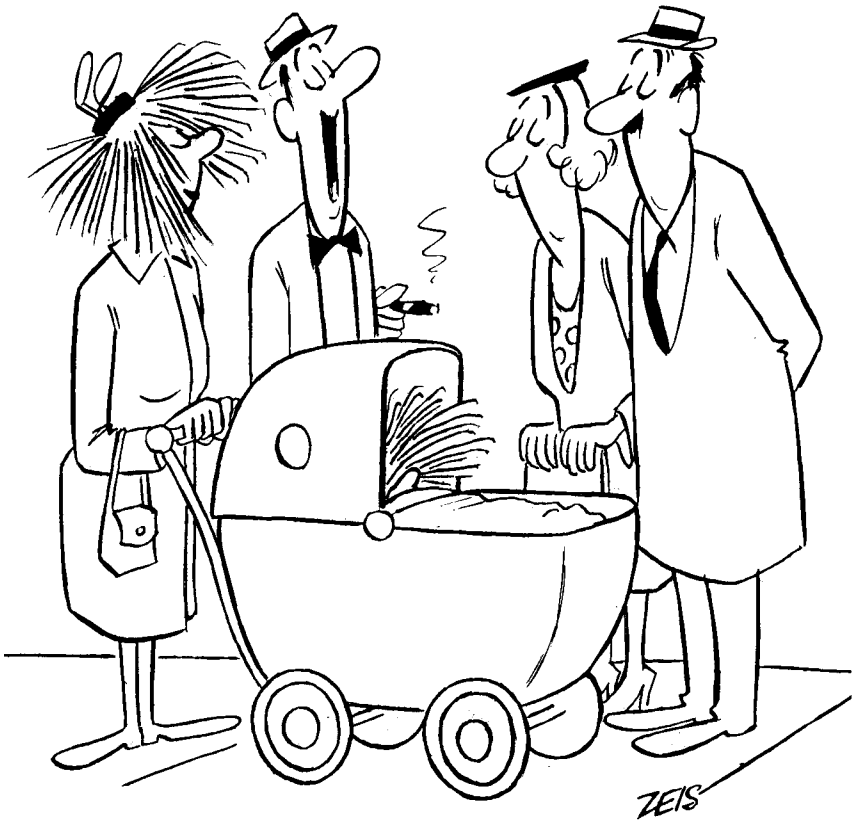
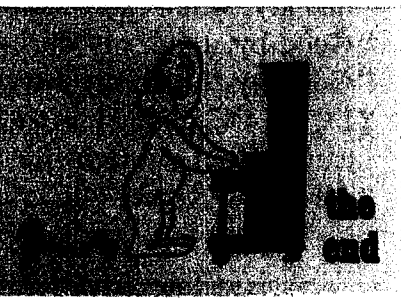
"Watch out for a trick play."



"We think he has Martha's hair."

"Webberly, may I have a few anxious moments of your time?"



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THE GIRL ON THE BEACH

continued from page 27

to be easy to put into words, but I must try. As I stood there with the diary in my hands, the idea came to me that perhaps time was not merely horizontal, as I had always thought, like an endless tape unwinding or a river flowing past. The thought came that it might rather be vertical, with each successive moment placed on top of the last, concealing it but not annihilating it; so that these concealed moments continued to exist, underneath a layer of time and beyond the reach of ordinary perceptions, but still *there* if only one could brush aside the veil.

The thought also came that if anything could penetrate the veil it would be the sort of love that we had had—Laura and I. I found myself remembering the strange feeling of almost-contact on the balcony the night before and again in the lagoon at dawn. And something seemed to whisper that if I just kept on doing the things we had done together I might somehow break through, even for a moment, and meet her once more—meet her halfway, perhaps because she might be trying to get through to me too.

This idea did not seem fanciful or ridiculous; it was completely real, perhaps because I wanted to believe it so much. It seemed to me that if we could relive just one moment together—any moment—then I could go on indefinitely alone. You see, when you lose someone so unexpectedly, you think of all the moments that you took for granted, that you didn't appreciate, that you let slide through your fingers like grains of worthless sand. You will do anything, try anything, to get one of them back.

So I tried. That afternoon I took the surf-casting gear and crossed the little river—you could wade it at anything less than high tide—and walked far down the sunlit beach to a place where the tides had carved a series of shallow bays running back into the dunes. On the points of land between these bays the diagonal seas broke with a sound like smothered thunder, and it was in this surf that the game fish swam when wind and tide were right. But it was not fish that I was after now. I was after something far more elusive. I wanted to see if I could find a fragment of the past and make it real again—more real than the present. And something inside me kept whispering that perhaps I could.

In that area of dunes and bays there were half a dozen points that offered promising white water, and I planned to fish one of these each day on the first of the flood tide. That was what Laura and I had done the year before, standing knee-deep or waist-deep in the seething water, the long rods flicking the hooks and lead forty yards or more. I would take the first point first and move on down the beach until I came to the last one, where the wreck of an old shrimp boat lay half buried at the foot of the dunes. That was what we had done a year ago. The diary showed it plainly and, anyway, I could remember.

I could remember it far more vividly than anything that had happened since. I could see the sunlight on her hair and the spray on her sunglasses and the way she'd look up at the gulls overhead. I remembered how she fled in panic from a harmless sand shark. I remembered how she lay in the shade of the old wreck and almost went to sleep. I could even remember fragments of dialogue. "The man was right," she said drowsily, "who said that salt water was a cure for everything."

"In one of three forms," I reminded her. "Tears, sweat or the sea."

"You can have the tears and the sweat," she said. "I'll settle for the sea."

I knew that if I found her anywhere, it would be near this same glittering, fathomless sea.

That afternoon I fished the first two hours of the flood tide. I released the fish I caught; I had no desire to add to the death in the world.

All the time I kept listening, waiting. But there was nothing, no sound, no sign. I was not discouraged by this. I did not expect it to be quick or easy. I knew the mood and timing would have to be exactly right, like the tuning of some infinitely sensitive radar.

Twice there were man-made interruptions. Once a light plane flew low along the beach, dipping its wings in friendly salute. An hour later it droned back. The pilot waved, and the thought came to me that even such a minor distraction as this might somehow interfere, as the telephone call the night before had shattered the strange sense of closeness on the balcony. And so I decided to avoid all such contacts, if I could.

Twice that night, back at the cottage, the telephone rang—perhaps Molly Blanchard, perhaps Jim Neville calling. Both times I ignored it. I decided to fish the early-morning instead of the afternoon tides. There was less chance of seeing or meeting anyone. The less involved I was with the present, the more chance I had of making contact with the past. It seemed as simple to me as that.

Each day, then, I crossed the little river, withdrew into my private world of salt and sand, sun and silence. Each day I felt the remoteness wrap itself more stealthily around me, until I myself became an impersonal, waiting thing—patient as driftwood, lonely as a sea gull's cry. Each morning the tide was an hour later. Each morning I moved to a point farther down the beach. Each morning I felt

more removed from reality and closer to— to something.

It was on the fourth morning that I found the writing on the sand.

It came as a shock, unexpected as a blow in the face. I was walking south along the beach, the sun already up, my shadow slanting off along the sand. I had almost reached the point where I intended to fish—and wait and hope—when I saw them. Ten words, written on the damp sand:

How do I love thee? Let me
Count the ways.

I stood still, staring at the words. For a second—or an eternity—I was convinced that it was a message from Laura. She had known this sonnet, loved it. Surely, then, this was it; this was the breakthrough. Surely these words were from her to me.

But it was all too real. The writing was crisp and fresh. It was below the last high-water mark, so it had been written very recently. A fragment of shell that the writer had used still lay there. There were faint traces of footprints that led down from the soft sand and back again.

I stared down the beach. Nothing. Just the long, shifting lines of surf and the sea wheat stirring on the dunes and a gull circling over the old wreck. I could see no one. But someone had to be there.

I put down my gear and started walking faster. At the base of the next point, where it jutted into the sea, were two more lines:

I have been half in love with easeful
Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused
rhyme.

I began to run then. I knew now where the writer had to be. I also knew that these were no random writings: Browning, Keats, whatever—they were aimed at me. And even as I ran I felt a strange emotion—half anger, half relief, I couldn't tell which.

I came around the prow of the old wreck and stopped. She must have heard me coming, but she did not look up at first. I stared down at her, bracing myself with one hand against the weathered wood. She was about my own age, or a little younger. Her dark hair had red lights in it. When she finally looked up, I saw that she was not beautiful, like Laura, but neither was she plain. Her face had a kind of serenity in it.

"Hello," she said. "I'm Molly's sister, Susan."

Susan. Susan the schoolteacher. She was wearing brown Bermudas and some sort of yellow blouse. A small binocular hung from a strap around her neck. I could see a faint pulse beating at the base of her throat. "You've been looking for her, haven't you?" she said gently. "She's not really here, you know."

I looked over her head, down the long beach, across the world to where the sea met the sky, and I knew she was right. No matter how many ways you love. No matter how close you try to come to easeful death.

"I haven't been spying on you," she said. "Not really. I come out here almost every day to watch the shore birds. But Molly told me about you. And so ——" She gave a little shrug.

Still I said nothing. I had the queer conviction that this girl—this woman—already knew how I felt, how I had been feeling. Perhaps she had lived through something like this herself. Perhaps she had learned insight from the poetry she taught. Anyway, she knew.

She pushed back her hair and looked at me. "I think I've had enough for today," she said. "Let's go on back, shall we?"

Back to the world, she meant. Back to people. Back to life. Back to living. And still I stood there, not moving, not saying anything. Sometimes it's hard to let go of a dream.

She held out her hand. "Help me up, will you?"

I put out my own and helped her up. Her fingers were light and strong and warm and alive. "Ready?" she asked.

For a moment I didn't reply. I stood there, listening. The world seemed very still, but even as I waited, something changed. Some far-off stirring of the wind, some faintest change in the sound of the surf. It was like the ghost of a whisper, but I knew what it was. The tide had changed. It was the turn of the tide.

"Yes," I said. "I'm ready. Let's go."

THE END

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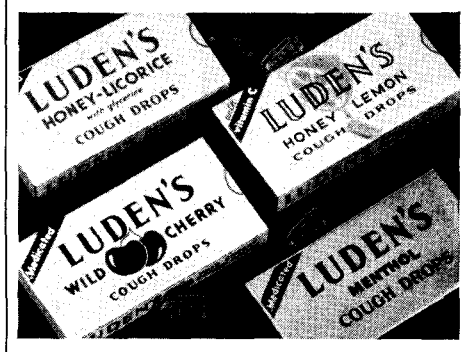

Luden's Cough Drops give fast relief from coughs due to colds, minor throat irritations, hoarseness due to smoking. Get Luden's "fast relief" today.

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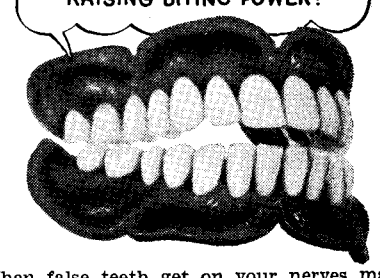

When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

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GENERAL AMERICAN LIFE

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THE SPREADING OCEAN FLOOR

continued from page 35

stirring. But as echo soundings gradually delineate the features of the ocean floor, a surprising situation is becoming evident. The physiography of the sea floor suggests that the sea floor is itself taking part in the convection—that the sea bed marks the top of several giant convection cells. In short, this would mean there is no crust, no fixed and solid capping layer separating the ocean bed from the mobile mantle.

The most striking evidence supporting this assumption is the great sinuous uplifts which snake through the middle of all ocean basins. The mid-Atlantic Ridge is the most impressive, coursing the entire length of the north and south Atlantic oceans, then bifurcating into branches that pass around Antarctica and into the other oceans. Among the grand features of the earth, these median rises stand second in magnitude only to the continents and ocean basins themselves. Until recently their existence has been but dimly suspected. Rarely does a peak pierce the surface to form islands like St. Helena, Ascension, or St. Paul's Rocks.

The mid-Atlantic Ridge and the other median ridges cannot be explained by the compression and folding which formed the mountain ranges on land. Nor are they simply vertical uplifts. Rather, they seem to indicate a spreading apart of the ocean floor. A huge column of mantle substance appears to be rising beneath the ridge and then spreading out toward the Americas on one side and toward Europe and Africa on the other. Temperature probes plunged into the sediment show that this ridge is indeed a hot zone where mantle rock is rising. Extensive volcanism along the ridge shows the same thing.

Significantly, we find an immense central fossa, or cleft, along the spine of the mid-Atlantic Ridge. The Ridge's hummocky flanks rise toward this abrupt central valley, which is nearly a mile deep. The fossa can be traced through all the oceans to a distance nearly twice the world's circumference. It seems reasonable to surmise that the fossa marks the line of divergence where the mantle stuff spreads laterally. Thus the sea floor is continuously spreading slowly outward from central rifts, constantly adding strips of new sea floor—growing a new epidermis, so to speak. This new skin is partly composed of basaltic lava, but the most of it probably consists of the coarsely crystalline mantle rock transformed into its low-pressure gabbroic phase. Although the spreading proceeds only about one inch each year, over the eras of geologic time vast changes are wrought.

Why does the fossa lie along the central axis of the ocean basins? Do the continents control the position of the convection cells? More probably, the convection cells themselves exert the master control and determine the positions of the continents. The continents are thus carried apart until they reach a position of stability overlying the zones where the mantle rock, having lost its heat, subsides and descends again into the earth's interior. The zones of subsidence are thus largely covered up by the continents and obscured from view, although the Pacific trenches may mark the beginning of these zones.

We can visualize the process most easily by thinking of the continents as sialic icebergs floating in a sea of sima (the mantle rock). In the absence of any wind draft, icebergs tend to float away from zones of rising water and come to rest over sites of descending water. The continents actually do float in the sima, but they are not much stronger than the substance in which they float; they resemble slag floating on a pool of molten iron in a blast furnace. Being light, such slag floats unaffected by the turbulent seething iron. Similarly the continents are not invaded by the convecting mantle.

What happens if a convection cell runs amuck and rises under a continent? Apparently this may be happening to California. An extension of the East Pacific Rise, a convection-cell uplift, strikes along the west side of Mexico where its tensional spreading has opened up the Gulf of California. The Imperial and Central valleys of California also seem to be manifestations of this spreading, characterizing the crest of a convection cell. Eventually these valleys, too, may be rent asunder as western California is broken off from the rest of North America. Most of the Imperial Valley already lies below sea level.

The Pacific Ocean is geologically quite unlike the Atlantic. We formerly supposed that this difference was related to a thin slab of sial underlying the Atlantic. It was thus semicontinental, a collapsed or subsided continental region, rather than truly oceanic. We now know there is no basic difference in rock structure: both oceans lack a sial layer. Incidentally this precludes the possibility of any mid-Atlantic continent, let alone one which foundered in historic time as Plato's Atlantis legend would have it. Our spreading theory suggests that the entire Atlantic Ocean is a giant rift opened up by the mantle stuff rising under the mid-Atlantic Ridge. Europe and Africa have been carried eastward, while the Americas have been carried westward. Riding smoothly, these continents are moving apart an inch or so a year, carried by diverging convectional movements.

There must be, of course, an opposing pattern of convection in the Pacific Ocean. In this situation something must give way. The Pacific sea floor apparently descends into marginal trenches and slips under the continents. The axes of the trenches mark slip planes plunging inward at a forty-five-degree angle. Periodic slippages create major earthquakes and

Who Rules the Networks?

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Our home town

—*and how it got into our slogan*

As far as we know, "The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous" is the only well-known slogan that features the advertiser's home town.

It's been appearing in Schlitz advertising since shortly after Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern and started the Chicago fire.

As a matter of fact, that's really how the slogan began.

After the great fire Chicago was desperately short of water. Whether moved by charity or enterprise, the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. of Milwaukee, at that time a small but rising city, sent a ship loaded with beer to its parched southern neighbor.

The thirsty citizens of Chicago fell upon the Schlitz with understandable pleasure. The fire cooled and the water supply was restored, but as Chicago began to rebuild, people remembered that wonderful beer from Milwaukee, talked about it, and wondered where they could get more.

Schlitz had literally made Milwaukee beer famous far outside the city limits of Milwaukee. This made it but a small step to "The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous" and people who were unabashedly proud of their beer did not hesitate to claim it. The slogan has been a familiar part of Schlitz advertising ever since.

Today, when we look at our home town with its 741,324 (1,194,290 if you include the entire metropolitan area) wonderful, warm-hearted people, its many important factories, its deep water harbor, its music, its art, and its world-renowned restaurants, we wonder if the slogan isn't taking in a little too much territory.

We don't like to brag, and we know that if Milwaukee is famous, it took a great deal more than Schlitz to make it so. But then we taste the beer and decide to keep the slogan a little while longer.

P.S. Schlitz has grown with the country and today is brewed in Brooklyn, Los Angeles, Kansas City and Tampa as well as in Milwaukee. But, wherever we brew it, it comes out exactly the same good beer that we brew for you in our own home town.

Schlitz®

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

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OCEAN FLOOR

send giant "tidal" waves racing across the Pacific. This underriding of the continent causes crumpling of the margin, accounting for the ring of folded mountain flanges and the volcanoes around the Pacific Ocean.

We have learned a good deal about the Pacific's mobility by anomalous variations in the earth's magnetic field. These variations sketch out the gross patterns of subcrustal structure. The matching of magnetic patterns off western North America has revealed sea-floor slippages several hundreds of miles in extent. The slippages seem to be developed on the flank of a convection cell where one section has crept faster than another. Where the slippages impinge against the continent, they slide beneath it.

While the theory of a highly mobile sea floor may seem alarming at first, it fits well with the panorama of the earth's history as we now visualize it. Geologists traditionally recognize that the continents have been subjected to compression and have buckled at times to produce mountain ranges. Before the radioactive heating of the earth's interior was an accepted concept, the compression was assumed to have been caused by contraction of the earth as it slowly cooled from its original molten state. The newly discovered features of the sea floor refute this theory. They indicate tension—that is, a pulling apart of the earth. Some geoscientists contend that the force of gravity may be related to the size of the universe. As the universe expands, they reason, gravity decreases, thereby causing expansion. A recent detailed analysis of the earth's major structures led to the theory that the earth's volume must have increased twentyfold since its formation.

Although great changes in the size of the earth cannot be definitely disproved, they seem unlikely. Evolution of the ocean basins by the spreading of the sea floor eliminates the need for either an expanding or a contracting earth. The outward creep of the sea floor from median rifts places the ocean basins largely under tension. Simultaneously the continents come under compression as the sea floor shears beneath them. So tension and compression of the earth's surface coexist, but in different regions.

The question of continental drift is a classic one. That the Old World and the New were once a single continent before the Atlantic Ocean separated them has been inferred from the fact that their facing borders would fit together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. The German geologist Alfred Wegener expounded an ingenious theory in 1920. He suggested that all continents drifted apart from an original supercontinent he called Pangaea. Geoscientists remain skeptical, principally because it seems mechanically impossible for the continental blocks to have sailed like ships through the ocean floor. How can rock be pushed through rock of equal strength, any more than a ship can sail through a medium as strong as its prow?

Our sea-floor-spreading concept supports the idea of continental drift, though with a new aspect. The continents are not required to prow through the stable sima. It is the sima which is in motion. Thus, we have a sort of Wegenerian-drift theory in reverse—a theory of sea-floor drift: the continents are carried by a convectional movement or they rest over a convergence zone while the sea floor shears beneath them. We can thereby account for the apparent drifting apart of the New and Old World, leaving the Atlantic as an enormous void in between.

The jigsaw fit practically demands continental drift. When correctly made by matching the bases of the continental slopes, the fit is essentially perfect. Studies of the ancient position of the continents relative to the North Pole further support the theory. The magnetic orientation preserved in lavas when they are cooled indicate that earlier position. These "frozen magnets" do not point toward present-day north, so the implication is the continents have moved.

The spreading-sea-floor theory sheds light on still another enigma. Surely the oceans must be very old and can only have grown in volume very slowly. Most scientists now agree that the water has been squeezed and sweated out of the earth's interior through hot springs and volcanism—a by-product of the thermal-convection circulation. It follows that the ocean basins must have existed at about their present volume for several hundred million years. But it does not necessarily follow, as is customarily supposed, that the ocean basins always have been in their present location, nor that the sea floor is as old as the oceans. Those two assumptions are both false if sea-floor spreading has occurred.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"We, of the neighborhood improvement association . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Conan Doyle's eccentric Professor Challenger was the first to drill a Mohole. After boring through the crust, he encountered a jellylike substance and probed it with a long spike—whereupon it screamed. There is an iota of truth in this fiction, for the continents have one attribute of life—an ability to grow. Only by growing could they have stood high and survived the constant gnawing of the sea and erosion by wind, water and ice.

Since the beginning of the Paleozoic Era, 600,000,000 years ago, some 400,000 miles of rain have fallen. Rocks disintegrate, and the debris is carried into rivers to be dumped eventually into the sea. In this way the Mississippi Valley has been lowered one foot every 10,000 years. But land plants surviving since the Devonian Period, 350,000,000 years ago, attest to the persistent freeboard of the continents. Evidently the continents *do* grow, and the easiest way to achieve this growth is by convection of the mantle. New sial can be constantly generated from the earth's mantle and eventually plastered beneath the continental masses by the spreading of sea floor. And the sediments washed into the sea are not permanently lost, for they too are carried back to the continents and plastered anew beneath them after being regenerated by heat and pressure into new sial. Sea-floor spreading can thus account for the growth and persistence of the continental masses.

The question of the age of the floor has been especially vexing. Whenever we have looked for evidence of an ancient age of any sea-floor feature we have been thwarted. We can, for example, trace the history of the Pacific Ocean basin back to the middle of the Mesozoic Era, the age of dinosaurs. But then we find we have accounted for all the structures we see, with nothing remaining which might be older. We have sampled what appeared to be the oldest of the deeply submerged ancient volcanic sea mounts of the Pacific expecting them to be Pre-Cambrian. But the fossils recovered showed that those mountains originated in the Cretaceous Period only 100,000,000 years ago.

Actually there are not nearly enough sea mounts in the Pacific if this basin is as old as the Pre-Cambrian. A sea mount, once formed, is truncated to sea level by the waves and then continues to subside for a mile or so because of its great weight. But it cannot subside to the point of entirely disappearing and, once submerged, it is protected from further erosion by the elements. We believe that the mountains of the sea, like the mountains of the moon, should persist forever. But sea-floor spreading apparently insures their destruction, for eventually they are carried into the maw of a trench and are destroyed by sliding under a continent.

Recent geophysical surveys have been made to measure the thickness of the sea-floor sediments. Surprisingly, the covering layer of sediments was found to be thin—about 20 per cent of what we would expect if the ocean floors are as old as the earth. Further, thousands of cores have been punched into the bottom and dredge haul after dredge haul of rocks scraped off the bottom. Many samples bring up fossils, but they have invariably proved to be comparatively modern. No rocks older than the Cretaceous have been found in either the Pacific or the Atlantic ocean.

So the ocean floor appears to be young, much younger than the older rocks on the continents. We now know that the oldest continental rocks are no older than about 3,000,000,000 years—little more than half the age of the earth. No one now seriously believes the original crust will ever be found on the continents. Some geologists have suggested that the Moho might be that pristine crust. The convection of the mantle would seem to dispel that possibility. Sea-floor spreading indicates that nowhere will suboceanic rocks be found as old as those already identified on the continents. The sediments should be found to grow progressively thicker and older toward the ocean margins as new rocks are constantly growing at the centers. Even here, however, the drill will not discover Cambrian fossil trilobites, the oldest of the well-preserved fossils.

To return to Project Mohole, we have seen that very likely the Oceanic Layer, the so-called basaltic crust, is not really a crust in the sense of being a capping layer of substance different from the mantle itself, but is probably merely a phase change from the eclogite of the mantle into its less dense equivalent, gabbro. And the gabbro may not be in any sense a rigid shell or crust over the mantle, but rather almost as mobile as the viscous mantle itself. Nor does the gabbro layer form a barrier to the slow thermal convection of the mantle; instead it may be spreading outward from the midocean. The ocean basins seem like gaping wounds in the earth's skin, exposing the raw, moving flesh of the earth.

In contrast the continents do form a sort of crust over the mantle, although the term "skin" would be more appropriate. Owing to their low density, but not to any great strength, the continents are not invaded by the convection cells, so that they do form a capping substance. Thus, it is no mere quibble to say the ocean basins probably have no crust. In almost any reasonable use of that much-abused term, they should prove crustless.

For readers who wish to pursue this subject further the following books are recommended:

Piccard, J. and Dietz, R. S.
Seven Miles Down
Putnam
$5.00

Shepard, Francis P.
The Earth Beneath the Sea
Johns Hopkins Press
$5.00

Bascom, Willard
A Hole in the Bottom of the Sea
Doubleday
$4.95

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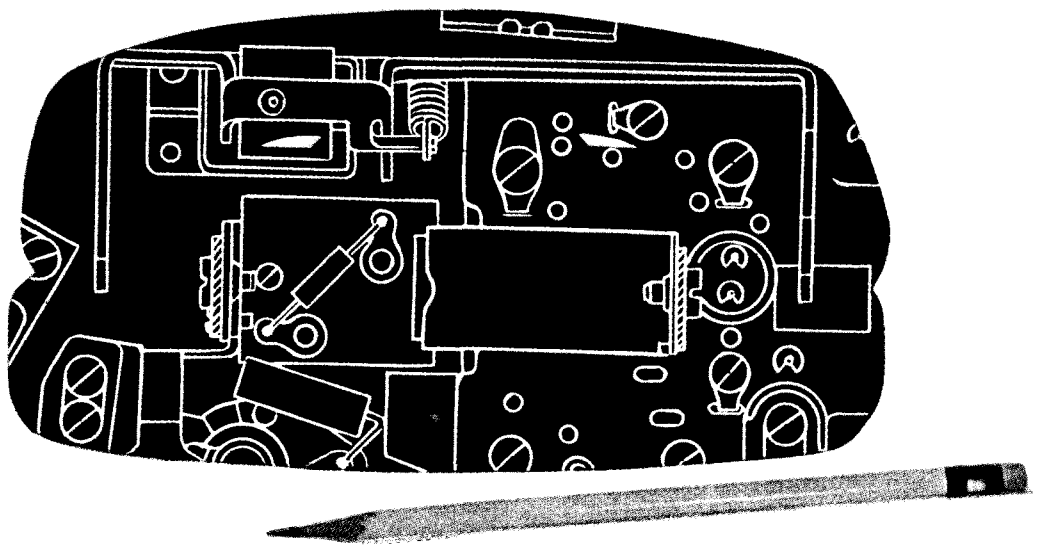
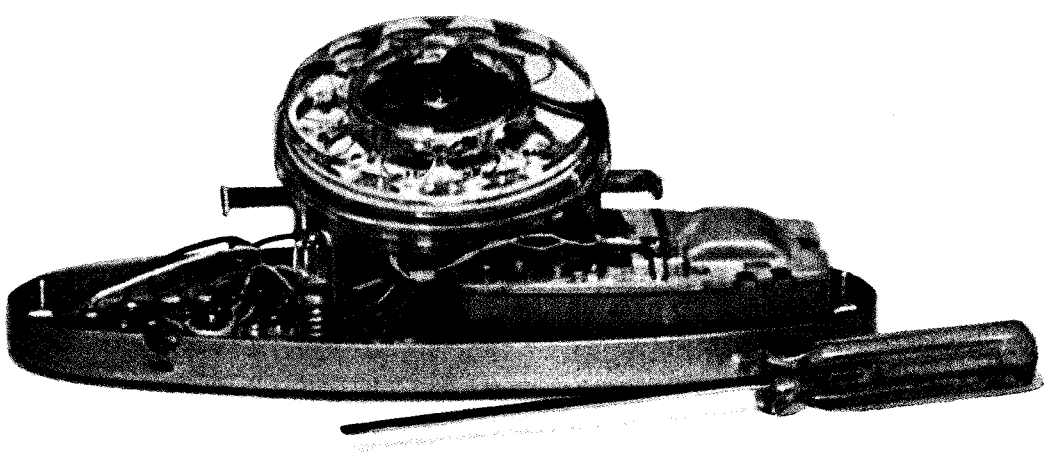
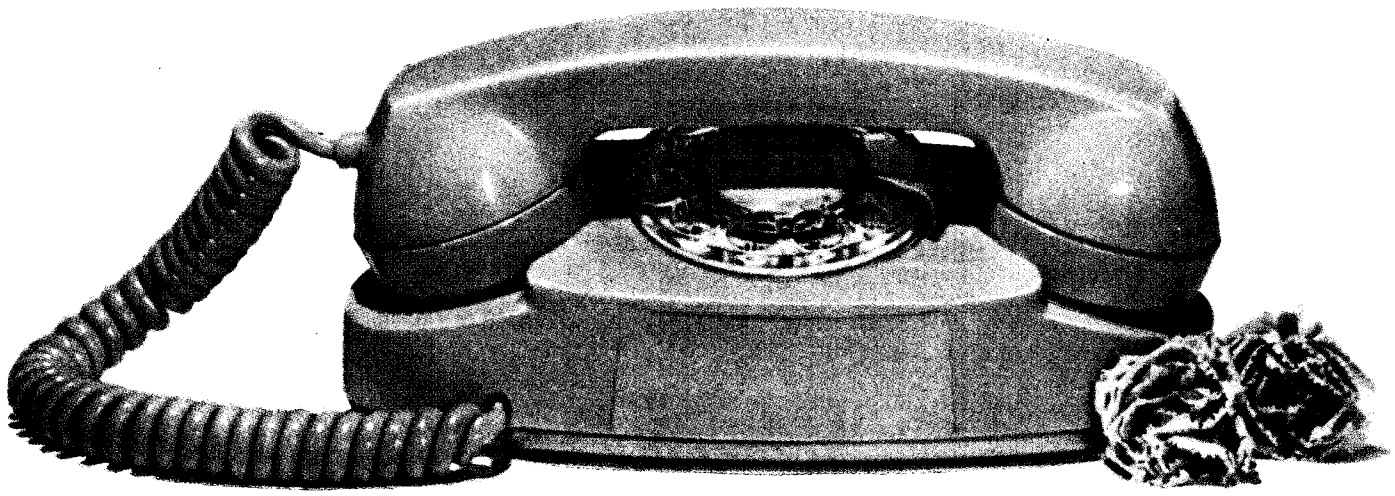


Bell Telephone Laboratories provided the basic design for this compact new telephone.



Western Electric makes it. Working closely with Bell Laboratories, Western Electric engineers worked out ways to assemble all 328 parts in the smaller, newly contoured base. The final design had to be manufacturable by the millions – to the Bell System's uncompromising quality standards – and at reasonable cost. And, so it was.



Bell Telephone companies, sensing the need for a trim, new phone to add to your telephoning pleasure, initiated its development. . . . Thus, Bell Laboratories, Western Electric and the Bell Telephone companies *together* created the Princess telephone. Their Bell System teamwork made the Princess a practical and beautiful reality . . . and has already placed over one and a half million of these new telephones in American homes. We work best because we work together.

For information about the lovely new Princess phone, just call your Bell Telephone company.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM

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WASHINGTON

The Berlin Task Force: the first photograph ev

Will Khrushchev risk war over Berlin? Are we prepared for the worst? A Post editor reports on the strategy Government experts are mapping out.

BY STEWART ALSOP

During the long, hot summer months, and now into the autumn, while the rest of us have been earning a living or taking our vacations, a dozen or so tired men have been wrestling all day, every day, with the great crisis whose outcome may decide all our fates.

The crisis is, of course, the Berlin crisis. The tired men belong to a little-known, highly important official body called the "Berlin Task Force." The Berlin Task Force was created by President Kennedy last June twenty-third, when it was already clear that a great and infinitely dangerous showdown with the Russians on Berlin was sooner or later inevitable.

The chairman of the task force is Assistant Secretary of State Foy Kohler, a tough, stubborn, brilliant little man with the face of an exhausted gnome. Its other members include shrewd and handsome Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul Nitze, able Under Secretary of the Treasury Henry Fowler, Edward R. Murrow, the famous broadcaster who is now Chief of the U.S. Information Agency, and a small, fluctuating group of other policy-making officials from the interested departments and agencies.

It is a characteristic of the age in which we live that a great gulf separates us, the citizens, from the specialists and experts, like the members of the Berlin Task Force, on whose interpretations of events our very lives may depend. The purpose of this report is to try, within the limits imposed by official secrecy, to bridge the great gulf between the citizen and the expert. Its purpose is to try to understand the Berlin crisis as it is understood by the little band of harassed men whose task it is to live with the crisis every moment of their waking days. The best way to grasp the essential shape of the crisis is to ask one another the questions that these men must ask and must try to answer. There is nothing mysterious about these questions—they are the sort of questions any intelligent person might ask.

The first question most people ask about the Berlin crisis is this: Could it really lead to war?

The answer, of course, is "yes." I have asked many of those most deeply involved in the Berlin problem for their best estimate of the likelihood of shooting war before the end of January, 1962. The answers ranged from a low of 15 per cent (a former Secretary of State) to a high of 45 per cent (one of the leading members of the Berlin Task Force). The mean average was about 30 per cent. All agree that, if war comes, it is likely to be a nonnuclear war in its very first stages; but that, if it is not then quickly halted, it is almost certain to become a nuclear war.

The second question most people ask about the Berlin crisis is this: What does Khrushchev really want in Berlin?

The answer is brief—"Berlin." That is not the whole answer, as we shall see. But it is certainly a good big part of the answer.

In recent months a curious public dialogue has been taking place between Khrushchev and his spade-bearded puppet, Walter Ulbricht, chief of Communist East Germany. A lot more attention has been paid to what Khrushchev has said than to what Ulbricht has said. But if you want to understand what Khrushchev really means, Ulbricht is the man to listen to.

Khrushchev's role has been to persuade the world how horrible its fate will be if the West resists his demands in Berlin; and how easy, and even honorable, it will be for the West *not* to resist his demands. He is using, in short, the time-tested carrot-and-stick technique to get what he wants.

The Western European nations, Khrushchev told *New York Times* correspondent C. L. Sulzberger, are "hostages" to his policy. And he has left no doubt what he means when he uses that word. Both Britain and France, he has said, could be completely obliterated with only about twenty Soviet atomic bombs. Italy, he told the Italian Premier, Amintore Fanfani, could be wiped out with far fewer than that. And he remarked to a Greek ambassador that, if the Greeks persisted in defying the Kremlin's will, and war came, "the Acropolis itself will not be spared."

Khrushchev's stick, in short, is simple terror—he wants to paralyze the West with fear. But Khrushchev also offers something that looks like a carrot.

For the terrible consequences of resistance to his demands can easily and honorably be avoided, he says. He intends to sign a "peace treaty" with the GDR (for "German Democratic Republic," which is neither democratic, a republic, nor even, being ruled direct from Moscow, truly German). This signing of a treaty with his puppet state will, Khrushchev says, end the West's war-won rights in West Berlin, including the right of access to the city.

But this should really cause no difficulty, Khrushchev says—he just wants to clean up a messy situation. West Berlin would become a "free city," which would "freely affect its communications with the outside world." Moreover, if Berlin wants to remain a "capitalist society," that is perfectly O.K. with Khrushchev—"Its domestic order should be determined by the free expression of the will of the people."

Who in Heaven's name would want to fight a war about such a reasonable proposition? Oh, and there is just one more little thing, Khrushchev adds. Of course it will be necessary for the Western powers, in order to arrange those "free communications," to negotiate "appropriate agreements with the German Democratic Republic."

At this point Walter Ulbricht, Khrushchev's East German puppet, enters the

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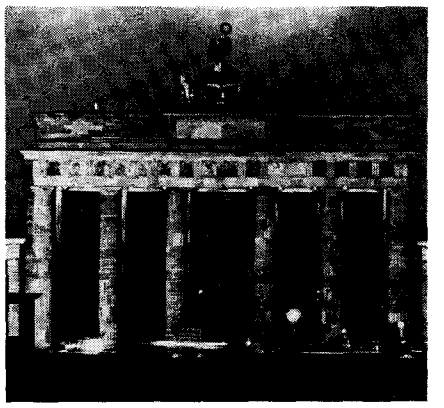
VIEWS BERLIN



de of "the little band of harassed men" at work.

dialogue—and gives the game away. "No matter whether it is by water, by land, or in the air," Ulbricht says, "they will be entering the GDR, they will be subject to our control. For these are our communications. We have said so a hundred times."

"The territory of West Berlin forms part of the territory of the GDR," he says. And his kept press makes no bones at all about how "our control" over this "territory of the GDR" is to be exercised. West Berlin would have, as Comrade Khrushchev promises, "free communications in every direction." Oh, certainly. But the East German Communists would have the "unrestricted right . . . to assume control over traffic of Allied personnel and goods . . . to West Berlin." And when East Germany "takes over responsibility" for West Berlin, why then, of course, all persons guilty of "militarist, fascist and peace-endangering activities" will be "excluded."

In Communist talk, any anti-Communist is by definition guilty of "militarist, fascist and peace-endangering activities." The Khrushchev-Ulbricht dialogue, in short, boils down to a formula for taking over Berlin. Ulbricht and Company would use their control of communications to bring West Berlin firmly under Communist control.

The deed might be done quite suddenly and brutally, or it might be done rather gradually. But the deed would certainly be done, if ever Ulbricht gained the power to do it. On that point none of the experts has the faintest doubt. That is why, if the West, in the negotiations which are already under way, ever acknowledges the right of the East Germans to control traffic in and out of Berlin, the West will at that moment sign Berlin's death warrant.

Control over the access routes is what the Berlin crisis is all about—who controls the access routes controls West Berlin. But the experts agree that West Berlin is not the only object of Khrushchev's exercise in brinkmanship. At this point there is among the experts a parting of the ways.

One school of thought—it might be called the Acheson-Nitze school—holds that Khrushchev's ultimate aim is quite simply to break the will of the West for all the world to see. While the Berlin Task Force has been in daily charge of planning for the crisis, former Secretary of State Acheson has occupied a special niche as personal adviser to President Kennedy on the Berlin crisis. In that capacity he wrote the Kennedy Administration's basic Berlin policy paper.

The Acheson paper is highly classified. But it is known that Acheson's basic thesis is that Khrushchev's central purpose in generating the Berlin crisis has been to inflict on the West a public and politically devastating humiliation.

Paul Nitze, who is both a member of the Berlin Task Force and an old friend and fellow worker of Acheson's, shares this view. In an important speech in September, Nitze said that he believed the Communist objective was to use Berlin as a "proving ground," in which "to impose on the West and the U.S., by the application of threats of force and terror tactics, a psychological defeat by purporting to demonstrate our impotence in the face of the much-advertised Soviet power."

If that interpretation is correct, the world is in for very bad trouble. For an ambition to humiliate the West through terror clearly suggests that Khrushchev may be, to use Lenin's phrase, "dizzy with success."

This would not be altogether surprising. Only a few years after Stalin's death, Khrushchev stands at the pinnacle of world power and all his rivals are dead or disgraced.

"You know where the real danger of war is?" said one member of the Berlin Task Force. "If K. has got that feeling he can't lose, then we'll have a war."

The second school of thought, which consists mostly of the professional foreign-service officers and "Kremlinologists," agrees that Khrushchev sees Berlin as a "proving ground." But this school holds that Khrushchev is too sane, too shrewd, too careful, to push the proof beyond the point of no return.

"You've got to understand how the mind of a Communist politician like Khrushchev works," says one of this school. "To Khrushchev it is downright *immoral* not to use power if you have it. His bombs and missiles represent power, so Khrushchev uses this power to try to get what he wants by fear. Moreover, Khrushchev deals in what *he* considers the realities. To him it is a simple reality that West Berlin is worthless to the West—militarily defenseless and an economic drain as well. So it seems to him, as he's said, that it's a "fairy tale" that the West will fight for what is worthless. But the last thing Khrushchev wants is a war and, if only we can persuade him that we really are willing to fight for Berlin if we have to, there will be no war."

"Willing to fight for Berlin"—that is the key phrase. Talk to any of the experts, of whatever persuasion, and sooner or later you hear that phrase, or something like it. "The trouble is," says another Berlin Task Force member, "that they have all sorts of ways of bringing pressure on us and, aside from a willingness to fight a war that might destroy a lot of this country, we have very few ways of bringing pressure on them."

Let us first have a look at their side—the Communist side—of this equation. No one doubts for a moment that Khrushchev will sooner or later sign his much-advertised "peace treaty" with his puppet Ulbricht. But this will have in itself no importance at all. As Mayor Willy Brandt of Berlin remarked to me last year, "You Americans worry too much about this fake treaty. So Khrushchev marries himself. So what?" Nor will it matter how threateningly Khrushchev and Ulbricht declare the West's rights in Berlin at an end. What matters is not what the Communists say, but what they actually *do* to change the situation in Berlin.

They might do nothing, or nothing much. The first object of Khrushchev's Berlin exercise may have been simply to make Ulbricht's life more tolerable. Ulbricht's life was intolerable as long as the refugee hemorrhage continued—the CIA more than two years ago obtained

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BERLIN Ulbricht's blueprints for building his prison wall through Berlin. In August, Khrushchev at last gave his puppet permission to build his wall, and with his subjects at his mercy, Ulbricht's life is already more tolerable. Give him a bit more prestige by signing a "peace treaty" with a big flourish, so the reasoning runs, and Ulbricht will have all that he really needs. Khrushchev would dearly love to have all Berlin under Communist control, but he may decide that the risks are now too great.

Alas, the experts agree that the odds are against so peacefully anticlimactic a solution. They also agree that the odds are against some sort of "new solution," perhaps involving the United Nations moving to Berlin. But the betting is also, or so the experts believe, against extreme and violent action by the Communists, like a direct military assault on West Berlin; or some ruthless measure to make the city uninhabitable, like pollution of the water; or even a military blockade, on the Stalinist pattern, of the highways and other routes of access into Berlin.

Khrushchev has stated flatly that "there will be no blockade of Berlin." Khrushchev has no use for "bourgeois morality," but he is not given to telling lies for no purpose, so most of the experts believe him. To be sure, the East German Communists could impose a "creeping blockade" by using their already established control of civilian ground traffic to slow up supplies into West Berlin. Or, on the grounds that East Germany was now a sovereign state, they might try to hold up Allied military ground traffic, which is less than 5 per cent of the traffic from West Germany to West Berlin.

But for a variety of reasons, most of the experts do not think that the Communists will choose the Autobahns or the other ground communications with West Berlin as their chief pressure points, at least to begin with. "The thing to watch," one of the Berlin Task Force members says, "is the air."

Another explains why this is so. "This time they won't try to stop stuff from getting to Berlin. They'll try to stop people." The people they will try to stop are, of course, those "militarists, fascists and peace-endangerers" Ulbricht likes to talk about. In other words, Khrushchev and Ulbricht want to find ways to filter out all anti-Communists, in order to turn West Berlin at first into a neutralist mush and finally into an obedient outpost of the Communist empire. To do this, they *must* find ways to control the Western air corridors through which people of all sorts—including anti-Communists—have freely flown ever since the war ended.

Walter Ulbricht, long Khrushchev's puppet in East Germany.

The air is, indeed, the key to West Berlin's freedom today as in the days of the airlift, and the great Tempelhof airport in West Berlin is in turn the key to the air. Now listen to Ulbricht, who as usual gives the game away:

ULBRICHT: We want the United States to make an agreement with us if it wants to land its aircraft in GDR territory. . . . Think of the West Berliners. . . . Today they are constantly exposed to the danger of aircraft crashing into buildings. . . . There you are. Kindly go ahead and make such agreements.

QUESTION: Am I right in inferring that . . . Tempelhof airport would be closed down?

ULBRICHT: Perhaps it would close itself down.

After Tempelhof had "closed itself down," of course, Western planes would land in Communist-controlled airports, where those "militarists, fascists and peace-endangerers" could be filtered out. This is why "the thing to watch is the air."

Now let us have a look at our own side of the equation. If you talk to the experts and consider the situation of the Western allies with a cool, appraising eye, you reach a simple conclusion: To revert to the carrot-and-stick analogy, we have very small carrots to offer the Communists, and—short of the nuclear stick—very small sticks to beat them with.

President Kennedy has promised to "remove any actual irritants" in Berlin. But former Secretary of State Christian Herter offered two years ago to remove such "actual irritants" as the Western propaganda and intelligence setups in West Berlin, and the Soviets reacted with bland indifference. We could offer to recognize the Oder-Neisse Line between Germany and Poland as permanent, but Khrushchev is quite aware that the line is permanent anyway, bar a world war. And there has been much talk of granting "*de facto* recognition" of the Ulbricht regime. But even the experts seem to have no very clear idea of just what *de facto* recognition is.

"Hell, we already recognize the existence of the GDR as a fact," says one task-force member. "So do the West Germans—they're constantly negotiating with the East Germans. But if what Khrushchev wants is a picture of Jack Kennedy or Dean Rusk shaking hands with Ulbricht while he looks benignly on, he's not going to get it."

What we cannot and will not do is to recognize Ulbricht's rotten, Soviet-imposed regime as legal and permanent, because we would then recognize the present Soviet-imposed division of Germany and Europe as legal and permanent. "It would be fatal in the long run to do that," says one member of the Berlin Task Force. "Anyone with a sense of history must see that."

Aside from such very vague, very general concepts as "disengagement," or the "general settlement in central Europe" which Walter Lippmann advocates, that about exhausts the list of carrots we can honorably offer Khrushchev. It seems unlikely that he will be much tempted by any of them. And our sticks—except for one—are, like our carrots, small sticks to be used only for small purposes.

An economic embargo would hardly be more than a nuisance to the Soviet bloc, which is why our Ambassador to the Soviet Union, the able Llewellyn Thompson, has repeatedly warned the President and the State Department that Khrushchev must be disabused of the notion that our only response to aggression in Berlin would be economic. Even an actual naval blockade of the Bosporus and the Baltic ports would be essentially no more than a warning to Khrushchev of our seriousness of purpose.

The small economic stick has been usefully used in the past, to be sure. In 1959, when the East Germans last tried a "creeping blockade," the West Germans stopped all trade, and the East Germans, to whom West German steel and finished goods are very important, instantly relented. But this time, the East Germans are unlikely to start a creeping blockade unless they are prepared to go through with it. In that case, the only way to deal with it would be to put the goods in olive-green Allied military trucks and to be prepared to fight if the East Germans would not let the trucks through.

By the same token, although the Allies would be unlikely to go to war to prevent the East Germans from stamping our military-identification papers—as the Soviets now do—a willingness to fight is the only way to deal with a serious attempt to interfere with Allied military traffic to West Berlin. And if we are to use our biggest stick against the Communists, we must not only be willing to fight. We must be already fighting, or at least we must have made already a firm decision to fight.

Our biggest stick—short of the nuclear stick—is an appeal to the satellite peoples to rise against their Russian masters. Khrushchev's savage touchiness on this subject suggests that he himself is aware that in this respect he may be fatally vulnerable. But we cannot again allow ourselves to fall into the morally degrading and politically disastrous situation into which we blundered in 1956, when, having preached "liberation," we stood aside and tut-tutted while the Hungarian Freedom Fighters were slaughtered.

Finally, we must be willing to fight to hold onto our rights in the air corridors over Berlin which, as we have seen, most of the experts regard as the key to the Berlin equation and the most likely Communist pressure point. Pressure on our air communications has, of course, already begun. But the experts tell you that the essential air services to West Berlin can and will be maintained, if necessary by the Allied Air Forces, despite radar jamming, interruption of pilot-tower communications, buzzing and any other sublethal tricks the Communists want to play.

"The only way they can get us out of the air corridors," says one confident Air Force man, "is to shoot us out. And if they try that they know damn well we'll shoot back."

Wherever you start, in short, you end up back at that key phrase—"willing to fight for Berlin." If we are not willing to fight for Berlin, Berlin is lost. Our short-of-war carrots and sticks are simply not big enough to hold Berlin. Moreover, we must even be willing to "fight the kind of war that might destroy a lot of this country." For the plain fact is that even the stick of all-out conventional war is not big enough to hold Berlin. The reason is simple. Today—thanks to a decade of blind complacency—any war in which nuclear weapons were not used would be won by the Communists.

This was why President Eisenhower said in 1959: "We are certainly not going to fight a ground war in Europe." The Eisenhower plan was to go over almost immediately to nuclear war if the Communists interfered with our rights of access. There would have been a quick, light

U.S. troops inside Berlin are ready

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efend against Communist attack.

probe with an armored battalion or so. If the Communists stopped the probe, so the theory went, the big bangs would follow.

President Kennedy has rejected this strategy. He plans—for a time—to "fight a ground war in Europe," if the Communists try to strangle our access to Berlin. It would be a rather big and serious war, too, with three, or six, or more NATO divisions committed on our side. The Kennedy strategy revolves around that fashionable Pentagon word "Credibility."

Kennedy and his advisers have concluded that the Communists simply would not believe that the Western powers would risk nuclear destruction because a few trucks or a few platoons had been stopped on the *Autobahn*. But—so the reasoning goes—if really important forces are committed, Khrushchev will know that we will not permit these forces to be destroyed without using nuclear weapons. He will thus have the choice of serious negotiation, or risking his own nuclear destruction.

This is wholly logical, and partisan attacks on the policy on the ground that it displays "lack of guts" are wholly contemptible. But there could be a sort of booby trap in this policy, as the Berlin planners are painfully aware. The way to see the booby trap is to imagine a series of successive headlines:

COMMUNISTS CUT BERLIN ACCESS, NATO MOBILIZES.

NATO ARMY CROSSES GDR BORDER IN STRENGTH.

RED ARMY MOVES ON NATO FORCES.

RETREATING NATO RESORTS TO TACTICAL NUCLEAR WEAPONS.

RED ARMY RESPONDS WITH A-BOMBS ON NATO POSITIONS.

What is the next headline? The theory is that President Kennedy reaches for the red telephone and orders the Strategic Air Command into action—and that things will never go so far, because Khrushchev is sensible enough to fear what SAC can do to his country. But is it not at least possible that the next headline might read EUROPEAN LEADERS JOIN NEHRU IN APPEAL FOR IMMEDIATE KHRUSHCHEV-KENNEDY MEETING? And in that case, might not Khrushchev expect to go to the bargaining table with all the aces in his hand?

The Berlin planners acknowledge this danger. The danger might be sharply reduced if there were an automatic trigger built into our response—if, for example, a firm advance decision had already been made to use SAC the moment the Soviets exploded so much as a single nuclear weapon in anger. Such a decision may already have been taken—on this point the Berlin planners are reticent. But they ought not to be. In the peculiar international game of "chicken" in which we are now engaged, such a decision is important only if the other side knows about it and believes it is real.

There is one final question which can best be answered only in a man's own heart and soul. Is Berlin worth fighting for? Is *anything* worth fighting a thermonuclear war for?

This is a question which Nikita Khrushchev himself likes to ask. Last August, when the great British ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn was performing in Moscow, Khrushchev asked Sir Frank Roberts, the British ambassador, to have supper with him in his box. Between gulps of champagne and compliments on Dame Margot's performance, Khrushchev several times repeated his boast that a mere twenty Soviet bombs would finish off both Britain and France for good. "Why," he then asked in a sweetly reasonable tone, "should 200,000,000 persons die for 2,000,000 Berliners?"

He neglected to point out, of course, that the only reason there was any danger to any of these persons was the Berlin crisis he himself had created. But the answer to this question is really very simple.

There is a Russian fairy tale, which Khrushchev certainly knows, about a mother driving across the snowy Russian steppes when her sled is attacked by a pack of famished wolves. One after another, she throws her family to the wolves to appease their appetites and slow their pursuit. But alas, in the end the wolves, having enjoyed her offspring as hors d'oeuvres, select her for the main course.

The appetite of the totalitarian wolves spawned by the twentieth century also grows by what it feeds on. If the West throws the Berlin baby to the wolves, that will be the beginning of a process which will lead with arithmetical predictability to the breakup of the Western Alliance. No one close to the situation doubts that this is so. And no one doubts that thereafter Communist domination—first of Europe, then of the world—is also predictable.

It is true that a nuclear war would be terrible almost beyond imagining, and thus it is also true that, if it comes to nuclear war, we will have lost the ball game—we, and our allies and the Russians and all the rest of the world except perhaps for the Chinese Communists. But the alternative to being willing if need be to fight such a war is suggested by the slogan of the followers of Bertrand Russell—"Better red than dead." Surrender is the only alternative to a willingness to fight, in the nuclear age as in every other age.

Indeed, we have little choice in the matter. It is inconceivable that we will surrender Berlin without a fight, because to do so would be an inconceivable betrayal. The last three Presidents of the United States have each unequivocally pledged the honor of this country to the defense of West Berlin. The last such pledge was made in Berlin itself, by Vice President Lyndon Johnson, in the name of President Kennedy, when Johnson pledged "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor" to West Berlin's freedom. Those are words we really cannot eat. And if only Nikita Khrushchev can be persuaded that we cannot eat them, and will not eat them, and would even rather die than eat them, the chances are really very good that we will avoid any final collision. THE END

Lyndon Johnson renewed our pledge to protect West Berlin.

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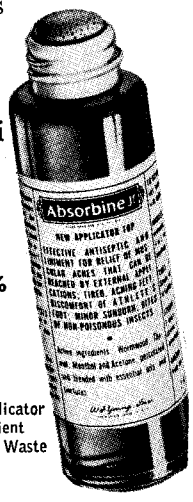

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KHRUSHCHEV EXPLAINS HOW HE EXPECTS TO BURY US

The man who intends to destroy us, or force us to surrender, has issued his master plan, which is cunningly written in the double talk of the world Communist conspiracy.

By about 1975 we shall be finished, in Khrushchev's opinion. The world is now in what he considers the last era that leads to the overthrow of the United States and the global victory of Communism. The first phase of this era will continue till the turning point, some time between 1965 and 1970. Then will come the second and decisive phase, leading to nuclear war or American surrender.

An analysis of Khrushchev's master plan has been made for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. The analyst is Dr. Stefan T. Possony, professor of international politics in the Graduate School of Georgetown University and an associate of the Foreign Policy Research Institute, University of Pennsylvania. On July 9, 1960, *The Post* published a revealing article by him in the ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series explaining the Communist tactics in the use of double talk.

Now Doctor Possony has given the Senate subcommittee an interpretation—indeed a translation—of Khrushchev's directive to the world-Communist movement. To some degree Khrushchev lately set forth his strategy in the new program of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. But he went into much more detail in a long speech last January sixth to a very select group—a sort of Joint General Staff of his ideologists and strategists. He spoke at a meeting of C.P. organizations of the Higher Party School, the Academy of Social Sciences and the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the Central Committee.

In this January speech he reported and amplified the decisions accepted at the Conference of eighty-one Communist parties—from all over the world—in Moscow last November. In fact it was Khrushchev who had made those decisions for them. His 13,000-word speech was soon being studied by key Communists in countries all over the world.

Doctor Possony calls this too generally neglected speech Khrushchev's *Mein Kampf*. "The parallels between Khrushchev and Hitler are becoming very clear indeed," he says. "Both the . . . speech and *Mein Kampf* are public announcements of strategic intentions. . . . Hitler . . . made a statement, 'Providence predestined me to be the greatest liberator of mankind.' . . . You will find many parallels in Khrushchev's speech."

Khrushchev is detailed about the next few years, says Doctor Possony. "The great turning point in history will come some time between 1965 and 1970, when the Kremlin becomes superior to the United States in the amount and quality of weapons and in military power as a whole. Then will begin the phase of forcing us back on the ropes."

Khrushchev's speech gives orders to the Communist Party of the U.S.A. and to all its front organizations, and to Communists and fronts in other countries, to infiltrate the armed forces and to frighten the people with threats of nuclear destruction, so as to "tie the hands of the warmongers and prevent a new world-war catastrophe"—that is, to paralyze the United States Government and prevent it from defending itself and its allies. Here are Khrushchev's words: "The slogan of the struggle for peace appears as a satellite of the slogan of the struggle for Communism." Thus genuine pacifists will be used increasingly as puppets of the Kremlin.

Meanwhile Khrushchev will shout for fake disarmament and at the same time will instigate wars in many places. He divides wars into four kinds: world wars, local wars, "liberation wars" and "popular uprisings." He praises the uprisings. And he says: "A liberation war of a people for its independence is a sacred war. We recognize such wars, we help and will help the peoples striving for their independence."

Khrushchev promises to intervene to help such wars. Intervention of this kind is "peace." But if the United States intervenes anywhere, that is militarist and immoral, and "the Communist parties" of the world will "prevent or resolutely rebuff" such intervention. Thus Khrushchev has given Castro enormous amounts of arms and has bluffed us into not intervening forthrightly to liberate the Cuban people from Castro's tyranny.

Meanwhile he will threaten and feint in Europe. "Berlin is a psychological test of strength," says Doctor Possony, "rather than a military test of strength, even though some shooting may occur."

But at last, when the Kremlin has overtopped the United States in military force and technology, Khrushchev says, and when there are many more Communist governments in Latin America, Asia and Africa, then the Soviets will begin putting the pressure on Europe, stepping up the bullying of the European and American peoples with threats of nuclear annihilation.

Therefore everything hangs on one factor: the will of the western world and particularly that of the American people. If we are puny enough to be demoralized by threats from without and subversions from within, that could be the ball game. And we'd better carry the fight to the enemy, for Khrushchev's *Mein Kampf* warns us of the grim alternative.

AN $18 FENCE CAN RUN INTO MONEY IF YOU TAKE 183 YEARS TO PAY

In Philadelphia the rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, along with other citizens, had a bit of fun recently over the payment by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer of a rather old debt. The amount was eighteen dollars, same being the value of a fence which was burned by British soldiers during the occupation of the city in 1778. Accrued interest on the amount has been estimated at $756,000, payment of which the Philadelphia parish, doubtless in a spirit of fun, requested. The British Government turned down this dun, but the Chancellor, Selwyn Lloyd, cheerfully paid the eighteen dollars out of his own pocket.

Thus the British Government comes out of that transaction more favorably than do the taxpayers of New York City in respect to another debt contracted more than ninety years later—1869 to be precise. New York's obligation consisted of a bond issue of $377,500 to provide two miles of wood-plank road. The bonds bore 7 per cent interest and were not to be paid off until the year 2147.

The city has repeatedly tried to buy in the issue, but holders of 7 per cent bonds, which cannot be "called" until 150 years or so after the demise of the fortunate owners, are unlikely to turn them in. Some $206,000 worth of the bonds are still outstanding and seem likely to be around for 186 years more. By the time the bonds mature, the two miles of plank road may easily have cost more than $3,000,000 in interest charges alone.

All this seems to be a very good argument for "pay as you go"—including the debts of soldiers who burn fences in hostile territory.

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